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MY CHINESE NOTE BOOK

Susan Townley.

MY CHINESE NOTE BOOK

BY

LADY SUSAN TOWNLEY

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WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS AND TWO MAPS

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PREFACE

THE following "Notes" were not penned in the presumptuous hope of adding materially to the existing knowledge of the subjects with which they deal. The first part of this book was the result of much reading, in a land where time is apt to hang heavily on the hands of the "unemployed." Having collected many facts, I was tempted to put them together in an easy and consecutive form, regretting only that for obvious reasons I was prevented from bringing the historic notes up to date. Those pages in which the descriptive element predominates were written at the instigation of friends at home, and primarily for their amusement, whilst the account of my various experiences at the Chinese Court were undertaken with a view to faithfully putting on record the manner of those receptions in which, after so long and rigorous a seclusion, the reigning Son of Heaven and his Imperial Mother at last condescended (driven no doubt by foreign pressure) to put aside the veil which for centuries had shrouded the faces of majesty in China.

The days of mystery are over, even in China; the press of the twentieth century is beginning to be felt in that country as elsewhere. Already we hear of a motor-car being offered to the Emperor of China

by one of the progressive Viceroys. It had to be refused, for the Son of Heaven could not "lose face" by taking a seat in the car behind the driver, still less could he be seen driving it himself, even if the condition of the streets of Peking permitted such a modern form of progression, but the mere fact of its offer may be taken as a sign of the times! Then, again, shortly before I left Peking, two foreign-educated Chinese maids-of-honour, daughters of a Minister returning from a long residence at a European Court, were permitted, after much anxious discussion, to approach their Imperial mistress in Parisian costumes, and with a European curtsey in place of the time-honoured Chinese kotow. I was present when these young ladies made their first official appearance, and saw the Empress-Dowager compare her picturesque manchu foot-gear with their high-heeled Louis XV. shoes! Now I hear on good authority that dancing and knitting are becoming favourite pastimes at Court, still under the guiding influence of these foreign taught damsels. More wonderful still, the Empress of China has allowed a mere mortal to paint a portrait of her which will shortly be exhibited abroad; although no shadows have been allowed to disfigure the face of the Daughter of Heaven, still the very fact of this portrait existing may serve with others mentioned above to prove that the Chinese Court has entered upon the first stage of that evolution by which, like the Japanese, it will gradually be transformed and

Europeanised. It is therefore with less diffidence that I venture to describe those audiences at which I was present, and in which the Dowager-Empress in her picturesque and still unchanged Oriental surroundings first offered, whether willingly or unwillingly, the hand of friendship to the wives of foreign Diplomatists.

SUSAN TOWNLEY.

MY CHINESE NOTE BOOK

PART I

THE EARLY HISTORY OF CHINA

THE early part of Chinese history, B.C. 2953 to 1122, relating to the ten periods preceding the Chou dynasty is almost mythical. All that seems clear is that the Chinese were not indigenous to the soil but came from distant lands, travelling along the Yellow River and establishing flourishing colonies at different points on its banks. They brought with them the elements of a civilisation which enabled them to destroy or absorb the savage races by whom they found the country occupied. It is pretty certain that these first colonists were nomadic rather than agricultural, one of the proofs of this most generally adduced being the unmistakable likeness in outline between the roof of a Chinese house with its curving upturned corners, and the sagging canvas supported on poles of a Tartar tent.*

We get our first glimpse of Chinese history, if so

* Also it is related of Jenghiz Khan that when he seized a city, the first care of his followers was to knock down the walls of the houses, leaving only the wooden columns to support the overhanging roof, in order thus to convert them into comfortable and commodious tents for themselves and their horses such as they were accustomed to live in.

it may be called, in 2953 B.C., when Fu-hsi, "the butcher," occupied the throne, so named because he taught the people hunting, fishing and the rearing of animals. Of him we are told that he arranged the calendar into a year of four seasons, ordained marriage, organised clans, introduced family names, and invented stringed musical instruments and the eight trigrams. To him also is attributed the invention of writing (also sometimes placed in Fu-li's time), which in the course of succeeding centuries passed through the successive stages of knots in ropes, notches in sticks, and simple drawn outlines of everyday objects, before finally reaching its present form.

Yen-ti succeeded Pao-hsi. He planted the five kinds of grain and invented the plough, he likewise opened markets for the interchange of goods. After him came Huang-ti, who made hats with tassels, and designed corresponding upper and lower garments. He appointed two men to hollow out trees for boats and to make oars, he yoked cattle and harnessed horses. In addition to all this we are told that he sacrificed to Shang-ti, cast metal as exchange, and caused one of his physicians to prepare a work "on the pulse." His principal wife by his orders taught the people to rear silkworms and make garments.

In 2357 B.C. we are introduced to the great though semi-mythical Emperors Yao and Shun and to their successor Yu. Yao lived in the greatest simplicity without either luxury or refinement, the

walls of his habitation not even being whitewashed. His son, alas! proved worthless, and Yao, mindful of the interests of the State rather than of those of his family, appointed as his successor a youth called Shun, who left the tail of the plough to become Emperor, being called to that exalted station by Yao on account of his filial piety and other virtues. These were so remarkable that even wild animals fraternised with him, and consented to be yoked to his plough, whilst the birds of the air undertook to guard his crops from harmful insects. When he became Emperor he wished the people to be allowed to memorialize him, he therefore had a board hung up before his palace gate for everybody to write thereon, and a drum for appeals.

Yu obtained the throne on account of his great engineering skill in leading back to their proper channel the waters of the Yellow River, which in those days overflowed its banks, as it has often done since, causing most disastrous floods. We are told that this herculean task occupied nine years of his life, during which he was so absorbed in his work that he thrice passed the door of his own home without recognising it, and consequently without crossing its threshold. Such devotion to duty demanded an adequate reward, and on the death of Shun he was called to the throne. Under his firm government the country enjoyed the utmost prosperity. He was so untiring in administering justice to the people, that during one

meal he was interrupted ten times; on another occasion whilst washing himself he had three times to bundle up his hair in order to attend to them. His heart was so tender that he wept over criminals, and he had money cast wherewith to redeem the children of parents who had been compelled by poverty to sell them.

Such was China in its golden prehistoric age. But this Utopian state of things could not last even in the days of fables, and there came a time, according to Confucius, when successive rulers, having one after another fallen away from the high standard of morality set them by the founders of their race, the dynasty began to totter on its throne. At last came a monarch called Chieh Kuei (1818 B.C.) who, more wicked than all the rest, combined in his person the worst vices of kings. He had a favourite called Mei Hsi. For her he built a palace of precious stones with ivory porticoes and marble balustrades. He gave her a bed of green jade, and caused luxurious music to be played before her. In her garden was a lake of wine on which moved boats, and 3000 persons "drank like cattle at the beating of a drum." In time Chieh Kuei became still more extravagant, giving himself up to idleness and dissipation; he did not attend court on one occasion for thirty days. All this so excited the anger and hatred of his people, that they rose against him, and Heaven withdrawing its protection he was killed.

T'ang, the leader of the rebels, now ascended the throne (1766 B.C.) and soon restored some of its original prosperity to the distracted country. But a great drought shortly afterwards afflicted the people. The Emperor prayed for rain, "accusing himself of six faults—(1) irregularity in the administration, (2) the people not minding business, (3) lofty palaces, (4) women's talk, (5) presents, (6) flattery." Much rain fell immediately after.

Virtue, however, had dwindled into a very fragile plant in the soil of semi-mythical China, and gradually it withered again, vice flourishing ostentatiously in the person of Chou Hsin (1154 B.C.) and his wicked consort Ta-Chi, who exercised complete control over him. Chou Hsin was fairly well gifted, but he was too fond of luxury. Ivory chopsticks were first used by him, then cups of precious stone and "he ate bear's paws and leopard's stomachs as delicacies." Nobles who opposed such conduct were executed at the instigation of Ta-Chi, and new forms of punishment were invented, such as walking over a greased brass column so as to fall into a live fire below. "The daughter of the Earl of Chin was executed because she disliked immorality; her father was pickled. The Earl of O. was made into minced meat for earnestly remonstrating, . . . the Earl of the West was imprisoned for his expression of grief over such misdeeds."

"Pi-Kan was so persevering in remonstrating that Chou got in a great rage and had his heart

cut out to see whether it had the seven openings of a sage."

The people became indignant and rebellion at last broke out headed by one Wu Wang. Chou Hsin fled and burned himself with his treasures, whilst Ta-Chi his wife was beheaded by order of Wu Wang.

With the Chou dynasty, B.C. 1122-250, we enter upon the historic record of China. Wu Wang proved an excellent ruler, but he committed a fatal error of judgment, in dividing his kingdom into twelve states, in order that he might bestow principalities and dukedoms upon his relations and descendants. This naturally weakened the imperial power, and by degrees as the vassal dukes became stronger, constant dissensions arose between them and their liege lord, with internal wars as the inevitable result.

The successor of Wu Wang was called Ch'eng, and he was only thirteen years old when he succeeded his father. The Duke of Chou was appointed his chancellor and gave lessons to the king together with his own son Po-Ch'in. Whenever the king was naughty, we are told that Po-Ch'in received a whipping. The king took account of this later on and made him the first feudal prince of Su.

Legend relates of Duke Chou that he sent a present to a neighbouring chief of a magnet needle pointing to the south to guide him on his journeys.

This is the first time we hear of the compass, which certainly came to Europe from China.* To this date likewise is ascribed the establishment of the first mint, the money then coined being round with a square hole in the middle for threading purposes.† At that time also soldiers first went into battle in chariots or mounted on horses. Slavery existed and was a recognised institution, the horrible custom prevailing of burying slave girls with their dead masters. Indeed, one man is said to have laid a dying command upon his son that room should be made in his coffin for both his concubines, one on either side of him. Fortunately history records that the son found an honourable way of evading this cruel behest!

Meanwhile the feudal lords were making their power felt and successive emperors had to do them honour. On one occasion they refused to bring presents because an avaricious noble had been made governor. Other countries took advantage of the disturbances produced by their rebellious attitude, and in 936 B.C. we hear of the first invasion of the Tartars, who, although they were defeated and driven out, never ceased from that time forward to annoy the Chinese.

Several reforms were, however, initiated under the Chous, the people being for the first time divided into groups of ten families each, on a basis

* The needle of the Chinese compass is still made to point to the south instead of as with us to the north.

† It exists in the same form to-day.

of mutual assistance and protection, with a headman or ruler elected by themselves to administer justice, thus making the family, in preference to the individual, the social unit. Family names were in consequence introduced, and about this time chairs, tables and beds came into use.

Yet in spite of this comparatively advanced state of civilisation, and notwithstanding the admonitions of Confucius, Laotze and Mencius, who each in his turn uttered words of warning, preaching the reform of morals and advocating the necessity of returning to the exercise of those virtues which had adorned the earlier sages, disorders increased in the empire, and towards the year 255 B.C. it begun to be evident that the fall of the dynasty was at hand. It came about through the growing strength of a neighbouring vassal king who, waging war against the imperial state after a series of victories, made an end of the Chous and initiated in his own person the short lived dynasty of Ts'in (or Ch'in).

Shih Hwangti was the one man of mark amongst the Emperors of the Ts'in dynasty, B.C. 255-206.* He was only thirteen years old when he succeeded his father, but he soon managed to impose his authority on his turbulent subjects, and after destroying the feudal system by depriving the dukes of their principalities, he unified the kingdom on the monarchical principal, proclaiming himself "First

* It is from this dynasty that the modern name of "China" is derived.

Universal Emperor." He next set to work to re-establish peace in the country, administering justice with a firm hand, and building palaces, roads, bridges and canals. In 214 B.C. he commenced the Great Wall, which he intended to erect as a fortified line of defence against the incursions of the ever-troublesome Tartars. But although the work was pushed on with all possible speed, he did not live to see the completion of this herculean task, which with its length of 1400 miles across mountains, rivers and valleys, remains to this day the most prominent artificial object on the surface of the earth. Shih Hwangti unfortunately marred his otherwise glorious reign by the act of vandalism known in history as "the Burning of the Books." For this act he became extremely unpopular, being especially hated by the literati and scholars, who disliked him also on occount of his drastic measures of reform. When he died, therefore, the people were once more ripe for rebellion. His son and grandson in their turns succeeded him, but both fell victims to the treachery of their subjects, and at last after years of fighting a peasant called Liu Pang forced his way to the front, and assumed the title of First Emperor of the Han dynasty.

The Chinese are so proud of the glorious dynasty of Han, B.C. 206—A.D. 221, that even now they style themselves "Men of Han," to distinguish themselves from men of every other country. Within this period are embraced some of the brightest pages in

the history of China. Liu Pang on becoming Emperor took the name of Kaoti, which he speedily made illustrious. During the four centuries covered by this dynasty (with the exception of a temporary usurpation of the throne) the country made steady progress towards a settled state of prosperity and civilisation. A penal code was constructed upon which all later dynasties have framed their various codes, and the custom of burying slave girls alive was abolished. Ink was invented and paper was first made from the bark of the paper mulberry tree, and from hemp, also the hair pencil was first used, and literary degrees were established. But it must not be supposed that during all this time the country enjoyed immunity from strife and battle, on the contrary, there were constant disturbances and tribal wars, especially with the Tartars, against whose incursions the Great Wall proved a totally ineffectual barrier.

In accordance with precedent the glory of the dynasty after a time began to grow dim. The last two monarchs of the House of Han were entirely governed by eunuchs, and left the administration of the State to reckless oppressors, until ambitious men, taking advantage of the general discontent, raised the standard of rebellion. The leaders of revolt ordered their followers to wear a yellow head-dress as a distinctive mark, for this reason the rebellion is known as that of the "Yellow Caps." Amongst these leaders was one called Tung Cho, who, attract-

ing to himself all the discontented elements in the empire, soon became powerful enough to meet the imperial forces. At this critical juncture, however, arose a champion of the throne called Wang Yun, who realising the danger of the State, devised the following expedient for inveigling Tung Cho to his ruin. He had in his harem a beautiful and accomplished girl called Tiao Ch'an whom he had adopted in her youth and taught to sing and dance. So great was the gratitude and affection which she felt for her benefactor that she would gladly have sacrificed a thousand lives, if she might thereby have requited him for a tenth part of all he had done for her. Seeing him about this time preoccupied and careworn, she asked him one day if there was anything she could do to lighten the burden of his care. As she spoke the idea came to Wang, that through this very maiden he would overthrow the hated enemy of the imperial throne. He therefore ordered all his servants and family to retire, leaving him alone with the handmaid and forthwith proceeded to tell her of the ambition of Tung Cho and of the desire which he felt to compass his ruin. The scheme which had entered his head was as follows. Tung had an adopted son called Lü Pu, who was daring as a hawk and brave as a lion, but also like his father, the slave of his passions. Wang would offer his beautiful singing girl to Lü Pu. Tung Cho would fall in love with her the moment he saw her in Lü Pu's house, and

father and son would fall out and quarrel over her, she meanwhile seizing every opportunity to inflame one against the other. In the end they would destroy each other, and thus would the throne be saved and the government re-established. Tiao gladly fell in with this scheme and together they planned all the details of it. On the very next day a messenger was sent to Lü with a gift of magnificent pearls set in a gold coronal, accompanied by flattering words, to the effect that in Wang's estimation he was the greatest hero in the country. Lü was exceedingly pleased, and came himself to Wang's house to thank him. A great feast was spread out before him and he was plied with strong wines which he eagerly quaffed. Towards the end of the meal little Tiao was led in gorgeously arrayed. Lü, much astonished and unable to take his eyes off her, addressed her father, "If I could obtain such a girl as this," he said, "I would emulate the requital dogs and horses give for the care taken of them." Wang secretly rejoicing replied, "I will immediately select a happy day and send her to your house." The scheme proved quite successful. Tung Cho of course fell in love with her, and Lü's jealousy being aroused he murdered his father as he was on his way to depose the emperor.

Tung Cho's death, however, brought no peace to the country, and three rival chieftains arose called Ts'ao Ts'ao, Liu Pei, and Sun Ch'üan, who soon

distinguished themselves in their struggle for power. Finally a compromise had to be arrived at by which the three adventurers agreed to divide the kingdom between them.

Under the divided sway of the "Three Empires," and under the several weak dynasties which sprang up after them, A.D. 221-618, China fell into terrible confusion, and for close on four hundred years, except for short intervals, all semblance of stable authority disappeared from the country. This deplorable state of things continued until 590, when the distracted country was once more unified by the first ruler of the shortlived dynasty of Sui, under whose firm rule China was for thirty-nine years comparatively prosperous. During the reigns of Sui Wen-ti and his successor Yangti diplomatic relations were opened with Japan, and Christianity made its first appearance in China. Yangti reached the throne over the corpse of his murdered father, but though a cruel and debauched madman, he nevertheless ruled with extraordinary vigour, and carried his arms and his prestige to the uttermost ends of the empire. He still further signalised his reign by constructing a canal, which by joining the Yangtse and the Yellow Rivers, in some measure anticipated the Grand Canal of Kublai Khan.

In 618 a general arose called Li Yüan who seized the Imperial throne and proclaimed himself First Emperor of the T'ang dynasty.

CHINA IN THE MIDDLE AGES

THE T'ang dynasty, A.D. 618-907, which was contemporaneous with the age of Alfred the Great in England, ranks with that of Han as one of the most glorious in Chinese history, and the picture of the country presented to us at that time is one of national peace, prosperity, and progress. One of the most brilliant emperors of this house was Kao-tsung, who reigned for thirty-four years, but it is sad to follow his career from its wise and virtuous beginning, to the senseless debauch and corruption of its closing days. He was, however, an ardent patron of literature in this its golden age. In the field of battle the nation was as successful as in the arena of letters, and at this date the power of the Turks, which had by degrees become rampant in China, was completely destroyed, much of the territory conquered by them in Central Asia being regained. Paper money was at this time introduced into China, but to this date also must unfortunately be referred the terrible custom still common amongst Chinese women of binding the feet. It is said that in the sixth century a favourite concubine of the Emperor Ch'ên Hou Tsu wished to make her feet like the "new moon" in order

the better to please her lord, and tightly compressed feet are still considered a great beauty by the Chinese, who in their flights of fancy allude to them by the poetical name of "golden lilies."

In course of time the empire, which had been for a long time so prosperous, fell into that disorder which almost invariably marked the declining years of Chinese dynasties, and in 907 the glorious house of T'ang passed away, to make room for a succession of short dynasties which reigned in China until the rise of the Sung power in 960.

The Sung dynasty, A.D. 960-1260, at last reunited the greater part of China, but it was never able to get quite rid of unpleasant neighbours in the north, being again compelled in 1127 to abandon all China north of the Yangtse to the Tartar tribe known as the Ch'i-tans, who, after a supremacy of two hundred years (912-1117), in their turn yielded place to another northern tribe called the Chin Tartars (1117-1232), from which dynasty are descended the present imperial rulers of the country. Meanwhile another race which was destined to overcome both the Chins and the Sungs, and to establish yet another dynasty, namely, that of the Mongols (1229-1260), was beginning to make itself felt on the northern steppes.

Hitherto the Mongols had been vassals of the Chins, but becoming daily more powerful and less disposed to remain subject to any monarch, their chieftain, Jenghiz Khan, seized the pretext of a

trifling quarrel with his suzerain to march into his dominions. In a short time his army swept victoriously over the whole of Central Asia, from the Caspian Sea and the Indus, to Corea and the Yangtse Kiang. Not content with these conquests, he left an occupation force in north China and turned his face westward. With irresistible force he marched over the southern provinces of Russia, capturing Moscow and Kiev, nor did he draw rein till he had become master of Cracow and Pesth. After which he returned to Mongolia but did not live to enjoy the fruits of his victories nor even to wear the crown, death overtaking him in the year 1221. He was succeeded by his son Oghotai. On hearing that Jenghiz Khan was no more, the Chins sent an embassy to his son desiring peace, but Oghotai, mindful of his father's dying injunction, at any cost to complete the conquest of China, told them there would be no peace till their dynasty should be overthrown. So the war with the Chins was continued with energy and success. Unfortunately in 1230 the Mongol cause suffered a great loss in the death of a famous warrior called Too-li, of whose twelve sons two were destined eventually to occupy the Chinese throne, namely, Mangu and Kublai; meanwhile, however, these two continued to lead the Mongol army to victory. In 1232 they entered into an alliance with the Sungs which in the long run proved fatal to the latter. By the terms of this alliance, it was agreed that the Sungs should

forever hold the province of Ho-nan, on condition of their helping to destroy the Chins. The effect of this coalition was the total defeat of the Chin army; and their Emperor, despairing thenceforth of success, put an end to his life by burning himself in his own palace, preferring this painful end to the degrading possibility of falling into the hands of his enemies. For a short time his son carried on a pretence of succession, but he was soon after murdered in a tumult, and with him the Chin dynasty disappeared from Chinese annals, until nearly four centuries later the present reigning family appeared to claim the throne as their lineal descendants.

When it came to dividing the spoils of Chin, the followers of Oghotai and Sung fell out, as was to be expected, with the result that Oghotai overran and conquered the whole of Hu-Kwang, Kiang-nan, and Ho-nan. But he did not live to reap the reward of his faithlessness, for in 1241 death claimed him, at the age of fifty-six, after a reign of thirteen years.

In 1248, disregarding the claims of Oghotai's son, the Mongols proclaimed as Emperor, Mangu, above mentioned as the elder son of the famous general Too-li. He and his fourth brother Kublai continued their victorious career, and on the death of Mangu in 1259, Kublai in his turn ascended the throne.

Never in the history of China was the nation more illustrious nor its power more widely felt

than under the Yüan dynasty, A.D. 1259-1360. The Sungs tried to keep up a show of resistance to Kublai Khan during the first twenty years of his rule, but in 1280 he finally vanquished them and proclaimed his authority "from the Frozen Sea almost to the Straits of Malacca. With the exception of Hindustan, Arabia, and the westermost parts of Asia, all the Mongol princes as far as the Dneiper declared themselves his vassals, and brought regularly their tribute." But though his rule was discreet and munificent, though he was a devout patron of Chinese literature, and a father to the poor, his Chinese subjects never forgot that he was a stranger from another land, and when he died in 1294 after a reign of five and twenty years, he was unwept by the country for whom he had done so much. The star of the Yüan dynasty was in the ascendant until 1323, after that it began to decline. Rebellion and strife broke out on all sides, and during the reign of Shunti the disorders at length came to a head, this one-time glorious dynasty being attacked and overthrown by Chu, the son of a Chinese labouring man. Chu had begun life as a Buddhist monk, taking refuge in a monastery to save himself from starvation; but when the sounds of rebellion reached his cell, his real nature asserted itself, and the military spirit awoke in him. Exchanging the cowl for a sword, he promptly took the lead of the rebellious elements in the empire, and in a wonderfully short time

succeeded in overthrowing the Mongol power. Having reunited the eighteen Provinces under his own sway he assumed the purple and proclaimed himself emperor of the native Chinese dynasty of Ming.

Under the two brilliant dynasties of Sung and Yüan, the country attained to that degree of material prosperity which Marco Polo, the most famous perhaps of medieval travellers, was so astonished to find, when, during the reign of Kublai Khan he made his first journey to the Chinese capital. To the use of chairs, tables, beds, chopsticks, ploughs, junks, carts, etc., the Chinese had long been accustomed, and they continue to use them at the present time in the primitive forms under which they were first introduced.* Inoculation for small-pox was known even in those days, although then as now, the virus was introduced into the system by inhaling through the nostrils. Under Kublai Khan the Grand Canal was completed, which was to unite Peking with the south of China, and to be used for the conveyance by water of grain to the capital. This great and useful work was considerably assisted by the already existing canal between the Yangtse and Yellow Rivers, built as we have seen by Yangti in the seventh century.

* The Chinese are nothing if not conservative. As a small instance of this we may quote the remark made by Mencius five hundred years before Christ, to the effect that in his day the axles of carts were of the same length all over the empire; they are so still!

Under the dynasty of Ming which lasted three hundred years, from A.D. 1368 to 1644, and was inaugurated as we have seen in the person of Chu, who adopted the imperial title of Hungwu, and ingratiated himself with his subjects by his wise government of them and by his generous treatment of his enemies, China flourished again for a time. The greatest descendant of this monarch was Yung-lo (1403), who for twenty-two years reigned with firmness over the Empire. Under his able administration the country enjoyed comparative peace. After him came a succession of dismally incompetent sovereigns. In spite of the vigour of the founder and of his warlike son, who transferred the capital from Nanking to Peking where it has since remained, no impression of affection or respect survives in the Chinese mind for this dynasty which ended as pitifully and contemptibly as any of its forerunners. The overthrow of the Mings was brought about by circumstances that had the greatest effect on the destinies of China. A native rebellion, which resulted in the temporary triumph of the insurgents and the suicide of the last of the Mings, was put down by the Manchu Tartars, whose aid was invoked by Wu-san-Kuei, the commander-in-chief of the imperial forces. The rebellion having been successfully suppressed, the Chinese wished their allies to retire, but they naturally refused, and instead of so doing invited their young leader to ascend the vacant throne. In this case "might

was right," and Wu-san-Kuei was obliged to recognise the new dynasty and proclaim his allegiance to it, but only upon the following four conditions which were readily accepted by the Manchus: "(1) That no Chinese woman should be taken into the imperial seraglio*; (2) that the first place at the great triennial examination for the highest literary degrees should never be given to a Tartar; (3) that the people should adopt the national costume of the Tartars in their every day life, but that they should be allowed to bury their corpses in the dress of the late dynasty; (4) that this condition of costume should not apply to the women of China, who were not to be compelled either to wear the hair in a tail before marriage (as the Tartar girls do) or to abandon the custom of compressing their feet." In return for these concessions the Chinese men consented to shave their heads and grow a tail in accordance with Manchu custom. The southern natives, however, never could become reconciled to this badge of slavery, and they twisted their tails up under turbans which completely concealed them, a custom which still survives. Thus ended the Ming dynasty, the empire passing again under a foreign yoke.

* This condition has been faithfully observed by the Manchus and to this day there are no Chinese women in the palace.

CHINA UNDER THE MANCHUS

THE Manchu dynasty, which still reigns in China under the name of Ch'ing in the person of His Imperial Majesty K'wang-hsü, took possession of the throne as we have seen on the fall of the Ming dynasty in 1644. The Ch'ings are said to be descended from the Chins or "golden" Tartars, and a halo of romance has been cast about their origin. According to native historians, three lovely maidens once played in the waters of a lake, whose silver bosom reflected the snow-clad peaks of the Long White Mountain. Suddenly a magpie with circling flight approached the clothes of the youngest of the heaven born virgins, and dropped thereon a crimson fruit. This she partook of and instantly conceived and bore a son, whom she prophetically called "Ai-sin-Ghioro" or "Golden Family Stem." From this youth the present Emperors of China are descended, the first of the line being called Shun-chih (*i.e.* Obedient Rule), 1644-1662.

Shun-chih announced his accession thus, "I, the Son of Heaven, receiving Heaven's favour, and in accordance with their wishes, announce to Heaven that I have ascended the throne of the empire, that the name I have chosen for it is Ta Ch'ing (*i.e.* the

Great Pure), and that the style of my reign is Shun-chih (*i.e.* Obedient Rule), I beg reverentially Heaven and Earth to protect and assist the empire, so that calamity and disturbance may soon come to an end, and the land enjoy universal peace. For this I humbly pray."

Nevertheless his advent to the throne did not by any means restore peace to the country, and for some time after his accession there was considerable friction between the Chinese and the Tartars, the infliction of the pig-tail upon the former being not the least of the grievances of the conquered race. A kind of military occupation of the country followed upon the accession of the new dynasty, and garrisons of Manchu soldiers were posted in every town and village.*

Of the eight Emperors of this line who from father to son succeeded each other before the accession of Kwang-Hsü, the second, called K'anghsi (*i.e.* lasting and prosperous), 1662-1723, holds as ruler, general, and author, by far the largest and most glorious place in the annals of his race. He was as great as his father had been insignificant. He treated the Jesuits who had first appeared in China under the reign of Shun-chih with kindness and distinction, appointing Père Schaal to be his tutor in Philosophy, and listening to his discourses

* These Tartar garrisons still exist, and in Peking their soldiers, called "Bannermen," are often to be seen practising archery under the city walls, with the archaic weapon in the use of which they were once so skilled.

with eager attention. He also availed himself in many ways of the scientific knowledge of the Jesuits, lending his countenance in particular to the study of astronomy. Although K'anghsi himself never adopted Christianity he allowed his mother, wife and son, besides fifty ladies of the Court, to receive baptism. Under his rule the empire was increased by the annexation of Thibet. He died in 1773 after having occupied the throne for over sixty years.

Before his death K'anghsi appointed his fourth son Yung-Cheng to succeed him, whose short though peaceable reign ended in 1735.

Ch'ienlung (*i.e.* "enduring glory"), 1735-1796, who in a manifesto which he once issued to the empire on the occasion of a call to arms, announced with pardonable pride, "My empire is larger than any in the world; it is more populous; it is richer, my coffers overflow with silver, and my granaries are full of all kinds of provisions," was one of the most successful rulers China has ever had, although he is accused of great cruelty towards his subjects, which they repaid by rebelling against him on more than one occasion. According to native historians, he had eyes which possessed the useful faculty of seeing through the back of his head as well as in front; his ears touched his shoulders, and his hands reached to his knees. In spite of these physical peculiarities, or perhaps on account of them, this prince was warlike and ambitious. Despising the peaceful methods of his father, he marched an army into Ili, which he

speedily added to his dominions. One of his most successful military campaigns was directed against the Ghurkhas. His generals invaded Nepaul with an army of 70,000 men and advanced to within sixty miles of the British frontier. By the subjugation of the Ghurkhas and the enforced submission of the Nepaulese, Ch'ienlung secured an additional hold over Thibet.

But though war frequently distracted the country under this great sovereign's rule, its prosperity continually increased. At this time Ch'ienlung was not only master of his own empire, he was also arbiter of the fates of surrounding countries, who recognising the numbers of his armies, the advanced state of civilisation in his kingdom as compared to theirs, and the superiority of his weapons of war, with one accord called upon him when disputes arose to act as judge between them. Under his rule also occurred the opening of diplomatic intercourse between Europe and China. In 1684 the East India Company had established a factory at Canton. But the relations of this company with the Chinese had become very unsatisfactory, the extortions of the mandarins destroying the expected profit of all its ventures, and at last the British Government sent an embassy to the Court of Peking, Lord Macartney representing George III. Lord Macartney was received with the greatest courtesy by the Emperor, who sent a deputation with gifts and provisions to meet "the great mandarin who had come so far to

testify the friendly feelings of England towards China." He was admitted to audience at Jehol and afterwards in the neighbourhood of the Summer Palace of Yüan Ming Yüan, but all that he succeeded in exacting from the Government was permission for his countrymen to continue trading at Canton so long as they submitted to the orders of the authorities. His mission may thus be considered a failure though he himself had good reason to be surprised and pleased at the magnificence of the reception which he met with at the hands of the "Son of Heaven." Ch'ienlung abdicated the throne in 1795 after a glorious reign of sixty years, during which time China reached the acme of her greatness. Three years later he became "a guest on high."

Chiach'ing, 1795-1820, the successor of Ch'ienlung, was his father's fifteenth son. He was an uncouth, churlish and sordid prince, and his reign of twenty-five years was disturbed and disastrous. He failed signally in securing the regard of his subjects who twice endeavoured to assassinate him, but both times unsuccessfully. The first occasion was in the streets of Peking when his bodyguard boldly defended him and dispersed the would-be assassins. The second time was actually within the palace when he was saved by the valour of his second son and successor Prince Mienning, afterwards known to history as Tao Kwang. He himself relates the story as follows. ". . . A banditti of upwards of seventy men of the Sect T'ienli violated the prohibited gate

(of the palace), they wounded the guard and rushed into the inner palace. Four were seized and bound; three others ascended the wall with a flag. My imperial second nephew killed the third. For this deliverance I am indebted to the energies of my second son." Rebellions occurred frequently during this reign due in a great measure to the pig-headed obstinacy and incompetency of the Emperor. In 1816, seeing that the condition of the British merchants had not improved in Canton, the British Government sent a second mission to Peking headed by Lord Amherst. The reception of this embassy was in violent contrast to that accorded to the preceding one. Lord Amherst was required to "kotow" in the imperial presence. He refused to do so unless a mandarin of equal rank with himself would kotow to a portrait of George III. This concession was declined, and Lord Amherst persisting in his attitude was consequently dismissed from the palace on the very day of his arrival and without even having seen the Emperor.

Chiach'ing, though destitute of all qualities that go to make a good sovereign, being a slave to his passions and the servant of caprice, nevertheless occasionally showed some good feeling as the following anecdote proves. Sung, a censor of public morals, was once bold enough to address a memorial to him pointing out that he was degrading himself in the eyes of his people by his partiality for actors and his love for strong drinks. The Emperor was

exceedingly angry and calling him into his presence asked him what punishment he thought he deserved. "Quartering," answered the censor. He was commanded to choose some other form of death and complied by selecting the headsman's sword, on receiving a third order he chose the silken cord or death by strangulation. He was then told to retire and did so convinced that his last hour had arrived. Instead of sentence of death, however, the Emperor on the next day sent him his appointment as Governor of Ili, thus acknowledging the rectitude of the censor though too proud to bear his rebuking presence at Court.

The next occupant of the throne was Tao Kwang, 1820-1850. Though possessed at first of considerable energy this Emperor, having ascended the throne, seemed to forget all his high aims and henceforth devoted himself to seeking his own pleasure, none of the reforms being carried out which his first manifesto had led his people to expect.

In Canton things were going from bad to worse with the British merchants, and when in 1834 the monopoly of the East India Company ceased, it was not renewed by the British Government, who themselves took over the administration of the affairs of the port. Lord Napier was sent out to superintend the foreign trade. The anxieties of his position and the inadequate support which he received from home so preyed upon him that he

fell ill of an attack of fever and died in Macao after a stay of only a few months in China.

The professed cause of discontent of the mandarins was the introduction of opium by the English, and for years they attempted by every means in their power to put a stop to its importation by the merchants, but as the home growth of it was not forbidden by the Chinese and as the mandarins were well known to accumulate large fortunes by conniving at the smuggling of the drug which they euphoniously called "foreign dirt," it is pretty clear that they were actuated by cupidity and by hatred of the "foreign devil" rather than by any legitimate fear for the health of the population. The outcome of their hypocritical attitude was the so-called Opium War which broke out in 1840. As was to be expected the Chinese were defeated by land and sea. The British fleet captured Chusan and the Bogue forts fell, in consequence of which reverses the Chinese were obliged to cede Hong Kong to the victors, and to pay an indemnity of £6,000,000.

Canton soon after fell into the hands of Sir Hugh Gough and subsequently a like fate befell Amoy, Ningpo, Tenghai, Chefoo, Shanghai, and Chinkiang Fu. Nanking would likewise have fallen into the hands of the English had not the Chinese Government sued for peace. In 1842 a treaty was concluded by Sir Henry Pottinger by which the four additional ports of Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, and Shanghai were declared open to foreign trade and

an indemnity of £21,000,000 was to be paid to the British Government. From that day forward foreigners began to flock in considerable numbers to China.

In 1850, while clouds of rebellion and discontent still hung over the land, Tao Kwang died and Hsienfeng (*i.e.* "general abundance") reigned in his stead, 1850-1862. The chief event by which the reign of Hsienfeng is remembered is the "Taiping Rebellion"; which after rolling its sanguinary flood over more than half the Provinces of China and threatening to overthrow her ancient paganism along with her Tartar rulers was suppressed by foreign intervention.

When the people of Kwangsi, which for some time had been in a very disturbed state, found that on the accession of Hsienfeng there was no relief from the oppression they endured, they broke into open revolt and proclaimed a youth as Emperor, under the title of Tien-tih or "Heavenly Virtue." But the rebellion languished for want of a leader, when suddenly there arose a man called Hung, who combining intense energy of character with political and religious enthusiasm seized on the popular longing for the return of a Chinese dynasty, and proclaimed himself as sent by heaven to drive out the hated Tartars. Hung was of lowly parentage but great ambition. In his youth he went to Canton to try and pass an examination which would secure him a foothold on the first rung of the

official ladder. Though he was clever and industrious he failed in this purpose, but before returning to his native village fell in with an American Baptist Missionary who spoke to him of the Christian faith. For a time he was interested and listened eagerly, but he soon tired of the new doctrines and returned home. Four years later he found himself once more in Canton bent on passing the same examination, but again he failed and again before leaving met the same Baptist preacher, who once more succeeded in awakening his interest in Christianity, though he was not baptised.

When he got home on this second occasion Hung seems to have fallen grievously ill of a nervous ailment brought on probably by fatigue and disappointment, and whilst he tossed on his bed of sickness he thought he saw a vision of the Almighty and heard a mysterious voice telling him to arise and in His name take the sword and destroy the ruling dynasty.

Inspired by this supposed divine mission, which it is quite possible he may really have believed in at first, Hung raised the standard of revolt, and professing to abhor the vices and sins of the age called upon all the virtuous in the land to join him in establishing the Shangti Hui or Society of God. Moved by the eloquence of his appeal thousands deserted the would-be usurper Tien-tih to flock to his standard. The Government alarmed at the proportions the revolt was assuming sent three Imperial

Commissioners with troops to stamp out the movement. They were quite unsuccessful, however, and Hung at the head of his religious fanatics defeated them on several occasions. The idea of his divine mission now became more than ever ingrained in his mind, though to us he appears to have been grossly profane. He professed to be the younger brother of Christ and to be fighting for the faith and for empire against the ancient paganism of his country. He succeeded so well in imbuing his followers with his own sentiments and enthusiasm, that filled with fictitious courage they often won a brilliant victory over the imperial troops when all the odds were against them. The numbers of Hung's army increasing he was able to lead them triumphantly from the extreme south of China right up to Hankow, 850 miles from the sea. Having captured this city he swept down the Yangtse River to Nanking and after a brief siege overcame the Manchu garrison of 25,000 men, whom he butchered to a man. He now assumed the title of "Heavenly King" and in his own person proclaimed the accession of the Taip'ing or "Great Peace" Dynasty. From the time, however, when he found himself safely seated on the throne of the First Emperor of the Ming Dynasty his whole character seems to have changed. Forgetting his so-called divine mission he gave himself up within the precincts of his palace, which from that time he seldom left, to a life of scandalous debauch and self-indulgence. In

order to keep his hold upon his followers he encouraged a like profligacy in them. For ten years during which he held his infamous court at Nanking his troops devastated the neighbouring cities and villages, plundering and looting wherever they went, and carrying off the women and girls to their camp.

Meanwhile, as if still further to aid and abet him, an outrage was committed by the Chinese upon a lorcha called the *Arrow*, which had the British flag flying. This outrage having been left without redress by the Mandarins, England once more declared war upon China (1857). Lord Elgin was sent out with 5000 men urgently demanded by Admiral Sir Michael Seymour to supplement the force already at his disposal. Canton fell before Seymour in October, and in May of the following year, to quote Professor Douglas, "he conducted a number of attacks on the war junks which had collected in the creeks and rivers in the neighbourhood of the city. Happily at this time Commodore Keppel (afterwards Sir Harry) was on the station, and after numerous junks had with his help been destroyed in the neighbourhood of Canton, it was determined to proceed to inflict an exemplary, punishment on the war-ships collected at the town of Fatshan. Sir Michael Seymour himself headed the advance, while Captain Keppel had the command of the smaller boats, which were intended to deal more directly with the junks. Meanwhile,

a force of marines landed, and carried a battery above the town, the Chinese retiring sulkily, but without making any serious resistance. The fighting on the river was, however, of a more stirring kind. The fire from the junks was constant, and fairly well directed, in spite of which the English boats though hit time after time went on; Keppel at the head of a force of about five hundred men took in the position at a glance, and imitating the tactics of Nelson at Trafalgar, charged into the middle of the fleet, and broke the centre. He himself, followed by the men of his boat, boarded the largest junk, out of which the Chinese sailors fled with alacrity as the Englishmen appeared upon deck. In this instance flight was, however, not altogether to be attributed to cowardice. They had as it proved lighted a slow match connected with the powder magazine, and Keppel's men had only just retired from the deserted ship when she blew up. So far a complete victory had been gained. A number of junks had been given to the flames, others had been taken as spoil, while a few only had escaped up the intricate waters which surround Fatshan. Though his loss of men had been considerable, and though a decisive victory had been achieved, Keppel, thirsting for fresh laurels, was minded to attack and take the town of Fatshan. Opposite that city a fleet of junks, whose fire was unusually well directed, was formed in a serried line. Keppel's boat was sunk under

him, and though he again succeeded in destroying the fleet, his hand was stayed, for the admiral, deeming further operations to be dangerous, gave the signal to retire." But even these reverses did not bring the Chinese to reason, and on Christmas day 1857 Lord Elgin's demands for the fulfilment of all the treaty conditions concerning Canton, and the payment of an indemnity for losses sustained by the English up to date having been rudely refused, an ultimatum was presented, giving the Chinese forty-eight hours to evacuate the city. On the morning of December 28th the bombardment commenced and the town was quickly reduced, the viceroy called Yeh being taken prisoner by a British marine, who caught him by the pig-tail as he endeavoured to scale a wall at the back of a yamen to which he had fled for safety. He was conveyed to Calcutta where he eventually died. Provisional government was then set up in the city, a native governor being appointed to administer affairs, together with a commission of three Europeans, namely, the British Consul, Mr Parkes (afterwards Sir Harry), Colonel Holloway of the Marines, and a French naval officer.

Lord Elgin then sent messengers to Peking, announcing what had happened in the south, and once more proclaiming the only conditions on which peace could be obtained. But the Chinese government had not yet learnt its lesson, and sent three commissioners of very inferior rank to discuss the

terms of Lord Elgin's note. This insult could not be brooked, and Sir Michael Seymour was ordered to take the Taku forts. Thus were the Chinese brought to reason, and in due course a treaty was signed by which it was agreed, that the Queen might appoint a Resident Minister in Peking; and that in addition to the five ports already open to trade, the ports of Newchwang, Tengchow, Formosa, Swatow and Kiungckow in the Island of Hainan should be opened as Treaty Ports. In 1859 the Chinese gave further cause for discontent to England by treacherously firing on the fleet of gunboats accompanying Sir Frederick Bruce who was going up river to Peking to ratify the treaty lately concluded. Another military expedition had to be organised to punish this outrage, and together with the French we captured the Taku forts and advanced upon Peking. Matters were aggravated at this juncture by the imprisonment of Sir Harry Parkes and Mr Loch (afterwards Lord Loch), who were lured up to a town ten miles from Peking, called Tungchow, on a pretext of meeting there some imperial commissioners presumably empowered to discuss the terms of a preliminary convention. Lord Elgin marched straight to Peking and summoned the Chinese to surrender the city, at the same time peremptorily demanding the instant release of Sir Harry Parkes and Mr Loch and such others of their party as had survived the terrible cruelties practised upon them during their

ENTRANCE OF THE BRITISH LEGATION

confinement in the imperial prisons. As a punishment for the tortures inflicted upon them the Summer Palace was burnt to the ground, and a treaty was concluded with Prince Kung (the Emperor Hsien Feng having fled from Peking at the approach of the Allies), by which the ports of Newchwang, Chefoo, Kiukiang, Chin-Kiang, Hankow, Pak-hoi and Tai-wan were thrown open to foreign trade, a definite understanding being come to at the same time for the establishment of a British Minister in Peking.

Whilst the Allied Forces still camped outside Peking a curious circumstance is stated to have occurred. Trading upon the well-known desire of Prince Kung at any sacrifice to procure the removal of the foreign troops from the capital, and having obtained through his friendship with the French general the exact date of the proposed evacuation, Count Ignatieff, then Russian Envoy to the Court of Peking, is said to have gone to Prince Kung and offered to obtain the said evacuation on condition that in return for so signal a favour China should cede to Russia the two Primorsk provinces which had long been coveted by her. Prince Kung fell into the trap, and Ignatieff went away for the purpose of "bringing about" the evacuation, which, occurring on the date confided to him by his friend, was paid for by China in the manner above indicated.

These urgent matters being settled the imperial

authorities now had leisure to turn their attention once more to the suppression of the Taiping rebellion, and strangely enough the imperial forces were this time entrusted to the command of a British officer, who was appointed commander-in-chief of the Chinese imperial army through the favour of Sir Frederick Bruce, the first British Minister to Peking, who was anxious thereby to conciliate the Chinese and so to promote a better understanding between the two countries. The officer selected was Major Gordon, afterwards known to fame as General Gordon, the hero of Khartum. The force he took command of was called the "Ever Victorious Army," from the fact that it had never suffered defeat; it had formerly been under the command of an American adventurer called Ward, who was killed in action. At the head of this force Gordon marched against the Taipings, and after a series of victories arrived before the city of Soochow, which opened its gates on condition that the rebel leaders should be spared. When these men came before Li Hung Chang, afterwards Viceroy of Chihli, he ordered their instant decapitation, and the punishment was summarily carried out. Hearing how lightly his pledged word had been broken, Gordon was so angry that with a revolver in his hand he went out resolved to avenge upon Li the treachery committed in his name. But Li had had time to bolt, and when Gordon arrived at the Chinese headquarters he was already in a place

THE WALLS OF PEKING

SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF THE TARTAR CITY

of safety. It has since been almost conclusively proved that this sad incident occurred through a mistake on the part of the interpreter acting between the general and the viceroy, and that it was in consequence of the misunderstanding created by him that Li acted as he did, rather than from a deliberate want of good faith.

The seeming treachery of his oriental colleague so disgusted Gordon that he threw up his command. He resumed it however under pressure, and shortly afterwards (1859) Tsêng Kwofan, a Chinese general, acting in concert with him, recaptured Nanking. When the end came Hung had not the courage to await the punishment due to him. He committed suicide by swallowing gold leaf, and was found dead within the city walls, wrapped in a covering of imperial yellow silk. Many of his followers likewise did away with themselves, and of the rest such as escaped dispersed over the country. Thus ended a rebellion which for ten years had proved so serious a danger to the reigning dynasty.

The Emperor Hsien Feng did not live long after the restoration of peace to his kingdom. He died at Jehol in 1859, leaving the throne to his five-year-old son T'ung Chih.

During the Taiping Rebellion the foreign merchants suggested to the Chinese government that it would be a wise thing to put the collecting of the revenues from foreign custom into their hands for a time. The arrangement answered

admirably, and the revenues thus collected were much larger than before, proving how great a proportion of them had hitherto been diverted by the Chinese officials through whose hands they passed. An expedient which was intended to be temporary, therefore, became a permanent arrangement, and the Customs Service has since remained under foreign control. It is now one of the best-managed Civil Services in the world. Sir Robert Hart has been its chief organiser and administrator, having been appointed to the Inspectorate-General as far back as 1861, and still continuing to hold the post. The Customs Service is now the one negotiable asset of China, and has enabled her to make large foreign loans in moments of urgent need.

T'ung Chih, 1862-1875, was the son of the present Empress-Dowager, and was born whilst she occupied the secondary position of a concubine to his father. On his birth, however, she was promoted to a position of equality with the real Empress (who had no son), and together they were appointed regents to rule over China during the child's minority, under the respective titles of Eastern and Western Empress, with Prince Kung the boy's uncle as principal adviser.

The only event of political importance which occurred during their joint administration was the suppression of a Mahometan rebellion, which had for its object the formation of the province of Yunnan

into a kingdom independent of the rest of China. The rising was suppressed amidst terrible scenes of bloodshed and carnage. During their regency also occurred the ghastly tragedy known as the "Tientsin Massacre," which was the culminating point of an anti-Christian rising produced by the ridiculous rumour that Roman Catholic missionaries and nuns were kidnapping Chinese babies and murdering them to make medicine from their eye-balls. On the 21st of June the passions of the mob broke loose. Bursting into the French Consulate they brutally murdered Mr and Madame Thomasin, Père Chevrien, and Mr and Madame Chalmaison. The French Cathedral was next burnt to the ground, and the rioters attacking the French Orphanage and Hospital "insulted, stripped, impaled, ripped open, and cut to pieces" the unfortunate Sisters of Charity whom they found there, alone and defenceless, at the same time smothering thirty or forty of the wretched little Chinese orphans who were being brought up under their care. In addition to these victims the French Consul was murdered in the street, as also were an unfortunate newly married Russian officer with his wife and friend, whose ill luck brought them across the path of the rioters. After a few officials had been degraded, and after an apology had been sent to Paris, the Chinese Government was once more forgiven, and again diplomatic relations were reopened between the powers of the East and the West! Thirty

years later, almost to a day, the first shot was fired into the diplomatic quarter in Peking!

In 1872 Tung Chih took unto himself a bride. She was the fairest amongst the seven hundred Manchu maidens who were passed in review in batches of ten by the Dowager-Empress, and her name was Ah-lu-te.

The auspicious day and hour for her marriage having, after much searching of the heavens, been fixed upon by the highest officials of the Astronomical Board, the "Great Pure Gate" of the palace was thrown open, and at two o'clock in the morning the young Empress was carried into her future home, seated in a magnificent "Phœnix' chair, and bearing in her hand the Sceptre of Jade and the Great Seal, which marked her elevation to the Dragon Throne. She was followed by a gorgeous procession of princes, mandarins and officials, together with numberless banners and umbrellas all bearing complimentary inscriptions. The subsequent ceremonies within the palace were the same as those which take place at the marriage of a commoner, only of course conducted on a larger and more grandiose scale.

After the marriage Tung Chih having attained his majority the two Empresses nominally relinquished into his hands the reins of government. This was considered by the Foreign Ministers a fitting moment to insist upon the privilege of being admitted to the presence of the Emperor, and

accordingly after many wearisome and long protracted preliminary negotiations, it was agreed that they should be received by him on the 29th of June 1873. The following account of this first audience is taken from a *Pall Mall Gazette* of that date: "Very early therefore on the morning of that day the Ministers were astir, and were conducted in their sedan chairs to the park on the west side of the palace, where, having dismounted from their sedans, they were met by some of the Ministers of State, who led them to the 'Temple of Prayer for Seasonable Weather.' Here they were kept waiting some time, while tea and confectionery from the imperial kitchen by favour of the Emperor were served to them. They were then conducted to an oblong tent made of matting on the west side of the Tszekwang Pavilion, where they were met by Prince Kung and other Ministers. As soon as the Emperor reached the pavilion, the Japanese ambassador was introduced into his presence, and when he had retired the other Foreign Ministers entered the audience-chamber in a body. The Emperor was seated, facing southwards. On either side of His Majesty stood, with the Prince of Kung, certain princes and high officers; in all, four or five persons. When the Foreign Ministers reached the centre aisle, they halted and bowed one and all together; they then advanced in line a little further and made a second bow; and when they had nearly reached the yellow table—on which their credentials were, as

arranged, to be deposited—they bowed a third time; after which they remained erect. M. Vlangaly, the Russian Minister, then read a congratulatory address in French, which was translated by an interpreter into Chinese, and the Ministers, making another reverence, respectfully laid their letters of credence on the yellow table. The Emperor was pleased to make a slight inclination of the head towards them, and the Prince of Kung, advancing to the left of the throne, and falling upon his knees, had the honour to be informed in Manchu that His Majesty acknowledged the receipt of the letters presented. The Prince of Kung, with his arms raised (according to precedent set by Confucius when in the presence of his sovereign), came down by the steps on the left of the dais to the Foreign Ministers, and respectfully repeated this in Chinese. After this, he again prostrated himself, and in like manner received and conveyed a message to the effect that His Majesty hoped that all foreign questions would be satisfactorily disposed of. The Ministers then withdrew, bowing repeatedly until they reached the entrance."

But Tung Chih did not live long to enjoy his newly acquired liberty, for he died soon after of small-pox, and "went to enjoy the felicity of the heavenly flowers," being almost immediately followed to the grave by his young wife, who is said to have committed suicide by swallowing the gold buttons of her coat in order not to survive him.

As Tung Chih died without issue it became necessary to select an heir amongst the Princes, and the choice of the Empresses fell upon a child of four, the son of Prince Chun, younger brother of Hsien-Feng. He was accordingly raised to the throne, which he still occupies under the title of Kwang-hsü (*i.e.* inheritance of glory).

In the year 1875 an expedition organised by Colonel Browne from Bhamo through China, and which had for its object the discovery of a suitable trade route between Burmah and the South-western provinces of China, failed of its object through the murder of Mr Margary, an officer in the British Consular Service, who was attached to it. In the following year (1876) the Chefoo Convention was signed between Great Britain and China, whereby it was decreed that the latter should pay 200,000 taels in compensation for the murder of Margary, that the traffic in opium should be regulated, that four new treaty ports should be opened, also six landing-places on the Yangtse.

In 1881 the Eastern Empress died, leaving the Western Empress (the present Empress-Dowager) sole regent.

In the following year (1882) the French invaded Tongking, which though not actually belonging to China, had for centuries been under her suzerainty, and was defended chiefly by Chinese troops. In 1884 the French took the important town of Bacninh, which they occupied. After

several more successes on their part the Chinese consented to come to terms and it was agreed: "That France should respect and in case of need protect the southern frontier of China, which separates that country from Tongking, and at the same time China undertook to withdraw at once all her troops from Tongking," thus virtually renouncing her suzerainty over the country. The Chinese troops on the spot however chose to ignore this amicable arrangement, and they defeated the French near Langson, inflicting terrible losses upon them, both in men and baggage. After this peace was impossible, and the French avenged their defeat by destroying the Chinese fleet at Foochow. They were repulsed again at Tamsui. A system of guerilla warfare ensued which had an exhausting effect on both sides. At last in 1885 negotiations for peace were opened once more, and successfully carried through by Sir Robert Hart, who called one day at the Tsungli Yamen, and addressing the ministers said: "Nine months ago you authorised me to open negotiations for peace, and now—" "The baby is born," said the ministers before he could proceed further. "Yes," said Sir Robert, "the preliminaries of peace are arranged." The terms agreed upon were almost identical with those of the first treaty.

In 1886 England annexed Burmah forced to this action by the misdoings of King Thebaw. China at that time claimed suzerainty over the Burmese,

but her authority existed in name only, and the Chinese retired from the country after the taking of Mandalay by our troops. In view of China's prior occupation, the authorities at home agreed that she should continue to receive a decennial tribute, not from us, but from the highest Burmese authority in Mandalay. The tribute however had to be resigned by the Chinese in consequence of their having broken a convention with us by ceding to France territory intended to form a buffer, and which they had undertaken not to alienate. The Burmah frontier delimitation question still occupies the British Government.

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THE REIGN OF KWANG-HSÜ

IN the year 1889 the young Emperor came of age and assumed definite control of the government, the Dowager-Empress disappearing from the scene with the following pious exhortation to the "Son of Heaven": "The Emperor is now advancing to manhood, and the greatest respect which he can pay to Us will be to discipline his own body, to develop his mind, to pay unremitting attention to the administration of the government, and to love his people," to which the youthful sovereign replied in the following imperial edict: "When I heard of the decree (from the Empress-Dowager handing over to him the reins of government), I trembled as if I were in mid-ocean, not knowing where the land is. Her Majesty will however continue to advise me for a few years longer on important affairs of State. I shall not dare to be indolent, and in obedience to the Empress's command, I have petitioned Heaven, Earth, and my Ancestors, that I may assume the administration of the government in person on the 15th day of the first moon in the thirteenth year of my reign. Guided by the counsel of Her Majesty, everything will be done with care."

Since that time events have occurred in the following succession: In 1890 a treaty was signed at Calcutta, arranging for commercial intercourse between India and Thibet, over which China claimed and still claims suzerainty. The frontier between Sikhim and Thibet was defined, and a Commissioner of Customs appointed by China to Yatung. It was agreed that in 1894 a new station should be opened within the Thibetan frontier, to which India should send an officer, and that the Thibetans should pasture their flocks in Sikhim under certain regulations which should be revised every five years.

In 1894 the war broke out with Japan. The Chinese had been asked for help by the King of Korea against a rebellion of the Tonghak. China acceded to his demand without consulting Japan, although this was in open defiance of an agreement signed by China and Japan in 1885, whereby it was agreed that neither party should send troops to Korea without first informing the other. The Japanese thereupon declared war against China, and on the 25th of July destroyed the Chinese transport steamer *Kowshing*. On the 17th of September a great naval battle was fought at the mouth of the Yalu River. The Chinese were defeated and lost five vessels. On the 25th of October the Japanese crossed the Manchurian border, and on November 21st they took Port Arthur, the strongest fortress in China, with costly

dockyards and great stores of war munitions. On the 9th of November 1895, the Japanese landed near the Shantung Promontory, and on the 12th of February a severe attack was delivered by their army and navy combined on the strong forts protecting the important harbour of Wei-hai-wei within which the Chinese fleet had sheltered. Admiral Ting was forced to surrender with the remainder of the fleet and then killed himself. The Chinese general had committed suicide three days before, despairing of success. Further separate defeats were endured in March near Newchwang by generals Sung and Wu. After this, overtures for peace were made by the Chinese Government and the famous viceroy, Li Hung Chang, was sent with full powers to Japan. He was treacherously assaulted by a Japanese ruffian and wounded in the cheek whilst on this pacific mission, but the Mikado ordered a truce, and at last peace was signed on April 17th, whereby—(1) the independence of Korea was recognised; (2) the Pescadores and the Island of Formosa were ceded to Japan, Liaotung being returned to China on the protest of Germany, France and Russia for the sum of 30,000,000 taels; (3) a war indemnity was paid by China of 200,000,000 taels; and (4) five new ports were opened to trade.

In 1895 a secret treaty is stated to have been concluded between Russia and China, which had such an important bearing upon the present position

of Russia in Manchuria that the reported contents of it may be here summarised.

Owing to the fact that the Trans-Siberian Railway is nearing completion, China consents to allow Russia to prolong it into Chinese territory, namely from the Russian port of Vladivostock to Hunch'un and thence to Kirin, and from a station in Siberia to the Chinese town of Aigun, thence to Tsitsihar, thence to the town of Petuna, thence to Kirin.

All these railways shall be built with Russian capital and on the Russian system, and the entire control shall be in the hands of Russia for thirty years. At the end of that time China will be allowed to redeem the railway, but as to how she will redeem it shall be left for future consideration.

China is now in possession of a railway which she intends to prolong from Shanhaikwan to Mukden and Kirin. If China should hereafter find it inconvenient to build this line, she shall allow Russia to provide the funds to build the railway from Kirin, the redemption of which railway shall be permissible to China at the end of ten years.

The railway to be built by China from Shanhaikwan via Newchwang, Kaiping, Chinchow, and Port Arthur to Talienwan shall follow the Russian railway regulations in order to facilitate the commercial intercourse between the respective empires.

Russia shall be allowed to protect her railway property with armed soldiers.

Russians and Chinese are "permitted" to exploit

mines in the Amur and Kirin provinces and in the north of Korea.

Chinese are "permitted" to engage Russian military officers to reform the whole army organisation of the Three Eastern Provinces in accordance with the Western System.

As the Liaotung ports of Port Arthur and Dalny are important strategical points it shall be incumbent upon China to properly fortify them with all haste and to repair all their fortifications, etc., in order to provide against future dangers. Russia shall therefore lend all necessary assistance in helping to protect these two ports, and shall not permit any foreign power to encroach upon them. China on her part also binds herself never to cede them to another country; but if in future the exigencies of the case require it, and Russia should find herself suddenly involved in a war, China consents to allow Russia temporarily to concentrate her land and naval forces within the said ports in order the better to enable Russia to attack the enemy or to guard her own position.

If however there be no dangers of military operations in which Russia is engaged, China shall have entire control over the administration of the said ports, nor shall Russia interfere in any way therein.

Except for Macao which the Portuguese had controlled since 1537, and Hong-Kong of which we became owners in 1842, no foreign power had ever owned possessions on or near the coast of China

until Japan claimed Formosa after the war of 1894. At that time she also acquired the Liaotung peninsula by right of conquest, but Russia, France and Germany protested against its annexation on the plea that the mainland of China should be kept intact. Japan, therefore, yielding to *force majeure*, relinquished it together with the strong strategic positions of Dalny and Port Arthur. In 1897, however, Germany seized Kiaochow in compensation for the murder of two missionaries, and the port was held by a German warship until a forced treaty was signed with China by which the port and its adjacent territory were "leased" to Germany for ninety-nine years, the German government having the right to land troops, construct fortifications, and establish a coaling and naval station in the place, whilst German subjects were to be allowed to construct railways, and open mines in the province of Shantung wherein Kiaochow is located. The real reason for the seizure of this port by Germany may be found in a remark made by the *Kolonial Zeitung* at the time, to the effect that "the power which possesses Kiaochow will control the coal supply in Northern Chinese waters."

In 1898 the Chinese Government approached Sir Claude MacDonald on the subject of a loan to help her pay off the final instalment of the indemnity to Japan. The British Government consented on condition that Talien-wan (Dalny) should be opened as a treaty port. This did not suit the views of

Russia, who objected so strongly that after having in principle accepted the loan from England on those terms the Chinese backed out of it; they did not dare however to accept a loan from Russia after what had passed, and thought to save themselves by borrowing without help from either. The British Government resented their cavalier action, and demanded in compensation an undertaking that China would never alienate territory in the Yangtse Region to any other power whether under lease, mortgage, or any other designation. This was granted, and shortly afterwards Sir Claude MacDonald obtained a concession of steam navigation on inland waters in China.

In 1898 commenced what Lord Salisbury called "the battle of concessions" between the foreign representatives established at Peking, for the building of railways and the opening of mines. That battle still rages!

Meanwhile Russia was hard at work extorting fresh privileges from China. In 1898 they demanded the lease or cession of Port Arthur and Dalny. The British Government did not object to the occupation of Dalny but strongly deprecated that of Port Arthur. On the 22nd of March 1898 Lord Salisbury wrote to the British ambassador at St Petersburg: "His Majesty's government on their part would not regard with any dissatisfaction the lease by Russia of an ice-free commercial harbour connected by rail with the

Trans-Siberian Railway which is now under construction. Questions of an entirely different kind are opened if Russia obtains control of a military port in the neighbourhood of Peking. Port Arthur is useless for commercial purposes, its whole importance being derived solely from its military strength and strategic position, and its occupation would inevitably be considered in the East as a standing menace to Peking and the commencement of the partition of China."

Lord Salisbury's remonstrances were however ineffectual, and in compensation for the cession of Port Arthur to Russia by the Chinese, which occurred on March 27th, 1898, he demanded and obtained a reversionary lease of Wei-hai-wei, which we promptly occupied. The lease is to continue until Russia ceases to occupy the Liaotung Peninsula!

France at this time thought it necessary to come forward with demands preparatory to the apparently impending partition of China. According to Mr. Hanotaux, as stated in the *Temps* of that date, she demanded and obtained (1) concession of a lease of a bay on the south coast of China; (2) concession of a railway connecting Tongking with Yunnan Fu by the Red River; (3) engagement on the part of China never to alienate the territories of the provinces contiguous to Tongking; (4) engagement never to cede to any other power the Island of Hainan; (5) arrangement in regard to the constitution of the postal service. With these concessions

France was fully satisfied. Shortly afterwards, however, the murder of a French missionary and two converts was made the pretext for demanding and obtaining the following extra concessions: (1) A concession to construct a railway from Pakhoi to Nanning; (2) construction of a chapel on the scene of the murder; (3) a pecuniary indemnity of 100,000 francs; and (4) the punishment of the responsible officials;—all of which were granted.

In June 1898 arose a party of young Chinese reformers with one called Kang Yu Wei at their head, who, seeing the desperate state of the Chinese Empire and the swarms of dishonest officials gathered to despoil it, agreed among themselves that nothing could save their country but the introduction of modern reforms and the reorganisation of education and government. For a moment they seemed to gain some influence in the palace, and stirred up by them the young Emperor issued the following seven Reform Edicts, concerning (1) freedom to memorialise the throne; (2) the introduction of foreign subjects in the examinations*; (3) the foundation of a new university in Peking; (4) turning temples into schools; (5) establishing a translating bureau and a patent office; (6) sending young Manchus abroad for studies; (7) abolishing superfluous officials. The zeal of the

* The study of mathematics, etc., was placed side by side with the Book of Changes and the Sayings of Confucius, in the list of subjects required from the students at the competitive examinations.

reformers was unflagging, and they held their ground till towards the end of September, during which time they scored several successes, such as the dismissal of the ministers of the Board of Rites because they refused to hand the memorial of a secretary to the Throne, the dismissal of the powerful Viceroy Li Hung Chang from the Tsungli Yamen on a charge of misappropriating public moneys and accepting Russian bribes, a decree that all public officials of the highest degree should ask for an audience every three years, that Western methods should be applied to the production and export of silk and tea, that the common people should likewise be permitted to memorialise the Throne, that annual statements should be published of government income and expenditure, that the law courts should be reformed, that the question of a National Parliament should be considered, also that of the adoption of a new form of dress suppressing the queue. These changes however were too rapid and too drastic to ensure their permanent effect. On the 17th of September Sir Claude MacDonald wrote to Lord Salisbury: "Imperial decrees intended to launch China on the path of reform continue to appear, though there are few signs of any of them taking practical effect. The Emperor is evidently learning that it is one thing to issue a reform edict and another to get it obeyed."

September 21st saw the end of the Reform Movement and the downfall of the Reformers. On

that day the Empress-Dowager once more took the government into her own hands. The young Emperor's decree announcing the usurpation of his authority by her ran as follows :—

"The affairs of the nation are at present in a difficult position and everything awaits reform. I, the Emperor, am working day and night with all my powers and every day arrange a multitude of affairs. But despite my careful toil I constantly fear to be overwhelmed by the press of work. I reverently recall that Her Majesty the Empress-Dowager has on two occasions since the reign of Tung Chih* assumed the reins of government with great success in critical periods. In all she did Her Majesty showed perfection. Moved by a deep regard for the welfare of the nation, I have repeatedly implored Her Majesty to be graciously pleased to advise me in government and have received her assent. This is an assurance of prosperity to the whole nation, officials and people. Her Majesty will commence to transact business from to-day in the side hall. On the 23rd of September I, the Emperor, will lead my Princes and High Officials, to make obeisance in the Ch'in Cheng Hall. Let the proper officials reverently and carefully prepare the fitting programme of the ceremony."

On the 26th of September appeared an Edict in the Emperor's name, but certainly not composed by him, repealing all the reforms. On the 28th, six of

* 1861.

the reformers were executed, Kang Yu Wei making good his escape from Peking to Hong-Kong. The charge against them was of conspiring against the liberty and even the life of the Empress-Dowager, who now recovered her ascendancy over the young Emperor, momentarily lost through the influence of the reformers, and once more resumed the reins of government which she had held in fact though not always in name for the past thirty years.

Kang Yu Wei subsequently published an account of himself in the *Contemporary Review* which, touching upon his personal relations with the poor young Emperor, is extremely interesting.

"I was always fond of studying Western learning. After the French took Foochow in 1885 there was evident danger of China's end drawing nigh. Consequently in 1889 I memorialised about the matter in great grief. I feared Russia's advance southward, and pointed out the secret intention of Japan and the latent danger in Korea. I thought that China had come to such a pass that if she should devote these years for the purpose of speedy reform she might become strong, but if there was delay nothing could save her. At that time the High Ministers of State were all Conservatives, and would not present my memorial to the Throne. After the loss of Formosa Weng Tung Ho (the Emperor's tutor) was sorry that he had listened to their advice, and was very cordial to me. Then I exhorted him to reform, and I wrote a long memorial, signed by

1300 provincial graduates, to urge reform again and again, and a Reform Club was formed in Peking, and the newspaper, *Chinese Progress*, was started in Shanghai. At this time (1895) Weng Tung Ho strongly urged reform on the Emperor, but was checked by the Empress-Dowager, and almost put aside then, and the Reform Club was shut up. I then returned to Canton, and founded the Ethical Society in Canton province, and the Sacred Society in Kwang-Si province. My disciples, Liang Chi Chao and Tan Tze Tung, formed the Southern Learning Society in Hunan province; Liu Shio started the Fookien Learning Society in the Fukien province; Yang Tui the Sz'chuen Learning Society in the province of Sz'chuen; Yang Shin Sheu and Sung Peh Luh opened the Pass Learning Society in the provinces of Shansi and Shensi; I and my brother K'ang Kwang In, with King Yuen Shen, opened a Chinese girls' school and formed the Anti-foot-binding Society in Shanghai; and many newspapers were started. Thus newspapers and new schools flourished in all the provinces, and all the empire knew of the reform.

"When Kiaochow was taken by the Germans I went to Peking again and sent up another memorial strongly urging reform, with the same motive as Peter the Great, and on the same political lines as have been adopted by the present Emperor of Japan. I also presented my books on the history of reform in Japan and the history of Peter the

Great's reforms, and suggested that all the coast of the empire be open to international trade. Weng Tung Ho approved of it, and strongly supported the measure at Court. But the crowd of Conservatives opposed, and he could not carry it. Then it was proposed to make an alliance with England, as was advised in the reform paper of Macao. The Government was undecided and feared that a great nation like England would not be willing. But when England asked that Port Arthur and Talien Wan should be open ports I hastened to Weng Tung Ho and said, 'China is saved and will not perish. You must grant the request. Since God gives us this opportunity, it should on no account be let slip.' But the Empress-Dowager and Li Hung Chang had made up their minds to give them to Russia. Again, England promised to lend China ten millions at three per cent. Russia was forcing China to borrow from her at four per cent. The Foreign Office was in great fear between these two great nations, and undecided. They then discussed about borrowing from both, and finally decided not to borrow from either. I said, 'You should decline Russia's offer and borrow from England. Russia, though she might threaten us, will never dare to declare war on this account.' The Empress-Dowager favoured Russia and was afraid. In the end they did not borrow from either.

"When Russia was seeking Port Arthur and

Talien Wan, I presented two memorials that they should be refused to Russia and both made open ports. The Emperor blamed Prince Kung and Li Hung Chang, and asked, 'What is the use of a secret treaty with Russia? Not only does Russia not protect us, but she herself takes away territory from us.' Both the prince and Li replied: 'It is by giving both Port Arthur and Talien Wan to Russia that the secret treaty is preserved.' At this the Emperor was very angry. When the Empress-Dowager decided to give them to Russia, and Weng Tung Ho found that all my prophecies came true, he strongly recommended me to the Emperor. Kao Hsueh Tseng, the Supervising Censor, Chen Pao Chen, the Governor of Hunan, Su Chih Ching, of the Hanlin College, and Li Twan Fen, President of the Board of Rites, also had recommended me from time to time. When the Emperor asked the members of the Cabinet, Weng Tung Ho recommended me saying, 'His abilities are a hundred times superior to my own,' and prayed the Emperor to listen to me in all matters of reform. I also presented to the Emperor a record of England, France and Germany, a comparative diagram of all nations, and the Rev. Timothy Richard's 'History of the Nineteenth Century' and his 'Essays for the Times,' and translations of Western books. The Emperor then understood something of the cause of the rise and fall of nations, and made up his mind to introduce

great reforms. Desiring men to help him, he invited me, and acted on my former suggestions."

But the situation at Peking, as Kang Yu Wei describes it—the weakness of the young Emperor and the strength of the Empress-Dowager—made the undertaking of reform hopeless from the beginning. The Empress-Dowager had professed to resign the government, but, says Kang Yu Wei, "she really still held the reins in her hands. She read the memorials about appointments. All the Ministers of the first and second rank were her nominees. The Emperor had no voice. In all matters he had to inform her first before acting. The Emperor was only an Emperor in name.

"The Emperor was of a studious disposition. Since the loss of Formosa he has been greatly distressed about the decline of the Empire. After this his faithful tutor, Weng Tung Ho, who was a learned man, sought foreign books for study, and presented them, with atlases, to the Emperor. These the Emperor daily studied, discovered the cause of China's weakness and conservatism, and made up his mind to reform. But this was not in accordance with the view of the Empress-Dowager. At the beginning of the war with Japan the Emperor and his Ministers wanted war. The Empress-Dowager and Li Hung Chang wanted peace. The Empress-Dowager was ready to give up Manchuria and Formosa. The Emperor could not think of it for a moment without crying with

distress; he wanted to make an alliance with England and to reform, while the Empress-Dowager was equally bent on an alliance with Russia without reform. Thus their views diverged more and more, so that when the Emperor wanted to reform in 1895 the Empress hated him; two of his favourite Imperial Ladies were beaten; the vice-presidents, Chang Lin, Wang Ming Luan, and Tsz Tui, a brother of one of these Imperial Ladies, were driven away; and the Imperial Ladies' tutor, Wen Ting Shih, was stripped of his honours, never to be employed any more. This was because all these advised the Emperor to keep the power in his own hands.

"The eunuch, Kow Lang Tsai, memorialised the Empress-Dowager to resign the government into the hands of the Emperor. For this he was put to death. The Emperor himself narrowly escaped being put aside then. . . . Chang Lin was a straightforward man in whom Prince Kung put great confidence. In a memorial to the Emperor he said: 'The relation of the Empress-Dowager to the late Emperor Tung Chih was that of his own mother, but her relation to you is that of the widowed concubine of a former emperor.' When the Empress-Dowager came to know this she was in a great rage. Prince Kung was also in great fear. When the Emperor issued an edict, by command of the Empress-Dowager, to degrade Chang Lin, Prince Kung was weeping on his knees.

When asked the reason of it, the Emperor waved his hand and said, 'Don't ask him.' The Emperor and the Prince wept together, and the Prince wept so bitterly that he had no strength to rise up. The Emperor commanded the eunuchs to help him up and lead him away. Wen Ting Shih begged the Emperor to exercise his rights. The Emperor waved his hand, saying, 'Don't speak,' for the Emperor knew long ago that when he took the reins of government into his own hands the Empress hated him."

The overthrow of the reforming party and the resumption by the Empress-Dowager of the reins of government produced an immediate outbreak of hostility against foreigners. On October 1st, Sir Claude MacDonald telegraphed to Lord Salisbury: "A Chinese mob at a point between Peking and the railway station yesterday afternoon violently assaulted several foreigners, who had to pass that way from the train. . . . There is a decided spirit of disturbance among the Chinese, though the fact, that many bad characters were about yesterday in consequence of the mid-autumn festival, may go some way towards accounting for these outrages. I have requested Admiral Seymour by telegraph to despatch a vessel to Taku, in case a guard should be required for the protection of this legation, and I am making strong representations to the Tsung-li-yamen."

Shortly afterwards it was decided by the Ministers of all the Powers that in view of the

state of unrest in the country, the presence of guards of the different nationalities had become necessary for the protection of the Legations. In spite of the protest of the Chinese government these guards were landed as soon as possible from the warships of the various Powers, and brought to Peking, where they were lodged in their respective Legations. The Chinese then began to bring troops into Peking, and the situation grew daily more serious. Things went from bad to worse all through October and November of that year, although outwardly the peace was unbroken. In December the ladies of the Legations were for the first time received in audience by the Dowager-Empress. Sir Claude MacDonald wrote the following despatch descriptive of the reception: "The ceremony passed off extremely well. The Empress-Dowager made a most favourable impression by her courtesy and affability. Those who went to the Palace under the idea that they would meet a cold and haughty person of strong imperious manners were agreeably surprised to find Her Imperial Majesty a kind and courteous hostess, who displayed both the tact and softness of a womanly disposition." In 1899 there were riots in Shanghai consequent upon the desecration of a Chinese cemetery by Frenchmen, and in that year occurred also anti-missionary insurrections in Sz'chuen; besides other signs of growing disorder in the country.

Meanwhile the foreign Powers continued to look after the commercial interests of their various countries in China, and in April 1899 the following note was exchanged between England and Russia, whereby the respective railway interests of each were safe-guarded, and the Yangtse Valley recognised as the British sphere of influence.

"Russia and Great Britain animated by the sincere desire to avoid in China all cause of conflict or questions where their interests meet, and taking into consideration the economic and geographical gravitation of certain parts of that Empire, have agreed as follows: (1) Russia engages not to seek for her own account or on behalf of Russian subjects or of others any railway concession in that region supported by the British Government. (2) Great Britain on her part engages not to seek for her own account or on behalf of British subjects or of others any railway concessions to the north of the Great Wall of China, and not to obstruct directly or indirectly applications for railway concessions in that region supported by the Russian Government. The two contracting parties, having nowise in view to infringe in any way the sovereign rights of China, or of existing treaties, will not fail to communicate to the Chinese Government the present arrangement, which by averting all cause of complication between them, is of a nature to consolidate peace

in the Far East, and to serve the primordial interests of China herself.

In an additional note it was stipulated that the above agreement was not in any way to interfere with the Concession already granted to Great Britain by China, for the construction of the line from Shanhaikwan to Newchwang, only that that concession was not to constitute a right of property to the line in question, Great Britain agreeing that it should remain Chinese, and under Chinese management. In the same way the above note was not to prevent the Russian Government from supporting the applications of Russian subjects, for the building of branch lines running in a south-westerly direction from the main Manchurian line.

About this time the United States Government addressed an identic note to the Governments of Great Britain, Russia, France, Germany, Italy and Japan, asking for pledges of an "open door" commercial policy in China. All answered in a satisfactory sense including Russia, whose reply is not without interest in view of latter day developments.

This reply ran as follows: "In so far as the territory leased by China to Russia is concerned, the Imperial Government has already demonstrated its firm intention to follow the policy of 'the open door' by creating Dalny (Talienwan) a free port, and if at some future time that port although remaining free itself should be separated by a customs

limit from other portions of the territory in question, the customs duties would be levied in the zone subject to the tariff upon all foreign merchandise without distinction as to nationality. As to the ports now opened or hereafter to be opened to foreign commerce by the Chinese Government, and which lie beyond the territory leased to Russia, the settlement of the question of customs duties belongs to China herself, and the Imperial Government has no intention whatever of claiming any privileges for its own subjects to the exclusion of other foreigners."

On January 24, 1900, appeared in the *Peking Gazette* the following edict from the Emperor:—

"When at a tender age We entered into the succession to the throne, Her Majesty the Empress-Dowager graciously undertook the rule of the country as Regent, taught and guided Us with diligence, and managed all things, great and small, with unremitting care, until We Ourself assumed the government. Thereafter the times again became critical. We bent all our thoughts and energies to the task of ruling rightly, striving to requite Her Majesty's loving kindness, that so We might fulfil the weighty duties entrusted to Us by the late Emperor Mu Tsung Yi (Tung Chih). But since last year We have suffered from ill-health, affairs of State have increased in magnitude and perplexity, and We have lived in constant dread of going wrong. Reflecting on the supreme importance of the worship of our ancestors and of the spirits of the land, We

therefore implored the Empress-Dowager to advise Us in the government. This was more than a year ago, but We have not the strength to perform in person the great sacrifices at the Altar of Heaven and in the temples of the Spirits of the Land. And now the times are full of difficulties. We see Her Gracious Majesty's anxious toil by day and by night, never laid aside for rest or leisure, and with troubled mind We examine ourself, taking no comfort in sleep or food, but ever dwelling in thought on the labours of Our ancestors in founding the dynasty, and ever fearful lest Our strength be not equal to Our task.

"Moreover, we call to mind how, when We first succeeded to the throne, We reverently received the Empress-Dowager's decree that as soon as a prince should be born to Us he should become the heir by adoption to the late Emperor Mu Tsung Yi (T'ung Chih). This is known to all the officials and people throughout the empire. But We suffer from an incurable disease, and it is impossible for Us to beget a son, so that the Emperor Mu Tsung Yi has no posterity, and the consequences to the line of succession are of the utmost gravity. Sorrowfully thinking on this, and feeling that there is no place to hide Ourself for shame, how can We look forward to recovery from all Our ailments? We have therefore humbly implored Her Sacred Majesty carefully to select from among the near branches of Our family a good and worthy member, who should found a line of posterity for the Emperor Mu Tsung

Yi (T'ung Chih), and to whom the throne should revert hereafter. After repeated entreaties, Her Majesty has now deigned to grant her consent that P'u Chun, son of Tsai Yi, Prince Tuan, should be adopted as the son of the late Emperor Mu Tsung Yi (T'ung Chih). We have received Her Majesty's decree with unspeakable joy, and in reverent obedience to her gracious instruction We appoint P'u Chun, son of Tsai Yi, as Prince Imperial, to carry on the dynastic succession. Let this decree be made known to all men."

Meanwhile there was a renewed spirit of activity amongst the unruly and anti-foreign element in the north of China, hatred of the "foreign devil" waxed daily, and a state of disorder far worse and more threatening than anything that had gone before began to make itself felt. The following is a consecutive list of the principal events of 1900 gathered from Faber's "Chronological History of China":—

April 25th.—Two thousand Boxers attacked Roman Catholics south of Paoting Fu. Many Manchu nobles joined the Boxer Association.

May 12th.—Mr Chao of the London Mission and Liu Ching Yun were hacked to pieces by the Boxers near Peking.

May 26th.—The railway stations between Paoting Fu and Peking were burnt.

May 28th.—The Boxers tore up a part of the Tientsin Peking railway. The Belgian engineers

and their families fled from Paoting Fu, arriving in Peking on the 2nd of June.

May 31st.—Marine guards were sent to Peking to protect the Legations.

June 1st.—The Revs. C. Robinson and H. Norman of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel were murdered by Boxers.

June 4th.—Sir Claude MacDonald telegraphed, "Present situation at Peking is such that we may at any time be besieged here with the railway and telegraph lines cut. In the event of this occurring I beg your Lordship will cause urgent instructions to be sent to Admiral Seymour to consult with the officers commanding the other foreign squadrons now at Taku to take concerted measures for our relief."

June 5th.—The Tientsin-Peking railway service finally stopped.

June 6th.—Sir Claude MacDonald telegraphed, "I find they (the colleagues) all agree that owing to the now evident sympathy of the Empress-Dowager and the more conservative of her advisers with the anti-foreign movement the situation is rapidly growing more serious. Should there be no change in the attitude of the Empress, a rising in the city ending in anarchy which may produce rebellion in the provinces will be the result, 'failing an armed occupation of Peking by one or more of the Powers.'"

June 8th.—Paoting Fu was in flames. The Tung-chow mission buildings were burned. The

Peking missionaries took refuge in the Legations and the Methodist Compound. On that day Sir Claude MacDonald wired: "There is no prohibition of the Boxers drilling, which they now openly do in the houses of the Manchu nobility and in the temples. This Legation is full of British refugees, mostly women and children, and the London and Church of England missions have been abandoned. I trust that the instructions asked for in my telegrams of the 4th and 5th instant have been sent to the Admiral.

June 10th.—Admiral Sir E. Seymour telegraphed to the Admiralty: "Following telegram received from Minister at Peking, 'Situation extremely grave. Unless arrangements are made for immediate advance to Peking it will be too late.' In consequence of above, I am landing at once with all available men and have asked foreign officers' co-operation." On the same day Admiral Seymour with 2000 allied troops started for Peking.

June 11th.—The Chancellor of the Japanese Legation in Peking was cruelly murdered in the streets by Chinese soldiers.

June 13th.—Peking East City was fired, hundreds of Christians were massacred. No steps were taken by the Court or Empress to remedy the increasingly alarming state of affairs.

June 16th.—An ultimatum was sent by the allied foreign fleets to the Taku forts.

June 17th.—The forts were taken. On that same

day the Chinese commenced the bombardment of Tientsin.

June 19th.—The Chinese Government despatched an ultimatum ordering all the Foreign Ministers then in Peking to leave the city before 4 P.M. on the following day.

June 20th.—Baron von Ketteler, the German Minister, was murdered in the streets on his way to the Tsungli-Yamen. Before the reply of the Ministers declining to leave Peking reached the Tsungli-Yamen, the ultimatum sent on the previous day expired, and at 4 P.M. precisely the Chinese attack on the Legations began.

June 23rd.—The foreign troops from Taku reached Tientsin, the bombardment of which thereupon ceased.

June 26th.—Seymour failing to reach Peking returned to Tientsin.

June 30th.—There was a terrible massacre of missionaries and native Christians at Paoting Fu.

July 1st.—The massacre continued.

July 9th.—Forty-five missionaries were murdered in T'aiyuan-fu, of whom twelve were Roman Catholics and the rest Protestant.

On that same day the Japanese took the Tientsin Arsenal.

July 14th.—The Allied Relief Force occupied the native city of Tientsin.

July 22nd.—Li Hung Chang coming from Canton landed in Shanghai.

August 5th.—The Allies marched from Tientsin on to Peking, the Chinese being defeated at Peitsang and Yangtsun.

August 14th.—The Allies reached the walls of Peking.

The defence of the Legations is one of the finest historical incidents on record. To anyone who has seen the Legation Quarter in Peking, and has realised the enormous area to be defended and its almost total unprotectedness, it is simply incomprehensible that it should have been crowned with success. The combined legation guards numbered only 18 officers and 389 men, and amongst these were no less than eight different nationalities. An additional force of 75 volunteers armed with all available rifles and an irregular force of 50 gentlemen, residents or visitors, equipped with every describable weapon from an elephant rifle to a "fusil de chasse," to all of which carving knives had been lashed as bayonets, completed the number of defenders. This handful of gallant men was headed by Sir Claude MacDonald, the British Minister, an erstwhile soldier and old campaigner, who by common consent was appointed to the supreme command, and whose soldierly instincts awoke again at the first sound of battle; but it may be imagined what a peculiarly difficult and delicate task his was, he a civilian amongst so many military men, with the sense of overwhelming responsibility for women and children almost con-

stantly upon him, and with the additional trial of being the confidential recipient of all bad and discouraging military news. It was a position sufficiently trying to tax the strongest constitution, yet he never failed to cheer the little band of brave and fearless men, who under his direction fought and watched and held their ground against attack and surprise from June 20th to August 14th, without ever losing courage, though they knew beyond doubt that at any moment a concerted and resolute attack on the part of the enemy meant death with indignities and torture, not only to themselves but worse still to the women and children with them. The British Legation was the centre of defence. All day and all night hordes of savage but cowardly Chinese attacked the low wall of mud and plaster which formed the line of defence between themselves and their intended victims; maddened by the lust of blood they yelled insults at the "foreign devils," whom they were almost close enough to touch; now they directed a determined fusillade against a weak spot, or threw shells into the defended area so that all hands there had to be hurriedly set to work to dig bomb-proof shelters for the women and children, or they drove mines under the fortifications, thus keeping the besieged in constant suspense. One of their favourite tricks was to creep close up and throw fire balls over the wall, or set fire to a house or a tree close under the wall, in the hopes of igniting some part of the buildings in the besieged area. In this

way they sacrificed the Hanlin Academy, which abutted upon the Legation to the north. They did not hesitate to fire this the most venerated pile in Peking, the great Imperial Academy, centre of all Chinese learning, with its priceless collection of books and manuscripts, in the hopes of setting fire at the same time to the British Ministers' residence, which was only a few feet distant. The British Legation was thronged at this time. Besides its usual complement consisting of the Minister's Staff and their families, it contained hundreds of native Christians, with their wives and children, and all the missionaries, besides the French, Belgian, Russian, American, Spanish, Japanese, and Italian Ministers and their families. It must have required all the tact and sympathy with which Lady MacDonald is so fully endowed to keep so many different elements at peace one with the other; wherever there was sickness or distress there she was to be found a veritable "ministering angel." She, and her sister, Miss Armstrong, superintended the cutting out and making of the thousands of sandbags that were required for the defence, and in this wearisome toil they were ably seconded by Mrs Cockburn and the many other ladies in the Legation. And a motley collection those sandbags were, such as probably never had been seen in defence works before. Every colour under the sun and every texture was employed. "Silks and satins, curtains, carpets and embroideries were ruthlessly cut up. In Prince

Su's Fu (a palace opposite the British Legation, seized upon and occupied by the defenders), the sand-bags were made of the richest silks and satins, the imperial gifts and accumulated treasures of one of the eight princely families of China."

And all this time the sufferings of the besieged may be better imagined than described. The heat was intense as it can be in Peking when a mid-summer sun beats fiercely down upon the parched and hardbaked earth. Food was so scarce that the brave little garrison were reduced to eating their China ponies, the pets of happier days, and water had to be sparingly drawn from the five wells within the Legation compound, two of which only were sweet. All such delicacies as wine and tinned provisions were unreservedly placed at the disposal of the sick and wounded, and all the champagne from the Minister's cellar, which might have been such a grateful fillip to the jaded defenders, went the same way. The sufferings from flies and mosquitoes attracted by dead bodies and decomposing matter were a constant torment, yet these devoted men and women by common consent sent their mosquito nets to the hospital for use on the sick beds. Most of the "boys" had deserted their masters at the first note of danger, some to join the Boxers, others to look after their families outside, and the ladies were forced to undertake the cooking and dusting besides the washing of clothes. To all these hardships add those of intense overcrowding

in the hottest days of summer, of the total want of privacy, the ever-present fear of men for their wives, and mothers for their children, the torture to overwrought nerves of sudden surprises, of being constantly roused in the night by the roll of musketry, the sound of exploding shells, the terrors of the unknown! Yet all without exception rose to the occasion, and all were able when at last relief came to give a smiling welcome to their gallant deliverers, though tears must have been very near to smiles in the heart of that weary hollow-cheeked hungry little band. Dr Morrison thus describes the closing incident of the siege: "Luncheon, the hard luncheon of horse-flesh came on, and we had just finished when the cry rang through the Legation, 'The British are coming!' and there was a rush to the entrance and up Canal Street towards the Water Gate; the stalwart form of the General and his staff were entering by the Water Gate followed by the 1st Regiment of Sikhs and the 7th Rajputs. They passed down Canal Street, and amid a scene of indescribable emotion marched to the British Legation. The siege had been raised!"

This short account may be fitly closed by quoting in full the letter relating to it which Lord Lansdowne wrote to Sir Claude MacDonald on February 10, 1901:—

"As the present report completes your account of the siege and relief of the Legations, I desire to

take this opportunity of stating how highly His Majesty's Government value these admirable and exhaustive records of an episode of the deepest historical interest. The gallantry with which the siege was maintained by all the foreign forces engaged, more especially after the failure of the first relief expedition, and the consequent disappointment of the besieged, coupled with the energy and courage with which the efforts of the regular forces were seconded by the Legation Staffs and other civilians, has commanded the admiration of the whole civilised world.

"His Majesty's Government desire also to place on record their appreciation of the important part borne by yourself throughout this crisis. On the 22nd of June at the request of your colleagues you took charge of the defence, a position for which from your military training you possessed exceptional qualifications; and from that day you continued to direct the operations of the garrison until the relief took place on the 14th of August.

"Information has reached His Majesty's Government from various sources that the success of the defence was largely due to your personal efforts, and more particularly to the unity and cohesion which you found means of establishing and maintaining among the forces of so many different nationalities operating over an extended area. Competent eye-witnesses have expressed the opinion

A CORNER OF THE BRITISH LEGATION WALL AFTER THE SIEGE OF 1900

that if it can be said that the European community owe their lives to any one man more than another, where so many distinguished themselves, it is to you that they are indebted for their safety.

"I cannot conclude this despatch without asking you to convey to Lady MacDonald the thanks of His Majesty's Government for her unceasing and devoted attention to the welfare of the sick and wounded. Her work and that of the ladies who assisted her have earned the lasting gratitude not only of those who were benefited by her ministrations, but also of their relatives in Europe, who were kept for so many weeks in a condition of most painful anxiety and suspense."

August 15th.—The Legations were relieved by the Allied Forces.

On that morning the Empress-Dowager together with the Emperor and all the Court fled from Peking. Prince Su, who accompanied them but afterwards returned to Peking, described the flight as follows: "The day the Court left Peking they travelled in carts to Kuan-shi, twenty miles to the north, escorted by 3000 soldiers of various commands. This composite army pillaged, murdered and outraged along the whole route. At Kuan-shi the Imperial cortège was supplied with mule litters. The flight then continued at the rate of 20 miles daily to Hsuan-hua-fu, where a halt was made for three days. This place is 120 miles from Peking. Up to this time

the flight had been of a most panic-stricken nature. So little authority was exerted that the soldiers even stole the meals which had been prepared for the Emperor and the Empress-Dowager. Some improvement was effected by the execution of several for murder and pillaging, and gradually the various constituents of the force were brought under control. Many of the Dowager-Empress's advisers were in favour of remaining at Hsuan-hua-fu on account of the comparatively easy means of communication with the capital. The majority, however, were in such fear of pursuit by the foreign troops that the proposition was overruled. The flight was then resumed towards Tai-yuen-fu. Before leaving Hsuan-hua-fu 10,000 additional troops under Tung-fuh-siang joined the escort. The new comers, however, only added to the discord already prevailing. The Dowager-Empress did little else but weep and upbraid those whose advice had brought them into such a position. The Emperor reviled everyone irrespective of his opinions. The journey to Tai-yuen-fu took twenty-six days, the longest route being taken for fear of pursuit. On arriving there the formation of some kind of government was attempted, but owing to the many elements of discord this was found to be next to impossible. Though many edicts were issued they could not be enforced. Neither party cared for an open rupture, and affairs rapidly assumed a state of chaos."

The Court eventually arrived at Singan-fu, the capital of Shensi, where they spent the time of their exile from Peking.

August 16th.—The Peitang Cathedral was relieved.

The following account is from the diary of Lieutenant Olivieri, the officer in command of the ten Italian marines, who with thirty French marines conducted the defence.

August 9th.—Our food is now nearly at an end. The Chinese Christians dispute over the skins of the last asses which they butchered. The trees are nearly all stripped of their leaves, so that even this wretched food will soon fail us. Two children of seven years have died of hunger; the babies are long since dead, their mothers' breasts having failed to yield them one drop of milk. We are in extreme distress, and yet no signs of the European troops. *August 12th*: In the morning I went the round of the sentries and had re-entered my room when I heard a terrible explosion and felt a violent shock. I attempted to go out, but the house trembled about me, and I fell completely buried in the masonry. A previous mine had been sprung outside the wall, and Lieutenant . . . had been engaged in constructing a counter-mine, but evidently had not worked in the right direction. My sergeant and four men were buried in the same way, leaving five men free, who with the French commenced the work of rescue. After

three-quarters of an hour's work they succeeded in uncovering one of my hands, and finding it still warm, redoubled their efforts until my whole body was free. I was wounded in the head and in the right foot, but not very seriously. In addition to the five Italians, 100 native Christians were buried under the ruins. Our position was desperate. The French officers were no more, and I was incapable of moving. The French sergeant was dead and my sergeant was still under the masonry. There was an enormous breach in the wall. We appeared to be lost. But true to their character the Chinese did not advance to the assault. We unearthed Gunner Roselli. He had a broken arm and was horribly bruised and died the next day. Eleven hours later we found Colombo almost dead and then the bodies of two others. *August 13th*: We discovered another mine. No one was injured, but the native Christians went almost mad with terror; they fled away from the wall screaming and wailing. Their minds were over-excited, they imagined every sound to be an explosion. The confusion was indescribable, and it required all our efforts to calm the natives. *August 14th*: The fire of rifles and guns by the enemy continues. We have but fifty cartridges left, and our food is all gone. In the middle of the night towards the East of Peking we heard a formidable cannonade and the rattle of musketry. Europeans—our liberators! Again the scene was indescribable. All

rushed to the open, regardless of the shot which still continued to fly. All wished to hear more distinctly the roar of the guns of our deliverers. Then the joy, the immense joy, it produced a choking sensation and found expression in a convulsive cry which burst forth like an impetuous wave of sound on all sides. The hunger, the terror, the tears, all were forgotten; everyone concentrated his attention on the noise of the distant firing. But, alas; the 14th and 15th passed, the fire on the mission continued, and the distant roar of guns ceased. Had the Europeans been repulsed? *August 16th*: Two cannons on the south continued to fire on the mission, when my men rushed in to tell me that the Japanese had entered our street. I could not believe them, and was unable to move to see for myself. Shortly afterwards my men entered again, shouting, "We are saved!"

August 28th.—The Allied Armies marched triumphantly through the Forbidden City.

September 14th.—Li Hung Chang left Shanghai for Peking.

September 21st.—Count Waldersee arrived at Shanghai, and proceeded north on the following day. As senior officer in point of rank, he was appointed by common consent to the general command of the Allied Armies in China.

December 22nd.—The peace conditions were announced by the Powers.

On September 7th of the following year (1901) the Peace Protocol between the Plenipotentiaries of Foreign Powers and China was signed. They stipulated :—

1. That Prince Chun should go on an expiatory mission to Berlin to beg forgiveness for the murder of Baron von Ketteler, also that a monument should be erected in Peking to the memory of the latter, bearing an inscription in Latin, German and Chinese.

2. That several guilty high officials should be punished, and that for five years examinations should be suspended in several of the provinces.

3. That an expiatory monument should be erected in each of the desecrated foreign cemeteries.

4. That an expiatory mission should be sent to Japan to apologise for the murder of the Japanese First Secretary of Legation.

5. That for two years the importation of arms and war materials should be forbidden, with option of renewal of interdict.

6. That an indemnity of 450 million taels, in gold, should be paid within thirty-nine years with four per cent interest.

7. That the Legation Quarter should be put in a defensible condition.

8. That the Taku forts should be razed.

9. That certain points should be occupied between Tientsin and Peking.

10. That imperial edicts should be posted in all

towns for two years concerning anti-foreign societies, punishment of the guilty officials, suspension of examinations, and responsibility of high officials for foreigners in the future.

11. That the Peiho and Whangpoo should be improved.

12. That the old Tsungli-Yamen should be transformed into a Ministry for Foreign Affairs higher in rank than the other six ministries.

November 7th.—Li Hung Chang died. The Peace negotiations had tired him considerably, and the departure of Prince Ching from Peking at the end of October had added to the burden of his responsibilities. The aged statesman was reduced to a state of great weakness, but this did not prevent him from continuing to live in the atmosphere of political intrigue so dear to his heart, and he would probably have recovered and thereby falsified the prophecies of his impending end had he not imprudently partaken of a large quantity of dough-cakes, of which Chinese dainty he was extremely fond. A violent indigestion was the consequence, from which prosaic complaint he died. He was the last and perhaps the greatest exponent of the policy inaugurated in China in 1860.

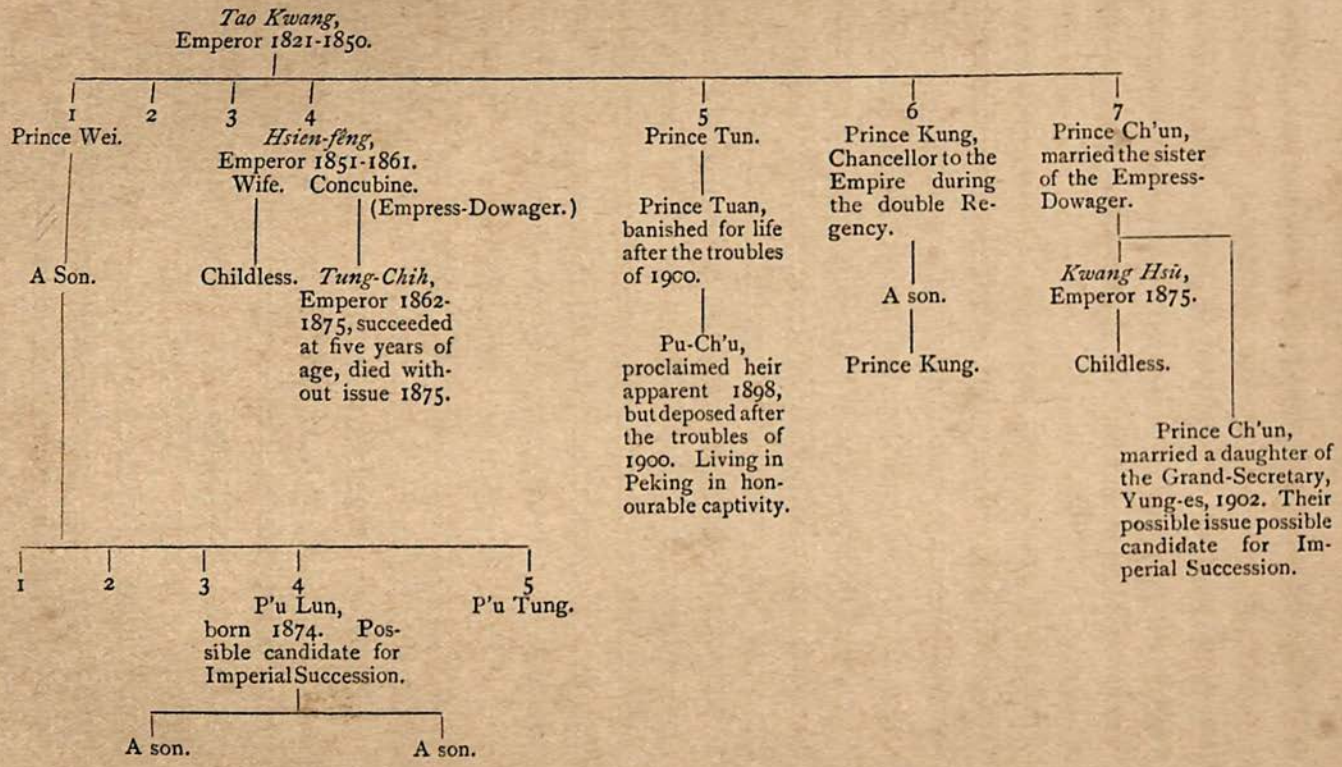
November 30th.—Pu Ch'un, the heir apparent, was deposed.

January 7th, 1902.—The Empress-Dowager and the Emperor Kwang Hsü returned to Peking from Chengting. They came by train, this being their

first experience of that mode of conveyance. Before re-entering his palace the Emperor worshipped, kneeling at the Temple of Kuanti, God of War, whilst the Empress-Dowager likewise kneeling officiated at the Temple of Kwan-yin, the Goddess of Mercy!

All the foreigners then in Peking witnessed from the City Walls the return of the Court to the capital.

GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF THE CHINESE IMPERIAL FAMILY.


Tao Kwang, Emperor 1821-1850.
1 Prince Wei.
2
3
4 *Hsien-fêng*, Emperor 1851-1861.
Wife. Childless.
Concubine. (Empress-Dowager.)
Tung-Chih, Emperor 1862-1875, succeeded at five years of age, died without issue 1875.
5 Prince Tun.
Prince Tuan, banished for life after the troubles of 1900.
Pu-Ch'u, proclaimed heir apparent 1898, but deposed after the troubles of 1900. Living in Peking in honourable captivity.
6 Prince Kung, Chancellor to the Empire during the double Regency.
A son.
Prince Kung.
7 Prince Ch'un, married the sister of the Empress-Dowager.
Kwang Hsü, Emperor 1875.
Childless.
Prince Ch'un, married a daughter of the Grand-Secretary, Yung-es, 1902. Their possible issue possible candidate for Imperial Succession.
A Son.
1
2
3
4 P'u Lun, born 1874. Possible candidate for Imperial Succession.
A son.
A son.
5 P'u Tung.

THE WORSHIP OF HEAVEN AND THE "THREE RELIGIONS"

IN remote antiquity there existed in China a form of worship which was a survival of those ancient days when God had not yet been personified nor creeds elaborated. The object of this worship was the invisible Power resident in the visible heavens, who provides for the needs of man and metes out to him reward or punishment according to his deserts. He was known in earlier times by the name of Shangti or "Supreme Ruler," but Confucius substituted for that name that of T'ien or Heaven, under which vague appellation the Chinese continue to this day to acknowledge a Power so holy that only the Emperor, the "Son of Heaven," is worthy to be his high priest. That the head of the State bore this office from earliest times, and was looked up to by the people as their consecrated "sin-bearer" is proved beyond doubt, for in 1766 B.C. we find on record the following words of the Emperor T'ang, "When guilt is found anywhere in you who occupy the myriad regions let it rest on me, 'the one man.'" Again when a human sacrifice was suggested as a means of propitiating Heaven in a time of great famine he said, "If a

man must be the victim I will be he." "He fasted, cut off his hair and nails, and in a plain cart drawn by white horses, clad in rushes, in the guise of a sacrificial victim, he proceeded to a forest of mulberry trees, and there prayed, asking to what error or crime of his life the calamity was owing." That was in the sixteenth century before Christ. In the nineteenth century after Christ, a prayer very similar in intention was offered up by Tao Kwang (1832), when the land lay panting for rain that would not come. "Oh! alas! Imperial Heaven," he prayed, "this year the drought is most unusual. . . . I, the Minister of Heaven, am placed over mankind, and am responsible for keeping the world in order, and for tranquillising the people. Although it is now impossible for me to eat or sleep with composure, although I am scorched with grief and tremble with anxiety, still, after all, no genial and copious showers have been obtained.

. . . "The sole cause is the daily deeper atrocity of my sins. . . .

"Prostrate, I beg Imperial Heaven to pardon my ignorance and stupidity, and to grant me self renovation, for myriads of people are involved by me 'the one man.'"

In the year 1903, during a prolonged and severe drought, edicts appeared in the *Peking Gazette* proclaiming once more the personal responsibility of the Emperor towards Heaven.

Kwang Hsü, 29th year, 4th moon, 25th day.—

Imperial Decree: "This year (1903) from the beginning of summer there has been a great dearth of rain; the first part of summer is past and the fields are sadly in need of it. I must reverently pray for it, and on the 27th of this month I shall proceed to the Great Lofty Shrine to burn incense."

But the Emperor's prayers were on this occasion unavailing, and it was not until the "Iron rain tablet" had been sent for and brought with all solemnity to Peking from the Temple in the Hills where it is kept, that rain at last fell. Then came another decree from the Emperor acknowledging the favour of Heaven. "Prayers were offered up to Heaven, and refreshing rain has been vouchsafed throughout the neighbourhood. For this I am deeply grateful, and must render thanks for the blessings of Heaven. On the 12th day of this moon I shall go in person and burn incense at the Great Lofty Shrine. Prayers for rain will now cease." The shrine of this invisible Deity is known as the *Temple of Heaven*, and existed in ancient times, though the present buildings owe their construction to the Emperors of the Ming Dynasty. It is the most beautiful and interesting group of buildings in the capital, or indeed in the empire, and is situated three miles south of the Imperial Palace, in the "Chinese" quarter of the city, being so placed because it used to be the custom to perform sacrifices to Heaven in the outskirts of the Emperor's city of residence. It stands in the midst of a wall-enclosed

park of many acres, shaded by juniper and fir trees, and intersected by broad avenues and stretches of grass land. The sacred buildings are protected by yet another wall, painted red, and topped with dazzling dark blue tiles. Within this wall, in the midst of a grove of splendid juniper trees, hoary with old age, rises the temple, springing upwards from a terraced base of pure white marble, a magnificent triple-roofed, azure-tiled, gold-capped shrine. To the south of it is the altar, an exquisite pile of white marble, composed of three terraces in which may be noticed a curious symbolism of the number three and its multiples, a favourite number in Chinese Philosophy. Each terrace is encompassed by a richly carved balustrade and approached by four flights of broad low steps, giving access from north, south, east and west to the third and highest platform, the middle stone of which is looked upon by the Chinese as the central point of the Universe! The chief characteristics of the altar are its grand simplicity and its harmonious proportions.

Twice a year, at the approach of the winter and the summer solstices, the Emperor repairs to this Altar to sacrifice to "Heaven." It is a picturesque and curious sight to see the procession of his Imperial Majesty traversing the streets of Peking on this bi-annual occasion. The road leading to the Temple leaves the Tartar City by the big Southern Gate, the Ch'ien-m'en, and is certainly one of the worst roads in the world, owing to the ruts worn

in the paving stones by the serrated wheel-tires of the Peking carts. These ruts, however, are temporarily filled up with sand, when the Son of Heaven is about to pass, "look-see" being the chief concern of the Chinaman, the shutters of the houses along the Emperor's route are closed, and even the openings of the side streets are hung across with blue cotton curtains meant to ward off the prying gaze of subject or foreigner, for no one is supposed to look upon His Majesty and live. In the spring of 1903 we witnessed the procession from a shop just outside the City Gate, which having been built since the troubles of 1900 was sufficiently modern to have small glass panes let into the centre of each paper-covered window. Through these we peeped although under protest from the owner of the shop, who continually reminded us by signs of the absolute necessity for silence, indicating with a graphic gesture of his hand from left to right of his throat, the nature of the punishment reserved to him should our presence be observed from without.

The central gate of the Ch'ien-men had been opened for the passage of the Emperor, and the picturesque marble bridge, once pure white, now so grimy, had been cleared of booths and beggars in order to leave a free passage to the Imperial Cortege. Suddenly, after a long and tedious wait, a signal was given, and instantly the street rang with shouts and words of command. The Police hastily cleared the road, beating the foot passengers back with their

long lashed whips, and driving them helter skelter down the side streets, behind the protecting curtains of blue cotton; recalcitrant mules were whacked out of sight, and belated riders galloped for the nearest bolt-hole, so great was the fear of being caught and convicted of having looked upon the Emperor.

To these few moments of wild stampeding and shouting a perfect calm succeeded, and a silence so great that it could almost be felt settled down upon that part of Peking. Then the head of the procession came into sight, and little by little revealed its brilliant length, serpentining before our dazzled eyes, a kaleidoscopic feast of colour. There passed in rapid succession mounted eunuchs in gorgeous array, bearers carrying wine and implements for the coming sacrifice, grooms in the Imperial Carriage Park liveries of maroon satin, men carrying poles from which fluttered leopard tails and long crimson tassels; quaint horsemen with bows and arrows; and soldiers holding aloft the yellow Chinese Standard, embroidered with dragons.

After them a pause, then a man running quickly on foot, waving a yellow wand and shouting excitedly, "Kotow, Kotow, Kneel! Kneel!" Close behind him a mounted officer bearing the Imperial yellow silk umbrella, himself followed by two officials burning incense as they went; and then at last the great yellow chair surmounted by heavily gilded ornaments, within which sat Kwang Hsü, Emperor of China,

arrayed in a coat of bright blue silk and wearing on his head a sable trimmed hat; his chair was borne on the shoulders of thirty-two carriers, sixteen in front, and sixteen behind, all clothed alike in pink silk coats, with an edging of leopard skin to their quaint head-gear. Immediately behind the Emperor's chair rode Prince Ch'un his brother, the same who after the troubles of 1900 was sent on an expiatory mission to Berlin, and still more recently was compelled to inaugurate the monument erected in Peking to the memory of Baron von Ketteler. The procession was closed by six led ponies with yellow saddle cloths. Escorted by this brilliant retinue the Emperor slowly passed on his way, betaking himself for the night to the Palace of Fasting within the hallowed precincts of the temple grounds, there to spend the vigil of the sacrifice in lonely meditation, that his mind being filled with holy thoughts the spirits might condescend to be present on the morrow.

Hardly had he passed out of sight before the crowds broke loose, and surging forward once more invaded every nook and cranny of the immense thoroughfare, setting up their booths, and in five minutes restoring the streets to its usual state of untidiness.

No foreigner has ever beheld the Emperor officiating in his capacity as High Priest, but the altar has been seen prepared for the occasion. At that time the sacred blue jade stone, the symbol of

Heaven, occupies a central position on a carved and gilded stand, whilst around it on the upper terrace are grouped the blue tents within which are placed the "tablets" of the deceased Emperors of the dynasty, who are invited to be present as "guests" at the sacrificial rites. On the second platform are arranged the "tablets" of the sun, the five planets, and the twenty-eight constellations, and as the idea of a feast is intimately connected in the Chinese mind with that of worship, dishes of meat, fruit and flowers are placed before each. The third terrace is reserved for the living worshippers.

What an impressive sight it must be when the "Son of Heaven" in solemn majesty awaits the coming of that mystic hour before dawn which is to assemble round him the spirits of his departed ancestors! We can picture him clad in his gorgeous blue vestments kneeling in reverential awe before the only Master he acknowledges, the smoke of the whole burnt offering rising in clouds of white incense to Heaven, whilst with trembling voice he gives expression in the name of his people to the loftiest idea of worship of which they are capable, to that worship which, whilst recognising as sole divinity the "spirit" of the great blue dome overhead, discards all base idolatry and superstitious practices!

Besides the pure worship of Heaven there are three State religions in China, each one more idolatrous than the other. To a Western mind it

seems scarcely conceivable that three perfectly distinct religious systems should be able to co-exist in the same country, under the direct patronage of the head of the State, without superseding or expelling each other. Yet this phenomenon occurs in China where Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism based respectively on the moral, the ideal, and the material, flourish side by side without prejudice to each other and under the distinct and impartial patronage of the Emperor. He makes no difference in his estimate of the three religions, and as occasion arises worships in the temples of all three alike. This is not only the case with the head of the State, all his subjects share this remarkable impartiality in matters of religion, every Chinese conforming to the three modes of worship, although broadly speaking Confucianism may be said to be the religion of scholars and of the aristocracy, as Buddhism is that of women, whilst the great mass of the middle and lower classes worship the million gods of the Taoists. The key to the riddle may perhaps be found in the simple fact that the three creeds supplement each other in the popular imagination, each supplying a different need of the human heart. The respect and worship of ancestors which forms the corner-stone of the Confucian philosophy is the only real religion of the Chinese, that in which more than anything else they believe. But Buddhism has obtained a subtle hold on their minds, especially on that of the women, by professing to ensure the

successful transmigration of souls at death, and by offering as a prominent object of worship a Goddess of Mercy, whose special prerogative it is to confer the blessing of maternity on her faithful votaries. Again who could afford to neglect a religion which like Taoism offers the elixir of life and supplies deities answering to the leading wants and desires of mankind, such as gods of Rain, Fire, Medicine and Agriculture!

For a long time Confucianism remained antagonistic to the other two forms of religion, fearing the evil which might result to itself from the vows of celibacy taken by their priests, whereby the family is destroyed and the number of ancestor worshippers diminished, but by degrees the practical Chinese, anxious to secure the special advantages of the three forms of religion, became votaries of all and ceased to perceive the limits of each. Even their gods became interchangeable and their priests got mixed up, meeting on equal terms in each other's temples, and officiating together in the same ceremonies. Now it has become almost impossible for the casual observer to distinguish one from the other. In Peking a few years ago when prayers were offered for rain, on one side of the temple were arranged one hundred Buddhists, opposite to them were a hundred Taoists, whilst in the middle knelt the Mandarins, all three chanting together! In time the Chinese took to symbolising this unity by erecting San Chiao T'ang or Temples of the

three religions, and there Buddha may be seen throned aloft between Confucius and Laotsze as forming a triad of sages.

Dr Martin speaking of this fusion says: "These three creeds for a long time waged a bitter war, alternately persecuting and persecuted, until after the lapse of many centuries they arrived at a *modus vivendi* by dividing between themselves the dominion of the three worlds, heaven being assigned to Buddha, hell to Taoism, and this world to Confucius."

The three religions were however perfectly distinct in their origin, and a few words as to their rise and the lives of their founders may not be without interest.

CONFUCIANISM

CONFUCIANISM began as a system of ethics based on morality, and "occupying itself mainly with social relations." "The classics were its priests, ethics its theology, and the written characters its symbol." It would never have been called a religion but for the rites subsequently grafted upon it. Where philosophy laid the foundation, however, idolatry quickly crept in and completed the structure. Thus Confucianism which was meant by its author to inculcate love and reverence for the dead as the fundamental duty of the living, gradually degenerated into a vehicle for the virtual deification of ancestors, and promoted, if it did not actually originate, the national worship of idols. One can hardly credit Confucius with the deliberate intention of handing over his living countrymen in perpetual bondage to the dead, yet such has been the effect of his system, which is all the stronger and more enduring because it has as its mainspring the two great passions of the human heart, love and fear! There is no greater obstacle to the cause of progress in China to-day than the worship of Ancestors. It has woven a net of prejudice and custom about the Chinese from which it is hopeless

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to extricate them. It has cast an undeserved slur upon thousands of childless mothers, making them an object of scorn to their more fortunate sisters, and a useless encumbrance to their husbands; it has led to extensive infanticide of female infants by encouraging the idea that only a man child is worth rearing, who can worship his ancestors and provide for their needs after death, and it has made the adoption of Christianity as the religion of the country almost an impossibility, by imbuing the Chinese mind with the belief that such action would be equivalent to consigning all their ancestors to a state of perpetual beggary, thereby calling down upon the living the curses of the dead.

That this worship is the real religion of the Chinese is abundantly proved. Every family, from the imperial family to the poorest in the land, who can afford a few feet of soil wherein to lay his dead, erects a temple in their honour where the "spirit tablets" of the departed are kept. In April of every year a "Che Chêng" or memorial day is fixed by imperial edict, upon which the people gather at these ancestral graves to sweep them out, put the grounds in repair, and trim the funereal trees which nearly always adorn them. On that day likewise the whole male portion of the family goes forth laden with gifts wherewith to appease and propitiate the spirits, for they dare not neglect the dead. And small wonder seeing that their firm

belief is, that unless amply provided for by their surviving descendants the departed must become beggar spirits in the world to which they have gone, reduced to the extremity of herding with the spirits of those who have died in war, at sea, of starvation, or in foreign countries, in order to secure even a wretched existence. Would they not revenge themselves for the ungrateful neglect of the living by inflicting upon them all manner of sickness and calamity? Therefore food is presented upon a table, paper clothing is burnt, and tin-foil money is sent upwards in smoke, after which the departed are worshipped with a variety of strictly ordered ceremonies and prayer, the oldest member of the family being told off as the master of ceremonies, and the youngest boy present forced to knock his little head with the rest against the ground in token of reverence for those who have gone before.

In addition to these honours rendered at the grave, deceased Ancestors for three generations back are likewise honoured in the home, where "tablets" are kept in a shrine set apart for the purpose. Before these tablets occur all the most solemn rites of family life. When a boy dons the cap of manhood, it is here that his father brings him to invoke a blessing; when a child is betrothed the fact is notified here, but this time without asking for their tutelary care; when the bridegroom goes to fetch his bride the father "reverentially announces

the fact to his ancestors with offerings of fruit and wine," and the marriage ceremony consists of invoking their "paternal blessing" with prescribed ceremonial. The Chinaman thus lives his life in the sight of the dead, and when his own end comes has but two ideas: how he will be received by them, and whether his son in his turn will pay proper respect to his memory.

Besides worshipping their ancestors, latter day Confucians honour hundreds of gods. Amongst these is the God of Writing, who is supposed in the mythical period of antiquity to have elaborated the art of forming written characters by imitating the footprints of birds. Since then the written character has become so sacred, and the reverence of it is carried to such a pitch, that the sin first mentioned is its misuse, whilst its preservation is accounted amongst the most meritorious of actions. Men are employed by the State to collect old placards off the walls, and every scrap of waste paper bearing characters which lies about the streets; it is paid for at a very high rate and carried to a "Pity Character" furnace, of which there is one attached to almost every temple. There it is burnt; in some parts of China even greater precautions are taken, the ashes being sent to the nearest port, and distributed over the waves.

The Board of Punishment worship the "Prison God," and before an execution the wretched criminal

is dragged out by his pig-tail and forced to kotow to him on his way to death.

The "God of War" is the patron of soldiers as Confucius is that of men of letters! He is a great favourite and owns 1600 State Temples! The executioner's knife is kept within the sacred precincts of his temple, and when a Mandarin after superintending a decapitation returns home from the execution ground, he stops to worship at his shrine for fear some ghost of the criminal may follow him. He knows the spirit would not dare go into the presence of "Kwanti," so he takes this means of getting rid of his invisible attendant!

Confucius, the founder of this religion, was born B.C. 551 in the Province of Shantung. An inscription engraved by order of the Emperor Hsien-Tsung, A.D. 1465, upon a stone column near his tomb, styles him, "Heart of Heaven without whom we should have been wrapped in unbroken night." His birth coincided in the world's history with the accession of Cyrus to the throne of Persia. He was the son of a small provincial magistrate, who died when the future sage was but three years old, leaving the charge of his education to a devoted mother, to whom all credit must be given for the excellent principles which she inculcated in her son. Already at the age of twenty he was known for his "grave demeanour and knowledge of ancient learning," and on their account was made a magistrate. But the

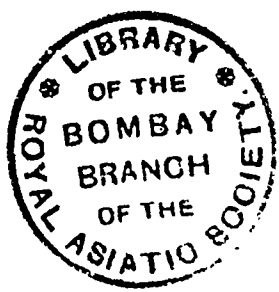
death of his mother occurred soon after, and in conformity with an ancient usage he resigned his official position, and retired into solitude for three whole years, during which he gave himself up to mourning her loss, and studying the historic traditions and the classic literature of his country. He emerged from his retreat imbued with the excellence of the ancient Sages, and resolved to devote his life to resuscitating their virtue and wisdom in the hearts of his countrymen. He laboured incessantly from that time on, preaching in season and out of it, his great moral basis being filial piety, subordination to superiors, and kind and upright dealing with one's fellow men. He used often to say, "Do not unto others what you would not that others should do unto you." Strange it is, that although constantly preaching these high moral maxims so consistent with the spirit of Christianity, he never rose to the conception of a Superior Being to whom men are responsible for their actions!

A few days before his death, which occurred in B.C. 479 at the age of 73, he tottered about the house sighing:—

> "The great mountain is broken!
> The strong beam is thrown down!
> The wise man withers like a plant!"

Confucius has been deified by the Chinese and occupies a prominent place as "one of a trinity with Heaven and Earth." In every city a

temple is to be found erected to his memory, and in every schoolroom a simple tablet is enshrined bearing the inscription of the great sage. His 75th direct lineal descendant lives at the present time in Peking, and is known by the hereditary title of Duke K'ung-Ling-I, conferred upon him by a grateful country.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TAOISM

THE reputed founder of Taoism, the second in the triad of State Religions in China, was Laotsze, the "old philosopher," so called because although a contemporary of Confucius (born B.C. 604) he was older than that sage. The details of his early life are extremely meagre, but any paucity of biographical detail is cleverly accounted for by the Chinese, who declare that the baby was born old! He was employed at the Court of the Emperor as royal recorder or historiographer, and lived a most virtuous and retired life, saying of himself, "The world is joyful and merry as on a day of sacrifice. I alone love solitude and quiet, and prefer not to pry into futurity. I am like an infant ere it has grown to be a child; listlessly I roam hither and thither as though I had no home."

His claim to be considered as the founder of Taoism rests on a brief treatise called the "Tao-teh-king," a treatise which contains lessons of extraordinary value, impressing upon men the absolute necessity of renunciation and self-abnegation.

But the religion which now exists in China under the name of Taoism only took shape five hundred years after the death of Laotsze, and is as far re-

moved from what he taught as night is from day. Although there is in the "Tao" no word of doctrine and hardly any reference to the spirit world, Taoism is one mass of base and dangerous superstitions. It has plagiarised all the worst features of Buddhism, besides annexing the ritual and forms of public worship of that religion. The cult of Laotsze which was so indefinite and impalpable consists now of magic, hocus-pocus, and wizardry of the lowest kind, so that were Laotsze still living it would be impossible for him to trace the smallest likeness between his own pure ideals and the polytheistic and idolatrous worship of the present day religion, which without any conception of true science professes to transmute the baser metals into gold and silver, and claims to have discovered the elixir of life. It is to be doubted whether the venerable philosopher would acknowledge this latter day Taoism as his conception, or whether he would even continue willingly to hold the place he at present occupies as one of its trinity of Pure or Holy Ones.

The Taoist gods are innumerable, in most cases absurd, in some cases disgusting, but they are well suited to figure as objects of worship in the most abject of all the religions that the world has ever known. The priests are gowned in blue cotton with white bandages swathed round the legs from ankle to knee; they are divided into two classes, those who profess to be celibates and live in the temples, and those who dwell with their families and only

wear the priestly dress when officiating. All are dirty and idle, living on the contributions of the villagers. They deal mostly with evil spirits and quack medicine, religion and medicine being inseparably connected in China.

The following are some of their gods, with a few words concerning the forms by which they are worshipped. The god of Fever complaint is represented by a beardless young man, and is worshipped by those suffering from that particular malady. Amongst the gods of Medicine are the Rulers of headaches, of chills, of the liver, of dropsy, of cough, of colic, the Divine Oculist, the Divine Aurist, the god of small-pox, of consumption, of animal spirits, of ague, the god of sickness from losing the soul, of pestilence, of acupuncture, of hæmorrhage, of weakness, of dyspepsia, of poison, of toothache, etc. There are also gods of every part of the body from the hair to the toe-nails.

The practice of healing by prayer or incantation prevails all over China. "It is applied not to single diseases or classes of disease only, but to all cases of medical or surgical practice, with variations according to the seat of the disease, the whim of the quack or the particular system of the operator."

Charms also play a large part in the Taoist methods of healing. Curious characters, often meaningless, are inscribed on paper of various hues with coloured inks, red or black being preferred, and these are prescribed to be burnt or swallowed. In what would be

surgical cases the operator sometimes draws a charmed circle with oil or water round the affected part.

In Soochow if a man cannot sleep he betakes himself to the Taoist temple and burns incense before the reclining figure of a sleeping Buddha, patting him at the same time to soothe his nerves; if this fails to bring back sleep the worshipper endeavours still further to propitiate the god by offering him a bed-quilt.

The stars play a prominent part in Taoism, those of Happiness, Office and Age being worshipped more than any others. But with the exception of the Emperor, who twice a year sacrifices to the twenty-eight constellations on the altar of Heaven, only astrologers and Taoist priests are entitled to pay honour to them. The star-deities control nearly all the actions of man, and bring either prosperity or adversity. A comet is supposed to be most unlucky, and it has proved especially so in the case of the Dowager-Empress. It is customary in China to celebrate with rejoicings every decade of a sovereign's reign after he has reached the respectable age of forty. This custom would have been adhered to in her case also had not every decade of her life been marked by special disaster. She reached her fortieth birthday in 1874, but in that year had the misfortune to lose her only son, Tung Chih. In 1884 the empire was deprived of a portion of its territory by the French annexation of Tongking. Again in 1894 all China was bent on rejoicing, and

preparations had been made on a large scale for celebrating Her Majesty's sixtieth birthday, when lo! the war between China and Japan once more turned rejoicing into mourning. Lately, as the decade again approached, it was determined to try and cheat the Fates by antedating the celebration by one year. The imperial Board of Astronomers accordingly assembled and betook themselves to the City Wall, to where the famous astronomical instruments used to stand before they were carried off by France and Germany, and proceeded to consult the Empress's star with a view to fixing upon an auspicious day in 1903 for the commencement of the festivities. Imagine their horror and dismay when they perceived a comet in the sky with its tail pointing right into the Forbidden City! This comet presaged such shocking bad fortune to the reigning family that it was perfectly evident no celebration could take place that year, and the astrologers retired to consult with the priests, arriving before long at the terrifying conclusion that the ill-omened comet betokened the hidden presence of a high-placed reformer in the neighbourhood of the Empress! Under these circumstances all thoughts of rejoicing were naturally abandoned.

Great superstition also exists with regard to the sun and moon. Professor Douglas in his "China" speaks of these as follows: "The popular notion with regard to an eclipse is that some monster is attacking, and unless prevented would devour the sun or

moon as the case may be. The danger therefore to the empire is great, and the intervention of every official in the country is called for to save the threatened luminary. Some months before the expected eclipse, the Board of Astronomers notifies the exact date of its appearance to the officials of the Board of Rites, who in turn announce its approach to the viceroys and governors of the provinces. These transmit the message to all their subordinates, so that when the time arrives an army of mandarins stands prepared to avert the disaster. Their procedure is simple, and as neither the sun nor the moon have ever been devoured it is regarded as efficacious. At the appointed time the mandarins assemble at the yamen of the senior official, and arrange themselves before an altar set up in the courtyard and on which incense is burning. At a given signal they fall down on their knees and perform the kotow, after which the attendants beat drums and gongs to frighten away the oppressive monster, while priests move in a procession round the altar chanting prayers and formulas. To assist the mandarins in their patriotic efforts, the people mount on the roofs of their houses, and add to the din which issues from the yamens by beating everything which is capable of emitting resounding noises." Thus are the sun and moon saved from the enemies who would devour them.

One day whilst in Peking we went to a great feast at Boyun Ssu, a big Taoist temple situated

outside the South-western gate of the city. The feast was in honour of Chin Tzu, the founder. Starting at three o'clock in the afternoon we found ourselves in the midst of a crowd of devotees all bound for the same rendezvous. Many were the types they presented. The female portion of the great Mandarin families, many of whom are only allowed out on this one day in the year, were but half visible in the depths of their Peking carts, their duennas sitting cross-legged on the shaft, and concealing by the ample folds of their garments the painted and gaudy beauties within. Gay trippers on foot trailed along the dusty route, whilst others hurried forward on diminutive donkeys, whose quick and regular trot scarce moved the rider in his saddle. The professional beggars were there in hundreds, kneeling on the ground which they constantly knocked with their heads as they appealed to the charity of the passer-by. Fruit and vegetable vendors stationed by the side of the road exposed their dust-covered wares, shouting each other down in their eagerness to secure a purchaser. As we neared the temple the crowds increased and the noise became more deafening. I was in a sedan chair borne on the shoulders of four men, with an outrider in front and another horseman behind. By sheer weight our little procession made itself a way, and after considerable difficulty at last managed to pass through the temple gateway into the peace and comparative seclusion of an inner courtyard. We

had sent a messenger the day before to the head bonze, warning him of our coming, and servants had preceded us in the morning, who had prepared for our use the guest-chamber courteously placed at our disposal. This was a kind of pavilion, built upon a raised terrace, and consisting of one fair sized room of which the paper windows had been replaced by glass ones, so that the view from the interior was unimpeded.

This temple is one of the biggest and richest in Peking. It is particularly patronised by the Palace eunuchs, who richly endow it during their days of prosperity in order to secure for themselves a comfortable home to which they can retire when age makes them unfit for duty. The temple as above related was built by one Chin Tzu in the days of the Tartars, and was subsequently repaired in the time of the Ching dynasty by Wei Wang. Both these benefactors were honoured on this day, and when night came there were magnificent illuminations in their honour. The finest of these were those at the entrance gates. The two tall flagstaffs which mark the approach to every temple had been adorned with huge paper lanterns, from the four corners of which hung chains of smaller ones threaded one upon the other, each a different colour. The effect was very good as the breeze gently swayed them to and fro against the sable background of the night. The Chinese have a wonderful instinct for illumination, the result I

suppose of ages of development, for no form of street lighting is known in China but the lantern, and every man, cart or ricksha, carries his own at night. In this temple, as in all others, there were many courtyards, and a self-instituted guide led us from one to the other, drawing our attention to the various curious sights. In one we came to the shrine of the God of Fortune, and stood a moment to watch an anxious devotee, in this case a girl, prostrate herself before the grinning image of the deity, and afterwards with trembling fingers draw the magic stick from amongst a number presented her by the bonze in attendance. This stick was numbered, and the corresponding number was to be found on a slip of paper which with thousands of others lined the shelves of the temple walls.

The scene in the next courtyard was far more curious and characteristic, and at first sight seemed quite incomprehensible. Round three sides of the court and under the verandah sat upon the ground some eight or ten bonzes absolutely immovable. Wrapped in their blue garments with their legs crossed under them, their hands folded palms upwards, and their eyes fixed upon the end of their noses, they looked like wax-work figures. Not even the wink of an eyelid betrayed that they were alive. Above their heads were engraved upon the walls four Chinese characters signifying literally "ask and it shall be given," and a banner floated close by bearing the words, "By the comprehension

of the excellent principles of Taoism one may hold communion with the spirits." These priests had been waiting for days for a manifestation of a spirit, which would release theirs and take them up to Heaven as had happened of old to their founder Chin Tzu. Such is the popular theory, though these pious practices degenerate here as elsewhere into a mere cash hunting affair. For every one of the thousand visitors who come to see and be edified by a peep at the waiting bonzes leaves a cash offering on departure, and the sums thus collected during the eight or ten days of their ecstasy must be very considerable. Their time of waiting was to expire on the very evening of our visit, and the end of their long fast was to be marked by a distribution of loaves of bread sent to the temple as a gift by some rich person anxious to curry favour with the gods by this act of charity. Further wanderings brought us to the courtyard wherein lived the temple pensioners, three old men, one of them being a hundred and seven years old. They were so aged and infirm that the presence of strangers seemed to make but little impression upon their brains, they scarcely raised their eyes or noticed us, but continued mumbling prayers as they counted the beads of their rosaries. Old age is greatly honoured in China, and doubtless those who cared for these poor wrecks of humanity were laying up stores of merit for themselves. The next "side show" which our guide took us to see was perhaps

the most curious of all. In the centre of an enclosed place was a kind of marble well about a dozen feet in depth and surrounded at its mouth by a carved white marble balustrade. In the well, under an archway, dividing the space into two halves, sat an old priest cross-legged and motionless upon the ground. On his breast and back were fixed two large discs about eighteen inches in diameter, in the centre of which hung a bell. Leaning over the balustrade, thousands of devotees threw cash at these targets, and the one who was fortunate enough to ring the bell thereby secured for himself good luck for a whole year. The floor of the well was carpeted with cash when we arrived, and before we left we had added several hundred more to the rich harvest already collected, for the sport was quite a fascinating one. As we wandered from one place to another we were followed by crowds of men, women and children to whom a sight of foreigners was quite as great an amusement as their religious festival was to us. They were good humoured and polite but unremitting in their attentions, and when we retired to our apartment to dine, every available window was lined with eager faces anxious to see us at our meal. When we had finished we collected bread, fruits and nuts, and distributed them amongst them to their great satisfaction, and we were amused to see the men scrambling with the children for a share of the unwonted delicacies! Night fell and

still we lingered on, fascinated by the weird scenes about us. It was nearly midnight when we finally started for home, but the sand of the well-worn track that we followed was turned into diamonds by the brilliant light of the full moon overhead, and never did the old City Walls, under whose shadow we moved, look so grand as they did that night outlined in black against the silver sky.

BUDDHISM

BUDDHA, the founder of the religion called after him Buddhism, was of royal descent and first saw the light in the north of Benares somewhere about 624 B.C. "Buddha," the official title by which he came to be known, means the Awakener, but he was also called Shakyamuni, "the sage of the Shakya clan." The legends which have gathered around his name would fill a volume. He is said to have been born in a garden under the drooping boughs of a Palasa tree. A great commotion of nature heralded his birth, the lightning played, a rainbow decked the heavens, roses fell in showers, and nine dragons spouted water both hot and cold wherein the new born prince was bathed. He appeared upon earth with the full use of his limbs, and walking "seven steps to the four points of the compass, with an expressive wave of his tiny hand said, 'Above heaven and under heaven I alone am great.'" His young mother died when he was only seven days old, and he was brought up by his aunt and thirty-two nurses, who divided between them the duties of carrying, bathing, feeding, and playing with him. For eight happy years he played in the enchanted palace

garden, riding a goat upon a golden saddle, and all that time we are told that he never cried nor soiled his clothes, and that his nose was always clean! The King his father gave him the most renowned teachers, and he astonished them all by his talents. At fifteen years of age he was formally invested with the rank of heir-apparent. And thus he grew to manhood, handsome and good, so much so that "his father became displeased at the religious and melancholy tone which pervaded the Prince's life, and tried to educate him in the arts and accomplishments suited to the future occupant of a great throne." In pursuance of this object he determined to find a consort for him, and ordered all the fair maidens of the royal clan to assemble at the palace. They came in numbers, all vying with each other in grace and loveliness. The Prince's choice fell upon a lovely dark-eyed girl called Yasodhara, and a lucky day having been chosen the beautiful Indian girl was led to the home of the bridegroom attended by 500 bride's-maids. His father had built for him a kind of earthly paradise, where they should have dwelt together in perfect happiness, had his fond parent not foolishly peopled it with a band of 3000 nautch girls. Through them the young Prince fell. "He, the most learned and most powerful of men, came to sad grief through women. All Buddhistic traditions agree in stating that it was the experience with the ladies of his harem which disgusted him

with the whole world, and put him in a misanthropic mood." At last a burning desire took possession of him to leave his enchanted garden and see the world as it really is. With his father's consent he started out in a golden chariot, the streets he was to pass through having been watered with scent and strewn with flowers. He saw things which he had never dreamt of, such as age, suffering and death. In answer to his inquiries as to the meaning of these things, his charioteer explained to him that they were incidental to human life, and that he himself would some day have to pass that way. "Neither gods nor men can escape this inevitable fate." Then the horror-stricken Prince answering to the voice of the Devas calling to him to abandon sensual pleasure and seek for rest said to himself, "I will go; the time has come," and bidding farewell to his lovely wife he "once for all forsook his home, his kindred and his kingdom." To his father he sent back a message by a groom saying, "Tell my father I am not angry or unfilial, but all creatures are deceived and not on the true road, and I wish to save them. Take this royal mantle and circlet of pearls to my wife and say, 'Love must have separations, I wish to mitigate suffering.'"

From that day Shakyamuni entered upon a course of severest penance and mortification, dwelling apart from men. In six years' time he was so emaciated that he could scarcely move, and the fame of his holiness "spread abroad like the

sound of a great bell hung in the canopy of the skies." But the hour of temptation arrived when the women from the harem of Hades surrounded him, and all the legions of demons assaulted him—added to this the hermit endured all the agonies of severe mental conflict. Sitting all night beneath the Bodhi tree he tried to keep the tempters at bay, forcing his mind into a state of ecstatic meditation. "As morning dawned the light he so long sought broke upon him, and he reached the goal of absolute intelligence, freed from the bondage of sense, perception and self." Henceforward he was no longer a mere man but Buddha the Enlightened, the Awakener! Riches, power and pleasure lost all their attractions for him. "Through the soft strains of musicians he heard groans of sorrow; his eye looked beyond the fantastic movements of nautch girls, under the glitter of the lamp, to the moans of those in darkness; beyond the perfumes in his garden he perceived the nausea of death; beyond the pride of life and the pomp of kings floated visions of decay and dissolution, of ghastly suffering and never-ending bondage." After he left the Bodhi tree under which he had sat so long he wandered about India and Ceylon for forty years, ministering to the poor, the suffering and the unhappy, thousands flocking to him wherever he went. He died at Benares at the venerable age of eighty, his bed being placed in a group of eight sala trees, and himself "lying on his right

side with his head resting on his hand as represented in the Japanese temples." After death he was cremated, and the trees amongst which he was lain turned white, "the earth quaked, the sea rolled mud, the rivers became dry, the wind blew sand, and heaven and earth wept."

Thus died the founder of a new religion which starting in India rapidly spread over Central Asia, Ceylon, Burmah, Siam, Annam, Japan and China.

Its introduction into China occurred in the reign of an Emperor of the Han dynasty, A.D. 61, who one night had a dream in which he saw an immense golden image of the prophet, and was told to send emissaries to the Western countries to search for him and for books and images illustrating his doctrines. He immediately despatched two mandarins with orders not to return before they had found him. It was at that time that St Thomas was preaching in India, and it is quite possible that if the emissaries had obeyed the commands given them and gone West they might have returned bringing him with them, and so introduced Christianity instead of Buddhism into the country, but the dangers of the sea frightened them so that they stopped at the first island they came to, where they found the image of Buddha or Fo. After several years they returned to China, bringing with them this image and an ordained priest of the new faith. Other priests soon followed, who with the greatest

diligence set to work to translate a number of the Sanscrit Sutras into Chinese.

Under the reign of one of the following minor dynasties Buddhism gained powerful support, a Chinese priest called Fa-hsien making an expedition to India across the Central Asian deserts and back by Ceylon and the Straits of Malacca to examine the sites sacred to Buddha, and to possess himself of such works as he could secure on the prophet's religion. The account of his fourteen years' journey has been preserved to us by his own record, which we possess in translations by Remusat and Beal.

The fortunes of Buddhism have been very varied in China. During the opening years of the T'ang dynasty A.D. 618-907 it flourished, the imperial favour lavished upon the alien religion reaching its climax when one of the Emperors, Hsien Tsung, publicly received and paid honours to a bone of Shakyamuni which had been conveyed with all solemnity from India to China. This action called forth a strong memorial from a man called Han-win-Kung, an ardent student of Confucianism, who was banished for his audacity. Under the Ming dynasty A.D. 1368-1644, Hung Wu as an erstwhile priest naturally extended his protection to Buddhism to the exclusion of the Taoists; Yunglo, a successor of his, on the contrary renewed the law prohibiting it, so that a continual see-saw went on as regarded the patronage of Emperors.

At a later date (1644) Shunchi, the first Emperor

of the present dynasty, became a Buddhist monk after abdicating the throne, and in the last century the Emperor Chienlung gave the palace of his grandfather at Hangchow to the Buddhists to be a monastery.

The Chinese hold Buddhist priests in the very lowest esteem, speaking of them as "drones in the hive," and despising them on account of their voluntary renunciation of family ties, the first to them of all earthly ties, yet they support them by vuluntary contributions as indispensable on account of the useful functions they fulfil at the hour of death, in ensuring the successful transmigration of dead men's souls. It is the business of the Buddhist priests to make out so to speak and present to the rulers of Hades the account of their merits, according to which estimate, metempsychosis will ensure for them a better or worse fate in the life to come. "The doctrine of salvation by meritorious actions is one of the bulwarks of Buddhism." In the book entitled "The Rules of Merit and Transgression" is a complete list of the commercial value of every good and bad action, and in Soochow many Chinese keep during life a daily debit and credit account of their actions. Mr Du Bose gives us an illustration of this as follows :—

Accounts of Merit	*Cr.*
To pay the debts of a father . .	10
To worship at a father's burial . .	50

When rich to marry a deformed girl to whom betrothed when poor . .	*Cr.* 100
To lend an umbrella . . .	1
To build bridges, repair roads, open canals, and dig wells for every four shillings expended	10
To furnish a coffin for the poor . .	30
To bury a man who has no son . .	50
To entreat a mother not to commit infanticide	30
To save a child from infanticide . .	50
To save one hundred insects . .	1
To bury a bird	1
To turn loose animals, for every fivepence expended	1
To pick up one grain of rice . .	1
To return what you pick up on the streets, for every value of fivepence . .	1
To give fivepence to beggars . .	1
For one year not to eat beef or dog meat .	5
To publish a part of the classics . .	100
To forgive a debt	100
To destroy the stereotype plates of immoral books	300
Purity through life . . .	1000

Account of Transgressions	*Dr.*
To love a wife more than father or mother	100
To listen to a wife against one's own brothers	10

To allow a stepmother to ill-treat a first wife's children each day	*Dr.* 1
To be double-tongued	30
To be insincere	10
To have one bad thought	10
To see immoral theatricals	10
To dig up a worm in winter	1
To laugh at an ugly person	3
To soil the page of a book	5
To take meat and wine to a temple	5
To get drunk	5
To be guilty of usury	100
To counterfeit silver	100
To misuse written or printed papers	50
To cook beef or dog meat	100
To dig up a coffin	100
For a mandarin not to prohibit infanticide	10
To assist in infanticide	50
To drown an infant	100
To publish an obscene book	measureless!

There are six kinds of reincarnations possible to a dead man's soul, the selection depending upon his merits according to the above tables. He may become an insect, fish, bird, animal, poor man, or mandarin. Thus a wicked man will return to earth as a beast, whereas a good one will appear as a mandarin!

Every one in China believes in metempsychosis and the transmigration of souls, as they believe that

they themselves have enjoyed a previous existence under another form.

How strange is this faith which whilst admitting of its immortality yet admits of no governing power who watches over the soul! It is to get outside of the wheel of Fate that Buddha must have invented the "Nirvana." He must have felt that the only resource against the miseries of an unending and purposeless existence lay in forgetfulness and the extinction of the inner consciousness. For this did he enjoin that the daily prayers of his disciples should consist of endless repetition having no meaning and no object beyond assisting the worshipper to occupy his thoughts with empty sounds so as to withdraw himself from consciousness. The Buddhas thus spent their lives in trying to think of nothing at all. When by this hypnotic process they had reduced themselves to a state which was "neither life nor death," they entered the "Nirvana," a negative state of exemption from pain, or to quote Olcott, "a condition of total cessation of changes, of perfect rest, of the absence of desire and illusion and sorrow, of the total obliteration of everything that goes to make up the physical man."

The austerity of such a religion would naturally not appeal to an ignorant and unthinking people like the Chinese. The Buddhism of China therefore does not represent the primitive form of the faith as it came from the hands of its founder and his

immediate successors. The Buddhists in China have laid themselves out to attract the masses by personifying the abstract conceptions of their founder. In particular they appeal to the public by the introduction of the Goddess of Mercy, which after the "three Buddhas" is perhaps the most popular of all the divinities in China, a corner for her image being found in almost every temple, where she is represented by a thousand hands all extended to succour those who are in need, or with an infant in her arms ready to confer the blessing of maternity on those who come to her for aid.

Buddhist temples as a rule are situated in beautiful scenery, either in retired valleys or on mountain peaks, but their temples and monasteries exist also in every town and village. Their gods are everywhere prominent, in the streets, the shops, and the homes, on the bridges and over the gateways. An old man was once asked by a missionary how many gods were worshipped in his district. His answer literally translated was not far from the truth: "Verily, verily, our gods are ten thousand times ten thousand!"

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE

THE language of China is without doubt the most imperfect, clumsy and awkward system ever invented for intercourse between men, for not only is the "spoken" language quite different from the "written" one, but the same word may have a dozen different significations.

In the "spoken" language there are only 500 syllabic sounds. In order therefore to convey the precise meaning of a word, attention must be paid to the *tone* in which it is uttered, to the *context* or word of synonymous meaning joined to it, and to the *numerative* or classifying word employed; also to its position in the sentence.

The "tones" add greatly to the difficulty of learning Chinese, but they are absolutely necessary as indicating to a listener which of several meanings a speaker intends to convey by the use of a particular word, for according to the one employed that same word may have several totally different significations. For example the word "chu" may mean either vermilion, a pearl, a pig, many, the bamboo, a candle, to pray, to cast metal, or a variety of other things! In the Pekingese dialect there are four principal tones, whilst in some parts of China there are as many as eight.

Sir Thomas Wade, one of the greatest authorities on the Chinese language, gives us the following example of the four tones used in Pekingese: "Let A, B, C and D be four persons engaged in conversation, and a question put by B regarding the fate of someone known to them all. In the four tones below I have supposed A to assert his death in the first tone; B to express his apprehension that he has been killed in the second tone; C to scout the suspicion in the third; and D to confirm it sorrowfully in the fourth.

"First tone, A, . . Dead.
"Second tone, B, . . Killed?
"Third tone, C, . . No!
"Fourth tone, D, . . Yes."

Two of these tones are amusingly described by Mr James in his book, "The Long White Mountain," as the *surly* and the *complaining*. For instance the Chinese for "saddle the horse" is "Pei Ma" (pronounced "pay"). But if you say "pay ma" in your natural voice as if you wanted a debt made over to your maternal parent no one would understand you. You may say it *surlily* "pay ma" with a *complaining* stress on the "ma," as if someone had been plaguing you to let him pay "pa" and you insisted on his paying "ma." Then only would your servant understand.

But this is not all. The "spoken" language varies so much in different parts of China that although a native of one province might write a

letter to the native of another, which would be perfectly intelligible to him, the "written" characters being the same all over China, it would be as impossible for him to communicate orally with him as it would be for a German to understand an Italian without a previous study of the language. I have myself heard a Pekingese servant speaking to a Cantonese in "pidgin" English as their only means of "oral" intercourse.

To supply the need of a universal medium of communication, an official dialect has been elaborated called the *Kuan Hua*, which all officials are required to learn, and in which all public business is conducted. The Kuan Hua is also employed in court circles and in the great competitive examinations. As with all oriental languages it abounds in flowery compliments and quaint self-depreciatory remarks, as shown by the following questions and answers used in every day polite conversation: "What is your honoured surname?" "My poor surname is Wu." "Distinguished and aged Wu, what is your honourable age?" "Alas, I have wasted fifty years." "How many worthy young gentlemen sons have you?" "My fate is beggarly, I have but one little bug." A man calls his wife "tsien nui," *i.e.* "the mean one of the inner apartments," or "the foolish one of the family," whereas in speaking of his friend's wife he would call her "the honourable lady" or "your favoured one." The Kuan Hua is a most cere-

monious language. If the guest inquire after the health of relatives he commences with the oldest living, and then asks how many sons the host has, but it is not good breeding to ask after the mistress of the house. A child calls his father "family's majesty" when alive, and "former prince" after his death. A dead mother is habitually alluded to as "the venerable great one in repose."

If you yourself happen to be an office-holder of a high grade you are addressed as *Ta-jen*, "great man"; if you are an important person without being an official, you are entitled to the quaint appellation *Ta-laou-yeh*, "great old father," whilst even the humblest foreigner rejoices in the polite *Laou-yeh*, "old father." The title of respect given to the Emperor is *T'ien Tzu*, "Son of Heaven," whilst in laudatory addresses he becomes "Lord of ten thousand years." The Empress-Dowager is called "Mother of the State" or "The old Buddha." When alluding to yourself in conversation, though it may go against the grain, Chinese ideas of politeness require that you make use of such expressions as, "the little one," "the mean one," "the stupid one," or "the cheap one."

Such are a few of the peculiarities of the spoken language. It is as we have seen difficult enough, but the "written" one is infinitely more so, and is beyond the capacity of many who can converse quite easily in Chinese. Chinese writing is supposed to have been invented by a minister

of the Emperor Hwang-te (2697-2597, B.C.), called Ts'ang Hieh, who, "looking up to heaven studied the constellations, and down to earth observed the footprints of birds, after which he elaborated the written characters."

In Chinese writing there is no alphabet, and the words are all individually represented by a mysterious and complicated system of signs, the component parts of which consist in every case of a *radical* and a *phonetic*. There are 214 of the former signs, and over 1000 of the latter, and the number of them memorised by the scholar determines the extent of his scholarship.

A close study of these at first sight apparently meaningless signs reveals a great deal of method in their creation. The following are a few illustrations in point:—

"Yen," a man, the principal biped. Probably the Chinese belief that the stomach is the seat of learning has led them to omit as superfluous any sign of a head.

Yen=a man.

"Ta," great. According to Chinese notions when chaos resolved itself into the universe, the lighter gas rose and formed the sky, while the rest congealed and formed the earth. From this "bridal of the earth and sky" all things

Ta=great.

were produced, of which the chief was man. By prolonging the junction of the two legs of the biped above a horizontal line, the sign for "great" was therefore evolved.

T'ien = heaven.

By placing above "ta," *great*, the radical, "yi," *one*, we arrive at T'ien or heaven, *i.e.* that which is above and greater than man, and therefore represents an "Invisible Power."

Ko = a mouth.

"Ko," a *mouth*, is a symbol which requires no explanation.

Shan = a hill.

"Shan," a *hill*, being a picture of mountain peaks is equally simple.

By combining symbols one with the other, we get such words as the following :—

Ch'in = a prisoner.

"Ch'in," a *prisoner*, a man shut up within four walls.

"Yen," *words*, represented by lines issuing out of a mouth.

Yen = words.

"Chia," house, is one of the most graphic of all the signs. It is composed of "mien," *a shelter*, as radical, and "chia," a boar (note the bristles), as phonetic. By the combination of these two symbols we arrive at—a pig under a roof —aptly suggesting a chinese home!

Chia = house.

To add to the difficulty of writing Chinese, the inventor omitted all such trifles as tenses or persons to the verb, declensions, genders or cases to the nouns and comparative adjectives. And to cap all he overlooked the necessity of differentiating the various parts of speech, or of originating some form of punctuation!

Before leaving the subject of the Chinese language, I cannot resist quoting an example of the amusing jargon called "pidgin English," which in the case of many foreigners of all nationalities forms an excellent substitute for it in dealing with native servants, storekeepers and coolies. It is also as I have said sometimes used by the Chinese of different parts of the Empire as a common medium of conversation. The specimen given here is a translation by an anonymous author of the English poem Excelsior!

EXCELSIOR!

That nighty time begin chop-chop,
One young man walkey—no can stop,
Maskee snow! Maskee ice!
He carry flag wid chop so nice—
Topside-galow!

He too muchey sorry, one piecey eye
Look-see sharp-so-all same my.
Him talkey largey-talkey strong,
Too muchey curio-all same gong,
Topside-galow!

Inside that house he look-see light,
And every room got fire all right,
He look-see plenty ice more high,
Inside he mouth he plenty cry—
Topside-galow!

Olo man talkey "no can walk!
By'mby rain come—welly dark,
Have got water, welly wide,"
Maskee! My wantchey go topside,
Topside-galow!

"Man man!" one girley talkey he;
"What for you go topside look-see?"
And one time more he plenty cry,
But all time walkey plenty high.
Topside-galow!

"Take care that spoil'um, tree, young man,
"Take care that ice! He want man-man!"
That coolie chin-chin he good night
He talkey "My can go all right."
Topside-galow!

Joss-pidgin man he soon begin,
Morning-time that joss chin-chin;
He no man see—he plenty fear,
Cos some man talkey—he can hear,
Topside-galow!

That young man die, one large dog see,
Too muchey bobbery findey he;
He hand belong colo—all same ice,
Have got that flag, with chop so nice,
Topside-galow!

EXCELSIOR!

The shades of night were falling fast
As through an Alpine village passed,
A youth, who bore 'mid snow and ice
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above the spectral glaciers shone
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray
Lifeless but beautiful he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell like a falling star,
Excelsior!

CONCERNING THE CLASSICS.

IT is impossible to judge the literature of China by the same standard which is applied to that of other countries, for it depends as we have seen upon an archaic form of monosyllabic language, destitute of inflexion and cramped by inexorable laws of position, which may not for a moment be departed from without a sacrifice of sense. With such a hard unyielding medium of thought as the language we have attempted to describe, it would appear evident that the literature of China must to a great extent lack the variety and elegance which belong by nature to one which has its expression in a polysyllabic language, where transposing is allowed, giving vigour and grace to the turn of a sentence. It can hardly be a matter of wonder that the limitations imposed by the Chinese language have reacted upon the imagination of Chinese authors, blighting the very source of their inspiration, and it follows that those branches of literature are more excellent which depend upon the cut and dried statements of philosophers and historians, rather than upon the imaginative faculties of fiction writers.

Nevertheless the Chinese are an extremely literary

people in the sense of book reading, and the fact that competitive examinations are open to all from the highest to the lowest, and form the only highway to honour and emolument, keeps alive the tendency to book learning which is more highly developed in China than in probably any other country in the world.

The changing fortunes attending the collections of books and manuscripts belonging to imperial libraries and to private individuals in early days, such as for instance the "Burning of the Books," B.C. 212, whereby was effected the destruction of almost all ancient Chinese literature, makes it almost impossible to fix an exact date for the dawn of Chinese literature. One of the earliest classics existing is the "Book of Changes," written in the prison where he languished on a political charge, by a philosopher called Wan-Wang, in the year B.C. 1150. This book, which is the foundation-stone of all Chinese philosophy, is concerned as Dr Legge says: "With the eight combinations or arrangements of a line and a divided line, either one or the other of which is repeated twice, and in two cases three times in the same combination." Dr Giles expresses himself more clearly. He tells us that this classic consists of "sixty-four short essays, enigmatically and symbolically expressed, on important themes, mostly of a moral, social, and political character, and based upon the same number of lineal figures, each made up of six

lines, some of which are whole and the others divided." This fanciful system of philosophy is however so vaguely expressed as to be quite incomprehensible, being rendered still more so by the vain though conscientious efforts of Confucius to elucidate its meaning.

To this legendary period belongs also the "Book of Rites," said to have been compiled under the mythical dynasty of Shang, B.C. 1766-1122, by a certain Duke of Chow. For centuries this curious book has been the valued guide and rule of life of every Chinaman. It has left a lasting impression on the manners and customs of the people, containing as it does minute rules for the performance of every ceremony, and for individual guidance in every social or domestic duty. Nothing is too trivial or commonplace to be included in its pages, and as the Chinese character has been moulded upon it for nearly thirty centuries, the "Book of Rites" has become the most exact and complete monograph that the nation can possibly give of itself to the rest of the world. The Board of Rites, one of the seven governing Boards of Peking at the present time, has for its only object the proper carrying out of its precepts throughout China.

Confucius, one of the great teachers of the world, is the first author whose name appears as such in Chinese literature.

In the "Book of History," embracing a period extending from the middle of the twenty-fourth

century B.C. to 721 B.C., he edited all the historic traditions of his race which he could collect. This work now forms one of the best known of the Nine Classics, and although one cannot place implicit reliance in it, yet from its pages the modern historian has gathered almost the only data which he has to work upon.

The "Book of Odes" is an anthology of primitive poetry, being a collection of 311 national songs, which Confucius selected from amongst 3000 of the same kind existing in China at a date long antecedent to the production of any other poetry. According to the historian Sze-ma-Tsien, "he rejected those which were only repetitions of others, and selected those which would be serviceable for the inculcation of propriety and righteousness." Although there runs through some of these songs a rich vein of poetic sentiment, yet there is nothing in them to suggest the fire and fancy of the Greek muse or the sublime poetry of the Hebrews.

The composition of the "Spring and Autumn Annals" was accounted for by Mencius, 118 years after the death of the philosopher, as follows: "The world had fallen into decay and right principles had dwindled away. Perverse discourses and oppressive deeds were again waxen rife. Cases were occurring of ministers who murdered their fathers. Confucius was afraid and made the Chun Tsew," *i.e.* the Spring and Autumn Annals.

The nearer study of the book is however very

disappointing to the student; in the words of Dr Legge: "Instead of a history of events artistically woven together, we find a congeries of the briefest possible intimation of matters in which the Court and State of Loo were more or less concerned, extending over 242 years, without the slightest indication of judicial opinion on the part of the writer."

The "Four Books," *i.e.* the *Mang-tsze*; the *Ta-heo* or Great Learning; the *Chung-yung*, or Doctrine of the Mean; the *Lun-Yu* or Confucian Analects, which with the "Five Classics" already mentioned make up the total number of the Nine Classics, are all, except the first which is attributed to a disciple of Mencius, by pupils of Confucius. They all therefore represent his views, and if we consider that as above mentioned no less than three out of the "Five Classics" are attributed directly to him, it will be seen how great a place he occupies in the literary history of his country. Nevertheless the study of his works tends to diminish rather than augment one's appreciations of his literary genius, for although the respect which he felt and inculcated for letters gave a great impulse to them, yet it cannot be denied that he did incalculable harm to the literature of his country by the blighting influence he exercised upon it. Instead of encouraging his disciples and countrymen to think for themselves, he forced their ideas into a groove from which to this day they have never emerged. Had

he depended upon his pen alone he would long since have been forgotten, or his works relegated to the rank of literary curios. Considered on the other hand as a teacher, it is impossible to overestimate the good he did to China. He preached purity of morals, filial devotion and forgiveness of injuries, at a time when such words sounded strange in men's ears, and the maxims collected from his lips, and transmitted to posterity by his admiring disciples, have but intensified and perpetuated the influence exerted by him in his life-time. To this day every boy student in China upon entering school prostrates himself before the tablet of Confucius, the Holy Man, and twice a month burns incense and candles before his shrine. Every boy is brought up to learn his works by heart, and from childhood up is taught that success in letters and therefore in life depends on the excellence and fidelity of his worship of the sage. It is evident that as long as this system of education lasts, so long will the influence of Confucius be felt, and so long will his mind continue to impress itself on the unreasoning intelligence of the yellow race, of whom he has even now been the guiding star for two and twenty centuries.

Laotsze, the author of the *Tao-teh-King*, was a contemporary of Confucius. His treatise which is quite short has given rise to much discussion on account of its obscure passages, its disconnectedness in the different parts and ideas, and the dreamy

tendencies of the author. Even its name has given rise to endless discussion, few agreeing as to the meaning of the word "tao." Some say it stood in the mind of the philosopher to represent the "way," others that the word was meant to describe the "Principle of Nature" and expressed recognition of a Creator and Ruler in the shape of "Ti," which is "the personal name for the concept of Heaven as the ruling power, by means of which the Chinese people rose in prehistoric times to the idea of God"; others again assert that in more than one passage he distinctly denies the existence of God. Staislas Julien rendered the word "Tao" in French as "la Voie et la Vertu." Chalmers leaves it untranslated, declaring it impossible to find an English equivalent for it, whilst Professor Douglas says: "If we were compelled to adopt a single word to represent the 'Tao' of Laotsze we should prefer the sense in which it is used by Confucius, 'the way.' Be that as it may, the Tao of Laotsze was evidently meant to represent an abstract quality, probably the way of perfection and the degree of it, which all should seek to attain in character and action from the private citizen to the ruler of the State. The treatise certainly inculcates the highest morality, and the practice of humility, simplicity and self-abnegation. Besides these moral lessons his disciples also professed to learn from his teachings how to transmute baser metals into gold and silver, and how to find the Elixir of Immortality; he thus

stands forth in history as the first professor of alchemy long before that science was even dreamt of in Europe."

A hundred years after Confucius and Laotsze came Mencius, often spoken of as the "Second Sage," Confucius being the first, in trying to revive whose precepts he spent the greater part of his life. His own teachings now form an important part in the curriculum of every modern student.

In B.C. 212 occurred the act of vandalism committed by an emperor called Shih Hwangti, which is known in history as "the Burning of the Books." By this act was effected the destruction of all existing Chinese literature, except a few precious relics concealed by their owners. Shih Hwangti was goaded to this foolish act by the disloyal attitude of the literati and scholars, who regretting the abolition of the feudal system never ceased to preach its advantages to the people, quoting the classics in support of their words. If we consider that the main part of Shih Hwangti's reign had been concerned with the eradication of a system which he looked upon as a positive danger to the empire, we can better understand the anger he felt at the unwarranted interference of the learned men. In order to be revenged on them, he commanded the destruction by fire of every book in the kingdom, except those on medicine, agriculture and divination, and those relating to the annals of his own house. The order was rigorously obeyed, the penalty of

death being imposed on all who failed to carry it out.

The first work of Kaoti, his successor, was to resuscitate as far as it was possible the literature of his country so ruthlessly destroyed. Under his auspices the literati set to work to search for any stray copies of the classics and any other books that might have escaped from the universal destruction ordered by Shih Hwangti. From all sorts of hiding-places volumes were produced, and history relates, that from the lips of old men and even in one case from those of a young girl, whole texts were taken down which their retentive memories thus saved from oblivion. Under this reign B.C. 162 the greatest activity prevailed in every branch of literature, and before the dawn of the Christian era there existed in China no less than 3123 works on the classics, 2705 on philosophy, and 1383 on poetry.

Ssu-ma-Ch'ien, the so-called Father of Chinese History, belonged to this period. His work covers the whole history of his country from the earliest times to his own day. As he sought his inspirations chiefly in the writings of Confucius, and as the record of those times must of necessity remain shrouded in mystery, one cannot place much faith in his narrative, but it is very interesting as being the first consecutive history of China down to that date.

Between the dynasties of Han and T'ang A.D.

220-618 there was a tendency to relapse into barbarism, but with the advent of the latter to the throne, a general revival of letters ensued.

Chinese poetry, which as we have seen existed in China from the rudest ages, and which contains every form of it except the epic, attained its highest state of perfection at this time, A.D. 618-907, and the names of two poets in particular have come down to us, namely, those of Li Po and Tu Fu. The former of these was already a poet at the precocious age of seven, and was admitted to the greatest intimacy by the Emperor Ming-ti, who used to wait upon him himself whilst the imperial favourite was compelled to hold his paper and pencil. But the favourite grew jealous of the poet, in consequence of some satirical allusion to her in one of the poems, with the inevitable result that the poor poet was banished from Court and ended his days in disgrace and obscurity. Tu Fu, though he has been so popular since his death, was obliged to struggle with extreme poverty during his life. He himself tells us that, "for thirty years he rode an ass."

Under the dynasties of Sung and Yuan A.D. 960-1368, which were contemporaneous with the era of Chaucer in England, China attained to a degree of mental culture far in advance of that existing in the West. Plane and spherical trigonometry were both known, and mathematics had begun to be studied by scholars. The modern

system of competitive examinations with its various details came into use, the administration of justice was regulated, and a volume on "Forensic Medicine" was published entitled "To Right the Wrong," which though it was unscientific and full of superstition, is still the official text-book on all the subjects it treats of.

To this glorious era in the domain of Chinese literature is likewise attributed the "Mirror of History" by Ssuma-Kuang, who flourished in A.D. 1084. It consists of 294 books, and deals with the history of China from the fourth century before Christ to the tenth century A.D. This work recast and greatly condensed by Chu Hsi a century later, is looked upon as the standard history of China up to that date.

Besides recasting Ssu-ma-Kuang's history, A.D. 1184, Chu Hsi himself wrote no less than sixty-six books on philosophic matters, and his interpretation of the Confucian classics is still used in all the great competitive examinations.

To this time also belongs Ma-tuan-lin's "Antiquarian Researches" in 318 books, which are studied by every student of Chinese, and by every Chinaman of education. "One cannot cease to admire," says Rémusat, "the depth of research which the author was compelled to make in order to collect his materials, the sagacity he has shown in the management of them, and the clearness and precision with which he has presented this multitude of objects in

every light." Dr Wells Williams is equally warm in praise of this work. "It elevates our opinion of a nation whose literature can boast of a work like this, exhibiting such patient investigation and candid comparison of authorities, such varied research and just discrimination of what is truly important, and so extensive a mass of facts and opinions upon every subject of historical interest."

About this time the novel also made its début in China, three out of the "Four Wonderful Books" belonging to this period, besides a book entitled "Romance of the Three Kingdoms." The "Three Character Classic," the first work placed even now in the hands of every little Chinaman who goes to school, also dates back to the Sung dynasty.

The *Hanlin College*, which was concerned with Chinese literary matters in general, including the compilation of Dynastic history and Imperial decrees, the drawing up of prayers and sacrificial addresses, of honorary titles for Dowager-Empresses, and patents of nobility for the chief concubines of deceased Emperors, was first established early in the eighth century. But it passed through several periods of misfortune, and was only finally rehabilitated by Hung-wu of the Ming dynasty. Admission to the number of its members was considered to be the highest literary honour attainable by the Chinese. It continued to exist as the chief seat of Chinese learning until it was burnt down by the Boxers during the anti-foreign troubles of 1900.

The site where this ancient institution once stood is now incorporated in the British Legation grounds, where nothing remains to mark the spot.

K'ang Hsi, 1661-1721, one of the emperors of the Ming dynasty, showed a wide and intelligent interest in letters, which he proved by appointing a commission of leading Chinese scholars to compile an exhaustive *Encyclopedia*, on all subjects commemorated in Chinese literature. This immense work, which was only finished under his successor, fills 10,000 volumes. It was printed from movable copper types. Unfortunately only one imperfect copy out of the one hundred then printed has been known to come down to our times. In addition to this work K'ang Hsi gave his name to a huge *Dictionary*, which contains about 44,000 different characters. Likewise under his auspices was published "a Concordance or collection of phrases in the classical, historical, political and philosophical literatures of China." Its 110 thick volumes form one of the most remarkable literary works of any country or of any age. Besides these voluminous works K'ang Hsi also composed a set of *Sixteen Maxims*, which form part of the initial studies of every Chinese boy.

Ch'ien-lung, another Emperor of the present dynasty, was an even more generous patron of letters than K'ang Hsi, though only two great literary monuments are ascribed to him, namely: "(1) a magnificent *Bibliography* in 200 parts, consisting of

a catalogue of the books in the Imperial Library, with valuable historical and critical notices attached to the entries of each; and (2) a huge *Topography* of the whole Empire, in 500 books, beyond doubt one of the most comprehensive and exhaustive works of the kind ever published." In addition to superintending the production of these works both K'ang Hsi and Ch'ien-lung composed many hundreds of poems, being prolific writers of verse.

If we venture to forecast the future of Chinese literature, the outlook is dark unless the Chinese are ready to give it a fresh impulse in a new direction by encouraging the study of foreign subjects. For almost every local subject has been already threshed out to such an extent that it would seem impossible to find anything new or original to say on such worn-out themes. But even should the Chinese be prepared to admit new theories, and to study European art, science and fiction, they will have a hard task before them in converting their cumbrous language into a suitable vehicle for the expression of modern ideas. In the department of medicine alone it has already been found necessary to bring into use an entirely new set of characters made up by adapting radicals to various new symbols, and in some cases uniting them to obsolete characters. The amount of labour involved in thus practically creating a new language for the translation of modern thought, is enormous and might be compared to that of a man, who, wishing to compose a French

letter, would have to master the art of writing first. Much advance, however, has already been made in that direction, and the day may come when the Chinese having learnt to think and write for themselves, they will learn also to estimate their present loudly vaunted literature at its true value, and shaking off the fetters of the past to enter upon a fresh course of progress in thought and style!

HOW CHINA IS GOVERNED

THE Government of China would seem at first sight to leave nothing to be desired, so perfect and far reaching a system does it appear. It is based upon the patriarchal idea, the Emperor being the father of the people. He is the sole fountain of power and honour, and there is absolutely no limit to his authority except that imposed by personal incapacity, a poor army, want of funds, or the corruption of agents. According to the law, China belongs to him absolutely with all its millions of inhabitants, whose lives he holds in his hand; its riches and its revenues are his, and he is entitled to the service of all males between the ages of sixteen and sixty. But as it would be manifestly impossible for one man to assume direct initiative in the conduct of the affairs of so vast a country as China, a system has been arranged by which the imperial power is delegated to a certain number of governors and viceroys, the administration of these officials being under the direct control of the Emperor, assisted by certain ministers and a variety of Boards established in Peking. In theory the government is administered as follows: Under the Emperor, the nominal Head of the State,

are five Ministers, who are personally responsible to him, and transact the business of the State daily in his presence between the hours of four and six A.M. These ministers form the Privy Council of the Sovereign. There are sixty Secretaries attached to the Council, who carry on the clerical work. Next in importance to the Privy Council is the Grand Secretariat, consisting of four men, two of whom are Manchus and two Chinese. Admission to one of the six posts, which constitute the superior ranks, is much coveted, but as a matter of fact the functions connected with it are almost purely nominal, and the dignity of membership is often bestowed on distinguished men occupied in other parts of the empire.

In addition to the above officers there are eight principal Boards, whose duties are to superintend and check the action of the various provincial administrations, and who report back to the Emperor through the five ministers of the Privy Council.

They are (1) the Board of Foreign Affairs (the Wai Wu Pu), (2) the Board of Commerce, (3) the Board of Civil Office, (4) the Board of Revenue, (5) the Board of War, (6) the Board of Punishments, (7) the Board of Works, (8) and the Board of Ceremonies. The staff of each Board consists of a varying number of Presidents and Vice-Presidents. Besides these superior offices there are in each Board a variety of minor posts, which are

to a great extent obtainable by purchase or are conferred as distinctions, but which entail a merely nominal connection with the Boards to which they relate.

In addition to the above Boards there is a State department, sometimes spoken of as the "Colonial Office," controlled by one President and two Vice-Presidents, who are invariably Manchus, specially charged with the affairs of Mongolia and Thibet, and with the supervision of the Lamaist hierarchy in all its ramifications.

The eight Boards above mentioned, or the nine if we include the "Colonial Office," are themselves controlled by a body of supervising Censors, who constitute the "Office of Scrutiny." In each department of this office there are two "Keepers of the Seal" and two ordinary "Supervisors."

The eighteen Provinces are divided into two groups, the first consisting of fifteen Provinces, which are split up into eight vice-royalties, the second of three Provinces, which are administered by governors.

Under these heads of Provinces are countless minor officials, local governors, prefects, sub-prefects, and district magistrates, etc., who are supposed to collect revenue, maintain order, and primarily dispense justice, besides conducting the literary examinations, and in general exercising all the direct functions of public administration. Each of these local officials is personally responsible to the

Governor or Viceroy within whose jurisdiction he works.

The government of the Provinces is practically autonomous, and the Viceroy or Governor has almost unlimited power as long as he observes certain minute regulations which are prescribed for his guidance. He levies taxes and raises his own army and navy, which he pays out of the revenues of his Province. His judgment in a court of appeal is in nearly every case final, and he has the power of life and death over culprits. He is personally responsible for the prosperity of his Province, and is called to order for any continued serious disturbance, and therefore keeps a sharp eye on all his subordinates, whom he is empowered to punish to any extent short of removal from office or degradation of rank.

He would thus appear to be all-powerful; this, however, is not the case, and a variety of very wholesome curbs have been placed upon his actions. He cannot as we have seen dismiss an official under him, but must refer the matter to Peking, and impeach him in a document wherein is set forth at full length the account of the misdeed for which recall or degradation are demanded. If evidence is brought to bear proving that the accusations made by him are false, then he himself is punished by the infliction of the punishment demanded for his subordinate. This is a very serious check upon anything in the nature of complaint founded upon personal dislike or spite.

A Viceroy or Governor may not rule over his native Province, nor may he confer office upon anyone however distant of his relatives or connections, nor may he marry anyone in the Province he administers. The punishment for the infringement of any of these regulations is in every case most severe. (An exception to this rule has lately been made in the case of the acting viceroy of the two provinces of Kwantung and Kwangsi, who is a native of Kwangsi.) Another efficacious means of restraining unconsidered action on the part of these officials is the Censorate. There are fifty-six censors in all, distributed in every province, and their duty is to indite a memorial to the Throne containing an account of any dereliction of duty or justice on the part of a Mandarin.*

In addition to the Privy Council, the Grand Secretariat, and the nine Boards appointed to watch over the government of the eighteen Provinces, separate arrangements exist for the administration of Peking and the Chinese Dependencies of Thibet, Mongolia, Manchuria and Turkestan.

Peking is administered by a Governor holding concurrent authority with a Governor-Adjoint appointed from amongst the presidents and vice-presidents of the Boards. In addition to these superior officers there are of course a variety of subordinate office-holders.

* It may be of interest to note that at present, out of a total of 61 highest provincial officials in China, 7 are Manchus, 3 Mongols, 4 Bannermen and 47 Chinese.

The police and primary judicial arrangements of the Capital are in the hands of the police censors, of whom one is Manchu and one Chinese. There is a Gendarmerie or police force consisting of from 15000, to 20,000 men, all of whom are Bannermen; they are distributed in squads at guard stations throughout the city, and are charged with the duty of maintaining the roadways in proper repair. The General-Commandant of these troops is usually also President or Vice-President of one of the Boards, and is known as "General of the Nine Gates," with reference to his command over the city gates. Beside the above officials there is also a commission of one principal and one secondary High-commissioner appointed annually to superintend the collection of the customs and octroi of Peking. Their outstations form a cordon round the city ranging to a distance of from ten to thirty miles. There is also a commission consisting of two officers with the rank of Vice-President of the Board of Revenue, for the superintendence of the Peking granaries. Their headquarters are at Tung-chow, where the grain is landed from the south Provinces.

The two departments at which the copper cash constituting the currency recognised by the Chinese Government is minted, are called the Coinage Department of the Board of Revenue, and the Coinage Department of the Board of Works. They are superintended in each case by one of the two junior Vice-Presidents of the Board.

In spite of such an apparently complete and ideal system of government as the one above briefly described, China is admittedly one of the worst ruled countries in the world, owing chiefly to the fact that bribery and corruption have become almost part of that system. All officials in China are given such insufficient salaries that it is a moral impossibility for them to pay the inevitable expenses connected with their office and yet contrive to make both ends meet. The deficit can with the greatest ease be made up out of the pockets of the governed, and beginning with the viceroy or governor the system of "squeeze" consequently extends from the chief official of a province to the last. The people are lightly taxed, and peaceable by nature, they would therefore willingly submit to a fair amount of extortion if they received a just return for their money in good government, but even this is denied them. Mandarins only hold office for three years, and during that time the majority of them spend their days in devising new means of extorting money out of the unfortunate people, to whose peace-loving nature alone is due the fact that they do not more often retaliate by open revolt. The censor who might assist them by reporting such dereliction of duty to the throne is seldom proof against a bribe on the part of high officials, and thus even this opening for redress is closed against them. In proof of the above it may be said that although a mandarin is seldom rich upon taking up office, he almost invari-

ably retires with a large fortune; as we have seen that his salary barely suffices to keep him decently alive, the natural inference is that his wealth is amassed by nefarious practices!

In the government of the people therefore the greatest laxity prevails, but the chief blot on the administration of China lies in the cruelty shown to both culprits and witnesses in criminal procedure. Heaven help both the delinquent and the witness who fall within the clutches of the law.

Tortures are freely used to extort evidence, and ghastly punishments are inflicted on the culprits. A friend of the writer, resident in Peking, who obtained access to the prisons as a special favour, told her that he once came upon a poor wretch, an old man, who had been detained years in that filthy prison, dragging out a weary existence in the company of criminals of the worst description.

His story was that once upon a time he had been living on his land with his wife and family. One night he took out his gun to scare crows and trespassers off his ripening crops, in the execution of which innocent design he let off his weapon two or three times. On the following day a man was found murdered on the far confines of his land. Immediately he was apprehended, not as one might suppose to give evidence or relate what he knew, but to be made to confess that he himself was the author of the crime. To extort this confession he was cruelly and repeatedly tortured. "Of course," he

said, "I shall never leave this prison alive, for they will keep me here until, reduced to the last extremity by torture, I confess myself guilty of a crime of which I am entirely innocent, and when I do confess they will cut off my head on the strength of that confession!" This is a true story, and one that is constantly recurring under different forms. In China it is not the prosecution who prove a prisoner guilty, but the prisoner who has to prove that he is not guilty!

The same person also related that in one of the prisons he was admitted to a place where there was a barred cage 8 foot by 8 foot, within which were incarcerated twenty-six human beings, of whom six were dying of jail fever. He asked for these to be taken out in order that he might medically examine and if possible relieve them. The jailer opened the door of the cage, and seizing the six by their pig-tails or by any other portion of their bodies that happened to present itself, dragged them out one by one over the pavement into the courtyard outside. No doubt several of these men were innocent of the crimes imputed to them, and were waiting to be tortured into a confession of guilt.

Even Englishmen have been subjected to the horrors of these prisons. Listen to Lord Loch's own account of the sufferings he endured when treacherously imprisoned in 1860. "The discipline of the prison was not in itself very strict, and had it not been for the starvation, the pain arising from

the cramped position in which the chains and ropes retained the arms and legs, with the heavy drag of the iron collar on the bones of the spine, and the creeping vermin that infested every place, together with the occasional beatings and tortures which the prisoners were from time to time taken away for a few hours to endure, returning with bleeding legs and bodies, and so weak as to be scarcely able to crawl, there was no very great hardship to be endured. . . . There was a small maggot which appears to infest all Chinese prisons: the earth at a depth of a few inches swarms with them; they are the scourge most dreaded by every poor prisoner. Few enter a Chinese prison who have not on their bodies or limbs some wounds, either inflicted by blows to which they have been subjected, or caused by the manner in which they have been bound; the instinct of the insect to which I allude appears to lead them direct to these wounds. Bound and helpless the poor wretch cannot save himself from their approach, although he knows full well that if they once succeed in reaching his lacerated skin there is the certainty of a fearful lingering and agonising death before him."

The punishment of guilt varies in cruelty and intensity; for the murder of a father, mother or several people of one family the sentence is "ignominious and slow death." The offender male or female is attached to a post and cut to pieces by slow degrees, the pieces being thrown about

amongst the crowd. This cruel death was more than once publicly inflicted in Peking during the year 1903. It is said that if the family is rich enough the executioner can be bribed to put sufficient opium into the sufferer's last meal to make him practically unconscious under torture, or to begin by inflicting the fatal stab in the heart which in ordinary cases should be the last.

Common cases of capital punishment are comparatively merciful, so skilful are the executioners, who generally with one swift blow sever the head from the trunk. The Chinese prefer death by strangulation to any other form of violent end, because it enables the body to appear unmutilated in the next world. So strong is this feeling with them that lately I heard of four reformers being decapitated in Peking, whose relatives instantly rushed forward and sewed the heads to the bodies. The permission to do this was regarded by them as a great mark of favour and an appreciable mitigation of the sentence.

For minor offences a host of petty tortures have been invented by the Chinese, which are too horrible and ingenious to describe here.

Before concluding I would like to relate a curious story as told me by an old Peking resident who saw the dénouement. It proves how human nature is the same all the world over, and that in some points the Chinaman closely resembles his brother of the West.

A well-to-do farmer called Chiang-lo lived happily on his estate with a pretty wife whom he loved, until one day, as ill-luck would have it, a rich Mandarin passed that way, who, seeing the fair dame, straightway desired her. Anxious to get rid of the husband by fair means or foul, he trumped up a charge against him, and the farmer was condemned "to be a slave to a soldier" ("tai-ping-wei-nu") which meant that he would be marched in heavy chains from Peking to the northern frontier of China, cruelly beaten at every station (they occur about every eighteen miles), and ill-treated at will by the soldier in charge of him. This sentence is usually equivalent to death, for few can survive the hardships of such a journey, the fatigue, heat, cold, hunger and torture. But our friend with hatred in his heart resolved to live in order to be revenged upon his enemy. So he bore all his sufferings with superhuman courage, and finally arrived at his destination on the frontier, where he was put to work in a mine. Now it so happened that after he had been there about three years His Gracious Majesty Kwang Hsü assumed the reins of government, at the same time according a general pardon to all criminals. Thus in a night did Chiang-lo recover his freedom, and without a moment's hesitation set off to trudge all those weary miles back to Peking. But this time there was hope in his heart, for he meant to kill his enemy, and the wife who had betrayed him. When he saw her again, how-

CHINESE PUNISHMENTS

ever, all his old love for her returned, and though she refused to go with him, and though he knew that if he killed them both, Chinese law would account him guiltless, whereas if he killed her lover and spared her, he would be considered guilty of murder, and would have to bear the penalty, he did not hesitate one moment, but left her and went to find her seducer.

For days he tracked him about the town, waiting for a favourable opportunity. At last it came, as his rival passed him in the deep embrasure of the Chien-men gate. Springing from his place of concealment he challenged him to fight, but the coward refused. Then Chiang-lo in a frenzy of hate drew his knife and repeatedly stabbed him in the heart. When he saw his enemy lying dead at his feet, the apathy of despair fell upon him. Wiping his knife on his sleeve he bowed his head, and turning his steps to the nearest police station calmly gave himself up. A few weeks later he was beheaded!

PART II

FIRST ACQUAINTANCES

MY first acquaintance with the Chinese was made on board ship going out to China, for we found a large contingent of them amongst our fellow passengers. They were the family and retainers of L——, the late Chinese minister to Berlin. He was returning to his own country with his wives, children and servants. Some of them spoke a little German, and with them I soon entered into conversation. My favourite from the first was the minister's eleven-year-old daughter, a bright, intelligent little girl, whose name Gun-di, signifying "who will make way for a brother," in itself determined the secondary position she occupied in the family by reason of her sex. But Gun-di had so far benefited by her father's enforced contact with European civilisation during his four years' stay in Berlin, as to be well treated when not ignored, and the knowledge of German which she had acquired with a child's facility often made her useful to her father as interpreter between him and a stranger. Yet except on these occasions I never saw him speak to her, nor did he play with her as he did with her small brothers. She seemed quite happy, however, and was always beautifully dressed.

Her prettiest attire consisted of wide apple-green trousers, with a broad mauve hem and a shimmery coat of soft flower-embroidered satin, fastened on one side and reaching down to the knees. Her head was shaven all round the outer edge, the centre hair being plaited into a long pig-tail, the root of which was spliced with pink silk, whilst a gay coloured tassel hung from the end, making the plait so heavy that it swung to every movement of her lithe young body. She wore a quaint head-dress, a broad coronet of black silk set with jewels, from which depended a black silk fringe concealing the back of the head and neck, and coming round to the temples. I never saw prettier hands than little Gun-di's, they were long and slender, with tapering fingers; their deep olive colour alone detracting from their beauty! Her tiny feet were encased in very pointed black satin shoes, beautifully embroidered. She told me that her feet had been bandaged from the age of three to make them their present diminutive size; it hurt her very much at first, and she could still remember the many tears she had shed, but now she no longer minded. It was pathetic to see her playing with her sturdy little brothers, who by a twitch of her pig-tail could upset her centre of gravity. I asked her mother one day when I knew her better, why she had done this cruel thing to her child, and she answered logically enough from her point of view, that custom de-

manded small feet in the East as fashion required a small waist in the West!

Gun-di had three little brothers, before whom, as I have said, her own personality faded into insignificance, although they were younger than she was, their respective ages being seven, five and three. They were, I think, without exception, the naughtiest little boys I have ever seen. Each one had his own nurse or female attendant, and a pretty dance they led those poor women, who owing to their difficulty in getting about were hopelessly at the mercy of their active young charges. One day, however, I saw a delinquent captured by strategy, and forthwith retribution fell upon him. The offender was dexterously reversed upon the Amah's lap, his funny little jacket lifted, his divided skirts drawn asunder, and punishment inflicted on the traditional spot, only instead of a wholesome English slap, it took the form of a succession of cruel pinches, which set the little sinner howling. The nurse endeavoured to suppress his screams by applying the palm of her hand over the unfortunate child's mouth. When he was almost stifled she released him, and for her pains got a parting kick on the shins.

L—— had yet another child on board, a tiny baby, born just before the family left Germany. The young mother was in her cabin most of the time; once I visited her there, and found her washing the baby with a tea-soaked handkerchief! She

THE CHINESE MINISTER TO BERLIN,—LÜ AND HIS FAMILY

was the mother of all the children, though not the first wife. She who occupied that proud position was a venerable old lady, who also formed one of the party on board, and could not move about without the help of a stick, so maimed were her poor feet. When I first pointed her out to Gun-di, asking who she was, I was staggered by the child's reply: "Oh, that is my mama." "But, Gun-di," I said, "surely your mother is down stairs with the new baby; I thought she was ill in her cabin." "Oh, yes," she calmly replied, "but that is my *other* mama; you know I have two!" All the children of the first wife I afterwards discovered were dead, hence the appearance on the scene of the second, and I am quite sure that Gun-di and her brothers thought themselves equally the children of both. There was another poor little woman on board, the third wife of the minister. She was only twenty years old, and had been "married" four years, but, alas! no son had come to raise her status, and she was consequently looked down upon and neglected by all. I have often seen the tears rolling down her comely, expressionless, highly coloured and powdered face, poor little thing.

The minister himself, the head and centre of this large family party, was an old man, yellow and spectral, whose severe aspect was rendered still more forbidding by the great horn-rimmed spectacles he wore. He possessed no knowledge of any language save his own; still he was a great man according to his

family, a scholar who studied Confucius and wrote crabbed hieroglyphics in a note-book until the early hours of morning. Gun-di fetched several volumes of his manuscripts, his pen and his ink-bottle, for my inspection. Of course I could make nothing of the MSS. But the pen looked like a stylograph, and was made of the finest and softest camel's hair, the point being protected by a separate cover when not in use. The ink box was of chased silver and was engraved with Chinese characters. Gun-di pointed with her finger to some which she said represented her father's name. We were sitting outside his cabin whilst we talked, and various female relatives and dependents kept passing in and out evidently ministering to the great man's wants. Once when they opened his door I peeped in and caught a glimpse of His Excellency drinking tea, and smoking from a long pipe of precious wood with a jade mouthpiece.

One day I involuntarily committed a great indiscretion. We were talking about a marriage that was to take place in the Minister's family soon after their return to Peking. Addressing my little friend Gun-di, I asked her in how many years *her* turn would come. Her mother answered for her that in five years she would be married; she is now eleven, that would therefore mean when she is sixteen. My first question remained apparently within the bounds of Chinese propriety; alas not so my next! I inquired of Gun-di *whom* she would marry, think-

ing that she had probably been affianced at her birth. My question caused the greatest confusion, and for a moment no one found utterance; at last Gun-di's mother answered in her broken German: "Bébé Mädchen nicht wissen; Bébé Mädchen nie sehen Mann; Mama wählen Mann; Mama schenken Bébé Mädchen; Bébé Mädchen sehr erstaunt; Mama und Papa viel danken." Which rendered in English means: "How should the baby girl know never having seen a man; when the time comes her mother will choose a husband for her to whom she will present her. Of course the baby girl will be much surprised and very grateful to her parents."

As we neared Singapore our Chinese friends became very excited, and it was soon evident that a great reception awaited them there. On the morning of our arrival they made the most elaborate preparations in the way of washing and head shaving. The reason for this became apparent the moment we steamed into port, for lo, and behold, there on the quay was drawn up in all their war paint of "buttons" and "peacocks' feathers" an imposing deputation of Mandarins come to welcome the returning Minister. It was a curious and interesting sight to see them come on board, and to witness their reception by the members of the great man's staff previous to their introduction, after a sufficiently dignified delay into his state-room. From a point of vantage we saw all we could. On their entrance into the inner sanctum, each in

turn prostrated himself on his knees and touched the floor with his forehead, alternately raising and lowering his joined hands over which the sleeves were drawn. They remained in this abject position till the Minister raised them up one after another, and motioned them to a seat. The whole party subsequently went ashore, including Gun-di and the other women, departing in seven carriages to the Chinese Consulate, where they were entertained for the night. From the ship's deck I waved my handkerchief to Gun-di, who excitedly responded with hers. I afterwards heard from her every detail of the wonderful day they had spent on shore, and of the beautiful trees and flowers they had seen.

Our final parting with our first Chinese friends came at Shanghai; I wonder, if we shall ever see them again. The ladies on that day arrayed themselves in their best clothes with many artificial flowers in their hair. When the time came for saying goodbye, I did what I had never done before; I kissed the baby Chinese boy! He clung to my neck with all the natural affection of a little European, and had to be forcibly carried off by his nurse! Poor little Pu-ching, this was his first glimpse of China, for he had been born in Germany. I could not help wondering what the future had in store for him in the land of the pig-tail.

A private steam-launch presently came alongside the big steamer, and the little ladies having been

carried on board and joined by the rest of their party, they steamed off up the river to the landing place at Shanghai, the ship's third officer and six stewards accompanying them at their own request as bodyguard to see them safely ashore!

SHANGHAI

SHANGHAI as we steamed up the river from Woo-sang appeared to be nothing but a forest of European chimneys seen dimly through a damp grey fog which enveloped everything in its gloomy folds. The river frontage is called "The Bund," and is so purely European in its appearance that, were it not for the Chinese ships in the port and creeks, and the Chinese coolies and ricksha-men in the streets, one could almost fancy oneself on a miniature Thames embankment.

We paid an early visit to the Chinese city, which was very interesting, consisting of a perfect maze of streets only about six foot wide. Being full of moving human beings and of floating gilt-lettered sign-boards over their heads, the place seemed to fairly buzz with life and movement. The joss-houses were very curious, with rows of hideous gods arranged decorously against the walls, the chief deity being exalted on a higher central pedestal, and partly concealed from the worshippers' gaze. Our guide tried in his quaint "pidgin" English to point out to us the various divinities; we identified the "Pleeceman joss," the "War joss," and the "Paymaster joss" amongst many others,

and were offered silver paper to burn before them to bring us luck. In the middle of the Chinese city we came upon a stagnant and most offensive piece of "ornamental" water, bearing a strangely familiar aspect with its zigzag bridge across it, and the tea-house planted on an island in the centre. By some this is said to be the original spot from which was taken the design of the willow pattern plates at home!

By the kindness of Mr Wilkinson, Assessor of the Mixed Courts, we were allowed to go there one morning and see justice administered. The Mixed Courts are so called because the cases therein dealt with are crimes committed in the Foreign Settlement, and because a foreign Consular officer sits beside the Native judge and discusses the cases with him, occasionally interfering to procure the mitigation of a too severe sentence. The unfortunate prisoners were dragged in by their pigtails, and in one case where five men were implicated, the five were tied together by these appendages. They sometimes resent this unfair use of their queue by plaiting a fish-bone into it, thus inflicting a terrible cut to the unwary hand laying hold of it. The most interesting case that we heard was one of assault upon a native doctor by the parents of a child who had died whilst under his treatment. The Chinese judge, upon seeing the prescription, declared that the ingredients which it contained were sufficiently deadly to kill ten

people out of ten, and banished the doctor from the Foreign Settlement where in future he was forbidden to practise. The principle component part of the medicine prescribed I afterwards heard was "monkey toe nail," which appears to be so valuable a remedy in the Chinese pharmacopœia, that a small handful of it was recently valued in court at a hundred and twenty dollars by a man from whom it had been stolen. The child was suffering from measles! We saw the prisoners afterwards in their damp and wretched quarters, and were treated to a sight and handling of the various instruments of punishment which here were innocent enough compared to those in use in some other parts of China. There were bamboo canes for the administration of two hundred blows, a not unusual sentence, and "cangues" or heavy wooden collars to be fixed around the neck and worn for a fortnight, the offender being exposed in the streets with the nature of his offence inscribed thereon, and a kind of split-leather shoe-sole, used to inflict blows on the faces of female offenders. The judge, a red-buttoned Mandarin, showed us all these things himself, and spoke to us most amiably, pressing us to return in the afternoon at three o'clock to witness the execution of the sentences passed by him that morning!

One day as we were driving along the Bubbling Well Road we met a long procession of coolies carrying on their shoulders what looked like the

complete furniture of a Chinese house, and case upon case of red lacquer containing we knew not what. We turned and followed the procession and eventually found ourselves in the courtyard of a gaily decorated house, built in a style that was partly European and partly Chinese. Bright banners and lanterns floated overhead, and in one corner were massed a band of boy-musicians each armed with a different native musical instrument. The courtyard when we entered it seemed full of shoddy retainers (the retainers of great men in China always are shoddy), and the appearance of the first of the furniture-bearing procession evidently was the signal for the commencement of the rejoicings, for immediately the musicians struck up, and countless crackers were let off, the candles in the lanterns being also lighted. With a good deal of pushing and screaming, the bearers shoved their way through the crowd into the house, presently emerging without their loads. We stood just within the entrance gates curiously watching the scene and catching occasional glimpses of gorgeously arrayed Mandarins on the doorstep, and of equally gorgeous Chinese ladies peeping over the balcony, when suddenly to our surprise we were beckoned to by an attendant who made us signs to advance. Nothing loath we followed the man and presently found ourselves inside the house, being made welcome by a quaint little Chinese lady in brightly embroidered trousers and coat, who told us in very

fair English that she was the wife of a British subject in Shanghai, she herself being closely related to the late Li Hung Chang, whose nephew was to be married in the house we were in on the following day. The rejoicings we saw were occasioned by the arrival of the bride's trousseau and furniture! Whilst we sat and talked the furniture was still being brought in and distributed over the various apartments, and as the coolies passed with their loads our new friend explained to us their various uses. Two square tables exactly like each other were covered with lovely Chinese embroidery. Those she said were the dining-tables of bride and bridegroom respectively. On them rested glass cases containing sets of chopsticks, one set being of coral, another of ivory, a third of silver, bride and bridegroom also had a silver spoon and silver cup and saucer each. Whilst we chatted we sipped green tea out of delicate little China cups. Presently we were conducted through a door, to a sort of inner court with a glazed roof, round which at the top ran a verandah opening into the rooms of the upper storey. Under this verandah against the walls were stacked the mass of personal effects we had seen carried in. Several Mandarins and people of high degree were engaged in a most business-like way in checking the things from a list in a book, and whilst so employed we had leisure to admire the magnificent sable coats they wore, and to hear from our little friend of all the wonders of

silks and jewels enclosed in the red lacquer cases before us. The bride's parents she said were very rich, and had spent a small fortune on the young lady's outfit, and seeing how interested we were she invited us to return on the following day but one (we were unfortunately not allowed to see the actual marriage ceremonies which took place on the next day) promising to introduce us then to the bride and to show us the contents of the cases. Before leaving she invited us to inspect the rest of the house, and be presented to the bridegroom's relations. We went first to the bride's bedroom, a comfortless European room with two windows and a small fireplace. In the middle of the room was a huge red-lacquered fourpost bedplace with a roof to it, and a fretted wood-work trellis around three sides. There was no bedding to be seen, but I remembered the numberless silk bolsters and embroidered coverlets I had seen amongst the bride's effects and so did not wonder. On the walls hung some Chinese scrolls. Next to this room was another evidently intended for a kind of parlour. Here a number of straight-backed blackwood armchairs stood in twos against the walls, a small blackwood table dividing each pair. At the end of the room were two opium-smoking couches with a long low table covered with smoking utensils between them. The other rooms I could not take in accurately in the cursory glance I had of them, but all seemed to me chilly and comfortless. In

one of them we found to our surprise and confusion a number of people grouped around a recessed opium-smoking lounge, lined with dark blue silk upon which lay a richly dressed young woman. Upon our entrance she struggled to her feet and motioned us to be seated at a square table which stood in the centre of the room. She was a very pretty woman of a modified Chinese type; I think she came from the south. Her long aquiline nose and soft brown eyes lent charm to a face whose expression had in it something very gentle and pathetic. Her cheeks were highly rouged and her eyebrows strongly painted, and on her head she wore a kind of toque, the stiff brim of which was turned back with rich fur and loaded with ropes of pearls and other jewelled ornaments. Her embroidered robe was fastened at the throat by a hanging ornament of pearls and precious stones. Our friend told us that she was a near relation of the family, and that she was the wife of a very rich man just then in Hong-Kong. Whilst we talked servants came in bearing "refreshments" on a tray in the shape of lumps of pork-suet the size of cricket-balls, accompanied by green tea and sweetmeats. In the hope of escaping the eating of those terrible-looking dainties I affected to be unable to manage my chopsticks, but my hostess came to my assistance, and seizing the ivory sticks impaled a ball upon them and held it to my mouth, and so from her hand I took my first bite of Chinese food.

We returned two days later according to our promise, to be introduced to the bride and bridegroom. We were evidently expected, for a servant was waiting and immediately ushered us into the house. He took us to the foot of the staircase leading to the upper floor (the house was built in a mixed style half-English, half-Chinese), and there left us to find our own way to the room we had seen two days before and knew to be set apart for the bride. At the door we were met by the bridegroom who at first sight appeared anything but prepossessing. He was short, and inclined to embonpoint, an inclination exaggerated by the thickness of his heavily wadded winter garments. He had cataract in one eye and his neck was seamed from ear to ear with old scars, as though someone had begun to cut off his head, and on thinking better of it had sewn him up again! Besides this, he had a lame leg and walked with a limp. I pitied the bride in spite of the riches, fine clothes and fine house of her husband. But he spoke English quite tolerably, and we soon found him in spite of his physical defects a kindly, well-mannered youth. He was arrayed in a magnificent mandarin coat of satin, embroidered with Chinese emblems, amongst which figured chiefly the dragon worked in gold. On his head he wore a red-buttoned hat turned back with sable, a peacock's feather hanging down behind secured in a jade holder. A red silk sash was draped around his

shoulders and crossed over his breast, and this was evidently part of the bridal array as the same sash was worn by all the attendants waiting upon the bride. The bridegroom was very proud of his fine clothes. When we first arrived he invited us to sit down and himself took a seat, then the women with the red sashes came and removed his hat, his heavy jade necklaces and his outer coat.

Refreshments were laid out upon a square table, a mass of different kinds of sweetmeats arranged in separate little saucers of fine porcelain, cups of green tea being served with them. Whilst we sipped our tea and ate bonbons the bridegroom talked freely of himself, his upbringing and his marriage. He promised us that we should presently see the bride, and described to us how on the previous day he had gone in state in a green sedan chair to fetch her from her parents' house, she returning in a chair of scarlet cloth embroidered all over in gold. At this moment one of the bride's attendants came and whispered something to him, and immediately he rose and offered to take us to see her. He conducted us to the room we had been in on our previous visit, and knew to be her sleeping-room, and pushed aside the silk draperies of a sort of alcove formed by the wall of the red-lacquer bed and a screen. There, in a dark corner was propped the heroine of the day! She was apparently seated on a stool, and red-sashed female attendants stood on either side ready to assist her should she wish to

rise, for her very tiny feet made it impossible for her to do so unassisted. She was arrayed in a gorgeous red robe of stiffly embroidered material reaching to her feet, the long sleeves of which covered her hands which were crossed upon her lap. On her head she wore a thing resembling a cocked hat put on crosswise and outlined with red silk pompons, and from over each ear hung down to her waist long red silk tassels. From the front of this curious head-dress depended a curtain of real pearl chains which reached almost to her waist, and completely veiled her face, unless curiosity compelling one pushed them aside as I did and peered between them at the pretty little face they concealed. She looked very young and sweet, but there was a scared expression in her soft long brown eyes, and I fancied she might have been pale but for her white and red paint. Sitting there in the angle formed by the bed and the wall, propped up, her face concealed, her hands folded in her lap and her rich robes falling stiffly to the ground around her, she looked like one of those little images one sees in the temples. Her husband seemed pleased with our evident admiration of her. I asked him what she was called, and was amused when he promptly responded, "Miss Wang." "But," I insisted, "hasn't she some beautiful name such as 'Lotus Flower' or 'Pearl Blossom' by which you familiarly call her," whereat the young swain blushed and answered, "I have not asked her yet!" Truly may

China be called the land of topsy-turvydom, where a bridegroom sees the face of his bride and learns her name only after he is irrevocably tied to her, where a man greets you by clasping his own hands instead of yours, where he shaves the front of his head and grows a pigtail down his back, where white is worn for mourning and the head is kept covered as a mark of respect, where the left is the place of honour, where books are read backwards and their name printed at the bottom of the under cover, where the women wear trousers and the men flowing skirts, where the women smoke and the men use fans, where the chop-sticks are attached to the belt instead of side-arms, where criminals in prison are forbidden to shave instead of having their hair cropped, where a coffin is presented to a father by his son as a token of filial duty, and the official feather is worn pointing down instead of up, where a man will commit suicide on his neighbour's door-step to spite him, where the needle of the compass is made to point South, where the men fly kites whilst the boys look on, where the game of battle-door and shuttlecock is played with the feet instead of the hands, and where they talk of a place being west-north, and the wind in the east-south!

However, to return to my bride: she seemed very silent; I never heard her voice all the time I was there, but the husband explained to me that Chinese etiquette forbids a bride to speak for the first three days after her marriage, during which time

it is the privilege of her friends to tease her and provoke her though she may not retaliate. Altogether the rôle of a Chinese bride did not appear to me to be an enviable one. Whilst I still stood chatting with the bridegroom, my first friend, Mrs Canning, appeared upon the scene with a wedding gift for the bride. It was a little gold-chased box with a mirror in the lid. The bride was evidently much pleased, and slipping noiselessly from her seat to her knees touched the ground with her forehead in token of her gratitude. I was told that the wedding festivities would last three days. Each day the bride is arrayed in a different and more gorgeous dress and these dresses are never worn again, the bridegroom on the other hand as he told me with pride can wear his robes again should he contract a second alliance! On the first day the bridegroom fetches the bride home and together they worship the Ancestors' tablets by kotowing before them and pouring libations, which constitutes the legal act of marriage, after which the bride kotows to her new parents and to her husband. On the second day the bride receives her husband's friends and family or rather as we have seen she is "on view" to them, for she may not speak, and on the third day the newly married couple return together to her family where he goes through similar ceremonies to those performed by her in his house. During these three days the bride is treated as a new and valuable possession of the husband's, and is

shown off, admired and criticised freely without having even the privilege of speech. Poor little Chinese bride!

Whilst in Shanghai we spent a most amusing evening in visiting by night the sights of the native quarter of the International Settlement. As we walked down the Foochow Road accompanied by the superintendent of the police and a detective I was amazed at the picturesqueness of the scene. The whole long street was lighted according to Chinese fashion by thousands of different coloured and shaped lanterns each of which contained a candle. Between the lanterns gold-lettered sign-boards swung slowly in the breeze. Above the level of lanterns and sign-boards projected the ornately carved and gilded balconies of tea-houses filled with tea drinkers gazing from their point of vantage into the busy street below. The street itself was literally given over to pedestrians, not even a ricksha being seen. Only occasionally one met a sedan chair borne upon the shoulders of two strong men, and followed by the male and female attendants of its fair occupier, probably a singer going to perform at one of the neighbouring music-halls. Her less well dowered or perhaps only her younger sister moved about in yet more primitive fashion, perched jauntily on the shoulders of a man-servant, her little figure decked in coloured silks, and her two small feet peeping from beneath the hem of her wide satin trousers. The whole street seemed given over to amusement, and

we wandered from one haunt of gaiety to another. Our first visit was to an opium-smoking establishment. We climbed the dirty stairs of a ramshackle old house, and were ushered into a big room, the atmosphere of which was filled with the penetrating smoke of opium. The room was divided up into compartments for the accommodation of two smokers in each, and they lay on hard couches with each a bolster under his head, and between them a tray containing the appliances needful for their smoke, namely a small lighted lamp, the opium itself, the long lancet-shaped instrument with which they pick it up and hold it over the lamp until it melts into a substance of the consistency of treacle, and finally the pipe itself, a reed-like thing about two feet long, at the lower extremity of which is the pipe. The jade mouthpiece which looks like one of our cigarette-holders they insert far into the mouth, inhaling the smoke deeply and driving it out again thickly through the nostrils. Each couple of smokers was likewise provided with the inevitable teapot and cups, without which comfort does not exist for the Chinaman. The room seemed to me bare and uncomfortable, and the floor was filthy; absolute silence reigned, but no one seemed to resent our intrusion as we walked round staring at the smokers, examining their appliances and smelling the opium; some of them even offered us a cup of tea or a pull from a loaded pipe! There was no light in the big room except that given by one poor gas jet and the

feeble flames of the smoker's lamps. Though so poor in appearance this particular opium den we were told was a superior one and the men who kept it had to pay a large licence. The men whom we saw were not confirmed opium smokers. They only begin in this place, and if later the craving masters them and becomes a passion they go to other places where it would not be safe to follow them, and where they indulge the passion to its full extent. The men we saw were drowsy, but they were conscious and civil, whereas in those places the smokers are sometimes quite frenzied.

Our second visit was to a music-hall or sing-song. Upstairs again after passing through a dark and dirty court where the sedan chairs of the singing-girls were stacked on either side. The noise on first entering was so deafening that one felt quite bewildered till one got accustomed to it. We were given a table in front of the stage round which we sat, and a Chinese attendant hastened to bring us green tea which needless to say we did not touch. My attention was from the first riveted upon the stage where eleven girls richly dressed sat in a semi-circle round a table upon which were set out eleven cups of tea! These were the singing-girls, and their ages seemed to vary between ten and twenty, but nothing is so difficult to judge correctly as the age of a woman whose face is disguised by a thick layer of paint. They were all dressed alike, although in silks of different colours, and variously embroidered,

and the costume consisted of loose satin trousers of some pale hue, with a broad black satin hem and a satin coat of contrasting colour fastened upon the shoulder and reaching almost to the knees with a slit in either side-seam. On their heads they wore a coif of black satin embroidered with pearls, open at the top but coming low over the forehead and covering the ears, whilst artificial flowers and gold hair-pins adorned the knot of shiny black hair at the back. Their tiny feet were encased in embroidered slippers. Each of the older singing girls had her male attendant at hand who between the songs added more boiling water to the teapots or handed her pipe to his mistress. At the back of the stage were three musicians, one of whom played a kind of flute, another a curious-looking violin-shaped instrument, while the third merely banged with two sticks upon a piece of metal. The duty of all seemed to be to make as much din as possible. One of the eleven girls having been selected to sing a song, her attendant brought her a guitar and went through the farce of pretending to string up the instrument though there were no strings. She took it, but apparently used it only to conceal her face whilst she sang, it being evidently etiquette that her face should remain invisible during the operation. The commencement of her song was the signal for the orchestra to strike up, and this they did with so much good-will that the voice of the songstress was completely drowned except every now and then

when a particularly shrill note succeeded in overtopping the music. All the performers in this curious comedy acted independently of each other, but nobody seemed to mind, least of all the singer who went calmly through her song to the bitter end. When she had finished, an attendant took the guitar from her hand and gave it to the next songstress, who went through a like performance with an equally impassive face. Noise seemed to be the great essential, and certainly it must have been quite impossible for the audience to distinguish the words of the song, if indeed there were any.

It appears that these singing-girls, who correspond more or less to the geisha girls in Japan, are very highly paid, getting as much sometimes as a dollar a song. Having sung their song in one music hall they are conveyed in their sedan chairs or on the shoulders of an attendant to another where they sing again, and so in the course of an evening visit all the music halls in the street. They lead a happy life on the whole. Being either stolen or bought as babies they are brought up in every luxury. As they grow older they have their own carriages and servants, and are constantly to be seen in the afternoons driving up and down the Bubbling Well Road; their clothes of course are of the best! Thus do they never feel the irksomeness of servitude, though indeed they are little more than slaves, all their earnings going to their owners who

in return feed and clothe them and keep them in the lap of luxury. A fair exchange some might say!

From the music hall we wandered into a theatre, and here a wholly new experience awaited us. The house was built much on the same plan as with us, but with this difference that all the floor was given up to the men, whereas the balcony was reserved for the ladies and their female servants. At the entrance door a man was seated at a table, who in return for the name and address of the applicant awarded him a ticket for a place, the money for the same being collected on the following day at his house. The male portion of the audience sit in groups round small tables and smoke, drink tea and gossip, whilst they look on at the performance. The fair ones in the balcony also enjoy goodies, and in all parts of the house there is a constant circulation of steaming bath towels wrung out of boiling water for rubbing the face. But in spite of this apparently clean custom the house itself is woefully dirty and the smell almost intolerable. We took our seats round a table reserved for us, and having drawn my skirts about me, and cautiously refused green tea, cigarettes, and a steaming face-cloth, I turned my attention to the stage. It was raised above the level of the rest of the house as with us, and illuminated by a row of paper lanterns arranged in the guise of footlights. The scenery consisted of a huge painted curtain fixed to upright poles which

were held in position by boys standing upon the stage in their everyday clothes. These were ignored as part of the stage apparatus. The orchestra consisting of musicians, each playing a selected instrument without reference to the others, sat on one side of the stage without being divided from it, the corresponding place on the other side being occupied by the door into the green-room which we visited later. The plot was of course to us utterly incomprehensible, as indeed it must have been to most of the audience, the play being performed in the Peking dialect, which is absolute gibberish to the inhabitants of Shanghai. But this did not seem to matter, and the action of the play was evidently what appealed to the audience. At one point a terrible fellow in a flaming red wig ordered condign punishment to be inflicted upon a feeble old creature, rather like the "Joey" of our pantomimes, with a tuft of white beard depending from his chin by a single thread. When the old fellow was seized by the executioners and flung upon his face on the stage a thrill of expectation ran through the audience, but when with bamboo canes they commenced to rain blows upon the prostrate culprit, their enthusiasm burst all bounds, and they simply roared with joy. The plot seemed to consist of a variety of incidents having no connection with each other, but, seen at a distance the dresses were magnificent and the scenic effects fine. At one stage of the proceedings there was a kind of posture-

dance, each performer carrying a lighted lantern of rice paper painted with flowers and birds. As they twisted and circled and knelt, the effects were really lovely, the beauty of the scene culminating as one after another each man advanced with his lantern to the front of the stage and performed a "pas-seul" of slow and dignified steps, retiring afterwards to form with the others, at the back of the stage, a figure of lighted lanterns ingeniously stacked one upon the other, and then made to open out like a screen revealing within a continuous scene from the life of a Chinese goddess. The colours of the various dresses worn by the actors were so vivid and the embroideries so beautiful that we longed to see them closer, and having signified our wish we were courteously invited to gratify it by paying a visit to the "green room." What a curious experience that was! But a disillusionment too, for the beautiful dresses as seen from the body of the house proved on closer inspection to be of coarse material and coarser embroidery, and the paint, wigs and masks which had struck terror into us at a distance, lost all their horror when seen close at hand. The moral of course is obvious! All the actors were men, the women's parts being played by boys. The profession of actor is despised by the Chinese as much as that of the barber, and only men of those two casts are incapable of attaining under any circumstances to official rank which in other walks of life can be attained by literary

efficiency. When we left the theatre the play seemed no further advanced as far as the plot was concerned than when we entered an hour earlier, the musicians were playing just as loudly, and the audience laughing just as heartily. For all I know it may not be finished yet!

A Chinese restaurant even of the most superior class is a thing to see once and once only, for to our Western eyes it is most uninviting. In order to get to the representative one chosen by our guide we had to fumble our way as usual in the dark, through a dirty court, to climb a rickety stairway, to pass through the kitchen and scullery, where the crockery was being washed, and finally down a narrow passage on one side of which were stacked empty flasks of "samshu," * the only intoxicant drink which the Chinese indulge in.

The restaurant was divided into a number of bare and unfurnished rooms, opening off the dimly lighted corridor, and illuminated by a lamp hanging from the centre of each. The guests were seated at square tables whereon were set out a quantity of little porcelain dishes about the size of small saucers, filled with a variety of good things which our guide told us were of so recherché a nature at the particular

* The word "samshu," meaning "thrice fired," is used to designate the spirit three times distilled from the yeasty liquor in which boiled rice has fermented under pressure many days. For the ordinary liquor only one distillation is made, but a little of this drink will go to a Chinaman's head and will make him hot and flushed, though not really drunk, for he is a very temperate man.

table we stopped at that the meal might easily have cost $20.00 or £2 a head.

The accompanying menu of a feast given by a Chinese gentleman is quoted from Mr Giles in his "Chinese Sketches," and is fairly representative of the one we saw in progress :—

Sharks' fins with crab sauce.
Pigeons' eggs stewed with mushrooms.
Sliced sea slugs in chicken broth with ham.
Wild duck and Santung cabbage.
Fried fish.
Lumps of pork fat fried in rice flour.
Stewed lily roots.
Chicken mashed to pulp with ham.
Stewed bamboo shoots.
Stewed shell-fish.
Fried slices of pheasant.
Mushroom broth.

Remove :—

Two dishes of fried pudding—one sweet the other salt.
Sweetened duck.
Strips of boned chicken fried in oil.
Boiled fish with soy.
Lumps of parboiled mutton fried in pork fat.

All these dainties are chopped up and served in small basins about the size of ordinary finger bowls, which are dotted about the table to the number of forty or fifty at the same time.

The guests help themselves from these common bowls, transferring what they need to the small plates in front of them by the dexterous use of their own chop-sticks or spoons. No order is observed in the eating of the various courses, each man appearing to follow his own inclination, and some of them indulging in the most weird combinations of two or more. From time to time they take wine with each other, much the same as we do in Europe, raising the small china wine-cups no bigger than liqueur glasses to their lips with one hand, touching it with the other, and drinking off the contents. They also drink tea in large quantities, but no cold water, which they consider unwholesome, and no milk, the use of which is unknown to them. The meal ends with large bowls of rice which each man holds up to his chin with his left hand, rapidly shovelling the contents into his mouth with his chop-sticks. The tedium of the meal we saw in progress was relieved between the courses by a game of "morra," the "micare digitus" of the old Romans called "ch'ai-mei" by the Chinese. Any mistake in guessing the number of fingers rightly was paid for by drinking a cup of samshu as forfeit. The last time I had seen the game played was in Rome, on the Via Appia, when some fiacre drivers indulged in it by the roadside.

On our way home we passed the closed doors of a shop whence proceeded the most diabolical noises I have ever had the privilege of listening to. Anxious

always to gratify our curiosity where safe, we pushed the door unceremoniously open and walked in. We found ourselves in a small shop, the employés of which were evidently off work, and indulging with their friends in a little "quiet" music by way of relaxation. At first sight of us they ceased playing, but a little persuasion soon induced them to take up again the interrupted concert. We found then that the hideous noises we had been aware of before entering were caused by four musicians sitting gravely round in a circle, one of whom hammered with tongs upon bits of metal whilst another clashed cymbals together. A third fellow actively belaboured a gong, whilst the fourth manipulated a species of "bones" in the palm of his hands. The din was intolerable, but they seemed so supremely happy in making it that we could not help laughing, and they, poor fellows, taking our laughter for a mark of our appreciation, redoubled their efforts and intensified the noise to such an extent that at last we were reduced to ignominious flight without even pausing to thank them for so novel a concert.

One day as I walked along one of the less frequented streets, I noticed someone coming towards me in a ricksha, whose face seemed strangely familiar, though I could not for the moment remember the name of the lady. Instinctively I raised my hand to stop the ricksha, and in a flash I recognised my Chinese friend Mrs Canning, whom I had last seen at the wedding in the Zinsa road, but in place of the

dainty Chinese dress she wore on that occasion, she was arrayed now in deepest widow's weeds of European fashion and material. What could it mean? Alas, poor little woman, she had soon told her sad tale. Hardly three days after the wedding, the English husband of whom she was so proud, had contracted diphtheria, and in less than a week was dead. "It's very sad, I'm very much upset," my poor little friend kept repeating in her monotonous Eastern voice. It appeared he had left her well off, and that she thought of going to England soon for a change!" What will be the end of her story I wonder.

A Chinese funeral is a sight that is worth seeing at least once. I met one one day as I was prowling around. I was first attracted by a crowd gathered round an open shop front. Joining the throng I peered over one man's shoulder and round another man's head, till I could see what was going on, but, as is often the case with things Chinese, to *see* was by no means to *understand.*

This, however, is what I saw. A kind of altar, probably the domestic shrine of the deceased, in whose shop the funeral service was taking place, on which stood burning incense and paper offerings arranged around a Buddha. In front of the altar a young Chinese priest officiated, reading prayers in a low monotonous chant from a book the leaves of which were attached to a long piece of wood like these holders on which the daily papers are

fixed in our clubs, only in this case the book was quite two feet long, and only two inches broad. In the middle of the floor a youth knelt and bowed incessantly to the image on the altar. At the back of the shop was a table, on which were arranged in rows of three, at least a dozen horses about two feet high. They were made of the same paper as that employed for Chinese lanterns, and were grotesquely coloured to represent the quadruped. Being jointed at the neck and tail they moved gently as the wind came in at the door. All these horses were burnt when the dead man was finally carried from his house to be buried, his spirit being supposed to ascend with the rising smoke. It was a curious procession which started from the door. First walked a number of shabby retainers, then a man with an open red umbrella, then others carrying gongs which they hammered upon, one stroke at a time at regular intervals, finally came the coffin slung on two bamboo poles, and supported by four bearers, two in front and two behind. The coffin was covered with a scarlet cloth embroidered with gold, and on the top of it was fixed an immense paper stork made after the same fashion as the horses, and coloured like them to represent the real bird, but looking even more grotesque than they did as it swayed this way and that on its long thin legs, its wagging head keeping time with its nods to the steps of the bearers. The procession closed up with at least a dozen rickshas

filled with men and women, the former wearing white shirts over their ordinary clothes and having their pig-tails tied up with white ribbon, whilst the latter held white cloths over their heads and gave vent at intervals to extravagant gestures of mourning.

UP THE YANGTSE RIVER

MARCH 29th.—We went on board the S.S. *Ngankin* of Butterfield & Swire's Company after dinner, but did not begin to move up the river till 2 A.M. of the following morning, which happened to be Easter Sunday.

March 30th.—All day we steamed away up the ugly early stretches of the yellow and muddy Yangtse River. It is here so wide that the banks are mostly invisible. Our steamer or rather steam-houseboat is comfortable enough, only it is very draughty, and the wind through doors and crannies cut one in two.

March 31st.—We reached Nanking this morning at 8.30, and were kindly met by Mr Sundios the British Consul, who conducted us ashore and showed us all there is to be seen in this the prettiest port on the lower river. We drove in rickshas from the harbour to the Consulate along a beautiful road bordered with willow trees, which joining overhead formed an avenue of pale green leaves all delicate and washed by the late heavy rains. This road is several miles long and was planted by Viceroy Chang-Chih-tung. At a certain place we climbed a hill on the top of which rose the temple and

pagoda of Peichiko or the North Pole. From the summit of the Pagoda we had a glorious view of the surrounding country and of the walled city of Nanking itself. We could also see from here the remains of the beautiful porcelain pagoda, once the most exquisite monument in China, but recklessly destroyed during the Taiping rebellion. Nanking used to be a far more populated city before the Rebellion, but from a height it now appears as a huge straggling village set down in a verdant prairie, with lakes and fish ponds in its midst, and the river running like a silver line against the horizon. It no longer seems to need the protection of the grand old walls twenty-two miles in circumference, which once withstood the storm and stress of battle. Before luncheon we went to see the Temple of Confucius and the Hall of Examinations. This latter is a curious place with row upon row of tiny stone cells where the 10,000 students are separately incarcerated for the nine days during which their examination lasts. I was an object of great interest to the crowd. They followed us in hundreds, despising alike threats and persuasion on the part of the authorities who vainly endeavoured to keep them outside the bounds of the sacred precincts. At one place after letting us through, the gate-keeper closed the great gates against the mob and fastened them with a wooden beam. The crowd howled with rage and disappointment, and beat with their fists upon the wooden doors which re-

sisted all their efforts to get through. After luncheon we went to see the Ming Tomb. This tomb is about 8 miles from the Port and perhaps 4 from the Consulate, and is situated outside the city walls. We had to go all through the town to get to it, but once outside the gates the view was very fine of waving pasture land backed by hills. The tomb itself which is that of the founder of the Ming Dynasty, who died in A.D. 1399, is a conical hill, and the approach to it is ornamented by an avenue of several "Peilos" or monumental stone gateways now in ruins, and pairs of strange and monster sentinels, the four pairs nearest the tomb being human and the rest animal. The pairs all face each other, and are set up at a distance of about 1000 yards one from the other. These strange uncouth animals representing lions, tigers, camels, elephants, rhinoceros and horses are most of them cut from single blocks of stone, but sometimes the legs are made of separate pieces. One wonders how they could have got such great blocks of stone into position in the middle of undulating grass country, miles from any quarry. The approach to the tomb is marked by a great canopy of stone under which is a huge turtle of the same material, bearing on its back a tablet on which are inscribed the name and virtues of the Emperor there buried. This Emperor was originally a goat herd, he overset the ruling authority, ascended the throne, fixed the capital at Nanking and built himself this tomb.

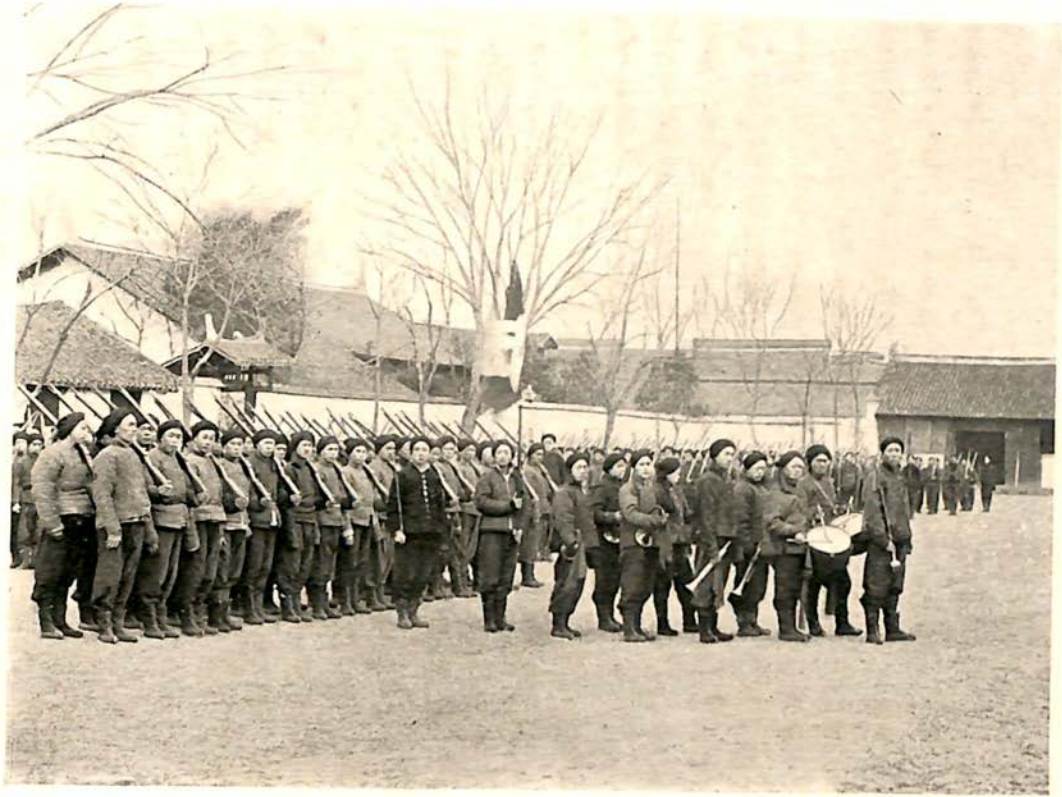
His successors removed the capital to Peking, and continued the tombs of the Ming Dynasty near that city.

April 1st.—We stopped an hour at Kiu Kiang, and paid a hasty visit to the British Consulate. The "Bund" was green with the tender spring leaves of its many trees, and on the hills behind the town the azaleas were in full bloom. Last year the river rose here about 40 feet, and flooded the Bund; it is beginning to rise again now.

April 2nd.—We got to Hankow at 7.30 A.M., and were made welcome by Mr Fraser the British Consul-General and his wife, who invited us to their house on the Bund facing the river where we stayed for three delightful days. The European settlement in Hankow is a model of broad well-paved streets with substantial-looking grey brick houses surrounded by verandahs. We took a drive out to the racecourse, which is enclosed and planted around with young trees, at present in a very early stage. The centre of the racecourse has been made into very fair golf links, and the foreign community have built a handsome pavilion and stand. We saw some of the ponies at exercise—the usual Chinese ponies about thirteen hands high.

April 3rd.—We telegraphed to-day to Ichang to ask that the necessary arrangements might be made for our trip through the Gorges.

April 4th.—My husband and Mr Fraser went to see the Viceroy Chang Chih-tung. The audience



CHANG-CHI-TUNG'S FOREIGN-DRILLED TROOPS AT WUCHANG

was fixed for ten o'clock, so they had to be off by nine as the Viceregal Yamen is on the other side of the river. They crossed in a steam launch, and were carried in sedan chairs from the landing-stage through the native city to the Viceroy's house. They were received at the second gate by the Viceroy himself, an old man with a long grey beard from the chin, a sallow complexion, keen, intelligent eyes and discoloured teeth. He spoke no English, but his secretary was quite proficient in the language, and he and Mr Fraser interpreted by turns. They sat at a round table on which were fruits, biscuits and sweets. Immediately after taking their places a glass of sweet champagne was given to each, and the Viceroy drank to the health of his visitors, who returned the compliment before opening the conversation. The room they sat in was a bare Chinese hall, the table being in the centre, and at the side a kang or stone platform covered with cushions and divided down the centre by a long narrow table only a foot high, on which were smoking necessaries. Attendants having retired a conversation followed which lasted for two hours. The Viceroy was most intelligent and keen, and showed by his knowledge of all that was going on in the various provinces of China how thoroughly well posted the Yangtse Viceroys are in all international questions affecting China. When it was over, tea was handed around, after which my husband and Mr Fraser took their leave, departing

in the same way they had come. This description applies practically to all official interviews in China, and therefore I have given it with so much detail. In the afternoon we went over the Russian tea-brick and tablet factory under the guidance of the managing engineer, a shrewd Scotsman named Shearer. We visited the "brick" factory first and saw the process of reducing the tea-leaves to a fine powder by means of compression. The tea used for making these "bricks" is of course of inferior quality, but is exported in enormous quantities to Siberia and Mongolia. In its first or powdered stage it is heaped up to the ceiling in huge go-downs where it looks like black cinders. In the second stage the powdered tea is laid out to dry on sheets of metal over charcoal fires. In the third stage it is mechanically passed through sifters in order to get rid of all the dust; it is next carried to another department where it is made into bricks, each one being separately finished off. That process is as follows: the tea powder is measured, the weights being most carefully adjusted; it is then conveyed into a steam compartment where it is slightly damped by being laid on cloths over boiling water; it is then passed from these cloths into a wooden mould about 10 inches by 6, the cover of which bears on the inner side the trade-mark of the firm for which the particular brick is intended. The mould is then placed by hand in a heavy hydraulic press, the lid being screwed

down before the pressure is removed. The brick is left in the mould for three hours to cool and dry, after which it is put under a machine which releases the screwed lid, the brick is extracted from the mould, examined by an expert to see that it is perfect in shape, and placed in a balance to make sure that its weight is exactly true. If it passes muster the brick is sent with hundreds of others like it to a huge loft upstairs for packing. There it is first wrapped in silver paper, then in brown, finally it is placed with others in a bamboo basket, which is either bound with iron or tied with bamboo fibre ropes, and behold it is ready for export! If the brick is unsatisfactory, it is again reduced by machinery to powder, and the same process is gone through *da capo*. The "tablets" are made of tea of a much higher quality than the "bricks," and are submitted to no injurious process such as the steaming. The powdered tea is merely reduced by hydraulic pressure into little tablets one inch by three carefully made to weight and size. The human hand does not touch this tea at any stage, and its value compared to the brick tea is as forty to six taels a picul. It is packed with even greater care than the bricks. The tea factory itself was a huge dim building of many vaulted chambers, and the Chinese workers numbering some six hundred looked very weird moving about in the half light in a semi-nude state, their heads wrapped in white turbans. The heat was

well-nigh intolerable, especially in the steam compartments.

April 5th.—We went on board the S.S. *Kweilee* after dinner, as we were to continue our journey up river early on the following morning.

April 6th.—The *Kweilee* of the China Merchant Service is a very comfortable boat and both the captain, Mr Wade, and the first engineer, Mr Lennard, have done all that is possible to ensure our comfort. The only drawback is the presence on board of two first-class Chinese officials, the collectors of salt and opium dues at Ichang. Mercifully however they take their meals in their own cabin. To-day both river and weather have been dull with nothing to see but floating timber rafts and junks on the water, and a few naked children, trackers and water buffaloes on the banks. The country is green but treeless, and shows crops of wheat and rape. We dropped our anchor at eight P.M., as the river navigation is too dangerous owing to sunken rocks and eddies to be continued at night.

April 7th.—To my horror I have just seen a human head grinning between the bars of a cage in which it is exposed on the river bank at the top of a long pole. Probably the decapitated head of some malefactor placed there as a warning to others.

April 8th.—We arrived at Ichang at one P.M. to-day. The weather had been dull, but fortunately the mist cleared off for a time just as we neared

the town, and the view was lovely. Our fellow-passengers, the salt commissioner and the opium commissioner, had a tremendous local reception, though I suspect they are the two best hated Chinamen in Ichang. Several huge junks manned by soldiers in red coats with black Chinese characters upon their backs hurried to meet them the moment we came in sight, and great was the excitement, loud the shouting, and violent the gesticulating, as they caught on to the *Kweilee* with their boat hooks. Gingalls were fired off in rapid succession, and two trumpeters who sat upon the roof of the cabin of the largest junk where they shared their quarters with green vegetables and other rubbish, proudly trumpeted the welcome of the town to the two returning extortioners. Presently the luggage of the great men began to appear, being transferred to the junk waiting to take them off, and amongst it I noticed their green official chairs, their red umbrellas, and the hats with peacock feathers worn by Chinese mandarins. Their reception afforded us a very gay and pretty sight, rendered all the pleasanter by the fact that the sun had struggled out and brightened the quaint scene.

Mr Willis, the British Consul, kindly came on board to tell us that all preparations have been made for our progress up the river. A junk has been hired for the trip and converted by the help of bluejackets from H.M.S.S. *Eske* and *Woodlark* stationed here, into a very comfortable

houseboat. The junk is about fifty feet long by fourteen feet wide, and the centre part is roughly divided by partitions into a tiny kitchen, bedroom and saloon. All these are lined with clean white unbleached linen and comfortably furnished. Our crew consists of twenty-two men besides which we have a cook, a houseboy and a coolie. A red official life-boat manned by five men has been detailed off by the Chinese authorities to accompany us and come to our assistance in case of need. There is a regular fleet of these life-boats in the Gorges, who are paid the sum of $8.00 per head for every life saved in the dangerous rapids!

IN THE GORGES AND RAPIDS

APRIL 9th.—We passed a comfortable first night in our new quarters. Before going to bed ourselves we watched our men bestowing themselves for the night in that portion of the bows which was set apart for them to work, feed, sleep and cook in. First they made a hearty meal of rice and vegetables, shovelled into the mouth by means of dexterously manœuvred chop-sticks. Supper over, in an incredibly short time they removed the floor of the boat, and produced from the hold beneath a number of poles and crossbars with which they erected a shed, fixing thereon a number of bamboo mats, one overlapping the other so as to make a watertight covering. This done they sat and gossiped till bedtime when they curled themselves up in the bottom of the boat. From ten P.M. to five A.M., not a sound except snores from them disturbed our rest, although only the thinnest partition of wood divided our quarters from theirs. We were awakened early by the distressing sound of rain falling steadily upon the roof over our heads; when we looked out we could see nothing, so grey was the day, so heavy the rain. Our captain or "Laoban," to give him his Chinese official designa-

tion, of course refused to make a start in such unpropitious weather, for there is nothing a Chinaman hates like rain, and our spirits sank proportionately low, for charming as a "Kwatsze" may be in sunny weather when it is conveying one steadily forward through lovely scenery it is but a sorry place of residence when tied up in a muddy river, with Chinese junks almost touching it on all sides, and a pitiless cold rain falling steadily. Fortunately, there was a rift in the clouds towards nine o'clock, and the laoban immediately took advantage of it to make a tardy start. The first hint we had of this good fortune was the removal of the awning mats over that part of the ship set apart for the crew, and soon the cheerful but weird sound of the men chanting as they worked the huge side oars backwards and forwards convinced us that our journey was really begun. A careful study of our crew soon taught us to distinguish one from another. There were the laoban or captain, and two pilots, one stationed fore and the other aft, also fifteen trackers, and eight sailors, four to each big oar. Then there was a cook for the men and a nondescript boy, brother of the laoban, who seemed to be at the beck and call of everybody, and began the day by receiving severe castigation for I know not what offence. Our personal servants include a cook who produces wonderful dishes out of a kitchen about 6 feet by 14, having a huge rudder operating through the centre of it, also a

LANG WANG TUNG MIAO

DRAGON PRINCE CAVE TEMPLE ABOVE ICHANG

"boy" possessing a smattering of English, and a coolie. I believe the laoban has a wife on board concealed in some tiny dwelling-place in the stern of the boat, but so far I have not set eyes on her. In addition to the ship's company above described, we have as before mentioned the official "red boat" or life-boat accompanying us, manned by five men, who are picked for this particular service, being trained to the Rapids, and whose special duty is to render assistance, and if needs be pick up the pieces in case of accident! The weather got better as the day wore on, but was never really good, rain falling at intervals; nevertheless, the Gorges were lovely, wrapped in a sombre mantle of grey velvet shot with green, the steep and rugged rocks falling straight to the water's edge on our right and left. Nothing sensational happened on this our first day, the heavy kwatsze being towed by the trackers wherever the face of the cliffs offered a hold to their nimble bare feet. The tow-line of plaited bamboo was fixed to the top of our mast. Over the rocks the trackers climbed with the agility of mountain goats, jumping, diving, scrambling, but always managing to keep the line taut. If at moments it slackened, or if some danger unseen by the trackers was perceived by the pilot in charge of the boat, a signal was given by beating loudly upon a drum, and immediately the trackers stopped dead as if they had been shot, waiting for another signal to move on. Where the cliffs offered literally no

foothold for them they were fetched off by the red boat, and brought back to the kwatsze where they immediately set to work, four at each of the huge side oars, thus propelling the clumsy craft along the river until another propitious spot offered where they might resume their tracking operations. All the time they work the oars, and indeed during all the twelve hours of their long day's labour, these curious people keep up a frenzied chant, every man stamping and shrieking in chorus, the voice of the laoban heard above all, as from his perch on the roof of the cabin he directs their movements. Every now and then one or other paused to rest, and sitting on his heels took a puff or two at the pipe which appeared to be the common property of all the crew. And nearly all day the forecastle cook laboured patiently in their midst boiling the everlasting rice, green vegetables and beans, which from time to time they devoured in large quantities. In the evening the kwatsze was made fast to the shore in a little sheltered bay under the lea of a cliff. The day's work over, the crew having fed, once more rigged up their awning, and after indulging in a quiet smoke composed themselves to rest, an example which we were not slow to follow.

April 10th.—We were awakened at half-past five A.M. by the crew beginning to move, and at a quarter to six the sing-song of the men at the oars announced our start. An enchanting day followed and an exciting one. For hours we toiled along confront-

ing, and little by little overcoming the difficulties of navigation which the beautiful upper reaches of this river offer at every turn. All the qualities of pluck, endurance and dogged perseverance which the Chinese possess in so high a degree were called into play. The day, begun at half-past five A.M., only ended at half-past seven P.M., and during those fourteen hours no man rested except for an occasional ten minutes snatched for a hasty meal of rice, beans or fish, this being the entire diet upon which the trackers and rowers maintain their strength. All day sitting at our cabin door or from a post of vantage in the forepart of the ship, we watched and marvelled at the extraordinary feats of agility performed by the fifteen trackers, who almost unceasingly have dragged the heavy kwatsze upstream and through Rapids from dawn to sunset. These men are harnessed one behind the other by means of a thong passed over one shoulder and under the other to the main tow-rope to which they are hitched by a metal button, and in this harness they lean heavily forward, lending the whole weight of their bodies to the traction, sometimes they hang their heads and slouch along with their hands almost touching the ground so that they appear to be crawling on all-fours, or else assuming a more erect posture they swing their arms violently from side to side keeping time with long strides. Around this straining line capers a shrieking overseer, whip in hand, touching up the shirker, and urging all on

to more frantic exertions by his own efforts of wind and limb. The trackers have no duty but to pull and go forward, regardless of that which may be happening to the tow-rope in their rear, except in so far as to instantly stop and slacken it at the slighest signal given by the gong in the boat. Two nimble fellows following the trackers at a distance have to look after the rope and cast it free from hidden rock or jagged point, scaling the highest pinnacle or the smoothest face of a cliff with apparently equal ease, or stripping and diving under the waves should the rope be caught below, or should it have to pass beneath another junk as frequently happens in passing a craft moored to the bank.

At one P.M. we came to the first real Rapid called the Ta-tung, and before tackling it we were moored for a space to the bank opposite a row of thatched shanties, where new bamboo ropes were bought and extra trackers hired. Being thus properly equipped we pushed out once more into the stream and began to advance again slowly, our trackers at least a quarter of a mile ahead, and giving tongue like a pack of hounds as they strained at the leash. The red life-boat hovered round us, and the laoban presided at the drum on which he kept up a perpetual banging during the whole of our progress through the Rapid, partly to propitiate the river Joss and partly to encourage himself. Foot by foot our straining trackers dragged us forward through the racing stream. All around us the water boiled and

EIGHTY MILES ABOVE ICHANG ON THE YANGTSE

bubbled and foamed, and the boat rocked violently to and fro, but there was never any hesitation on the part of either captain or men, each one acting with admirable daring, coolness and precision until at last we were drawn clear of the dangerous Rapid into the smooth water of the river beyond.

After that the afternoon passed as the morning without further incident. Towards evening we entered the Lukan Gorge, stopping for the night beneath a towering wall of rock dropping perpendicularly into the water. It was a beautiful but ghostly spot, full of gloom and mystery, and the night was very dark.

April 11th.—Off again at half-past five. The sail was hoisted, and with loud yells, cat-calls and whistling, the crew called upon the wind. Slowly the sail filled, and we began to move, an evident indication that the joss of the Lukan Gorge was in a favourable mood. Suddenly in the far distance we perceived a silver line drawn apparently across the river, gradually as we came nearer it changed into a bar of rapid, swirling, curling waves. This was the Hsin-tan Rapid, the fastest and most dangerous of all the rapids between Ichang and Kwei-chou-fu. The current was now so strong that every kind of dodge had to be thought of to help the lumbering old kwatsze forward. The men strained at the oars. All of a sudden on a word from the laoban one of them stripped to the skin, and with a line between his teeth bravely jumped into the eddying

water, and battling with the waves at last reached the shore, where he fixed the line to a huge projecting boulder some 200 yards ahead of us. The men in the boat dropped their oars, and seizing the rope began to haul until inch by inch we advanced nearer to the dread Rapid. As soon as the bank offered sufficient foothold, the red boat approached us and took off the trackers with their tow-rope, and again, reinforced by over 200 local men, the old tracking game of yesterday commenced, only how much harder and more toilsome! The scenery here was magnificent, bluff rocky cliffs rising to sheer 3000 feet straight from the river's bed, and seeming to close the valley before us as effectually as the bar of churning water.

Looking ahead it seems impossible to find an outlet, yet we know that beyond this Rapid and beyond this Gorge are others just as beautiful and forbidding if not quite so dangerous. There is an air of suppressed excitement about the crew; for once they are quite silent; they appear to be bracing themselves for a great effort—all but the focs'le cook, who cooks on as complacently as if there existed for him no such trifles as rapids. He evidently is quite confident in the skill and prudence of the laoban. From time to time junks returning down the river come shooting out of the Rapid at a speed that makes one dizzy to watch. One just has time to see the rowers standing to their oars, whilst the pilot manœuvring the giant rudder projecting over

the bows of the boat stands calm and erect, his eyes fixed ahead, unless when every now and then he turns his head to give an order. The proportion of junks lost in coming down stream is 20%, showing how great is the risk!

Now the roar of the Rapid becomes distinctly audible; we are only a couple of hundred yards from it.

A moment of fearful excitement. The cliff ceased to offer any foothold to the trackers, and we had to cross the stream at the foot of the Rapid to convey them to the other bank. Midstream we began to drift. Strain and strive as we would we could make no way, but inch by inch floated downstream. Seeing our peril, for we only just managed to evade a jagged rock projecting from the foaming water, one of the red boat men pluckily jumped into the river and swam towards us; we threw him a line with which he managed to gain the shore and make us fast. We were saved, but such a moment is worth living for! The excitement of the crew would have been comic had one had leisure to think of it. The shrieking, stamping and swearing were absolutely deafening, and the laoban, after jumping about the deck as if it had been red hot, finally scaled a short ladder, and took up a position on the roof of the cabin whence he continued to vociferate his commands.

No sooner was the immediate danger over than the crew calmed down and proceeded to swab the

deck, the focs'le cook who had lent a hand with the rest a moment before, resuming his culinary operations.

It is a slow job approaching the Rapid, and now at half-past eleven we are still at the foot of it, working our way inch by inch round the junks moored to the rocky coast. And this is no easy job with the current running by at a speed of nine knots. We have to get our tow-line past these junks that the trackers may make a start. The current drives us against them and under their sterns; we dare not push out into the stream clear of them, because of the strength of the current and the immense strain resulting on the tow-line. A broken tow-line at this juncture and we are certainly doomed! The men work like demons, hanging on to every point of vantage with their boat hooks, and at moments using their own backs against the obstructing junks in order to get a better purchase or to stave off a collision. And all the time the boat rocks like mad till I almost feel seasick. There is an immense junk just ahead of us going through the worst part of the Rapid. I sit watching it and wondering how we shall feel when our turn comes. At last we have cleared all the moored junks, and are fastened to the bank for a moment's breathing time. The laoban seizes the respite to go down into the hold with a lighted candle and see if we have taken in any water, for we came a tremendous crash against a

big rock just now; thank God! so far our good ship has proved seaworthy. I can still see that big junk forging ahead. The drum and gong are both being belaboured and numberless crackers let off. I asked our "boy" the meaning of these demonstrations, and he answered, apparently surprised that I should need to ask, "To make Joss kind, no wantchee turn over!"

Our turn came at last and with infinite precaution we pushed out into the racing water. At first we had a desperate tussle to hold our own, but gradually inch by inch the 300 trackers hauled us forward till at last after many hair-breadth escapes with one final pull they dragged us into the safe waters beyond, falling in a heap on their faces as the tension relaxed and the need for effort ceased! Poor brutes, what a toilsome life they lead under the broiling sun and in the pouring rain, and for how little remuneration; how far preferable is the life of a well fed and kindly treated beast of burden on an English farm!

We emerged into the lovely Mitan Gorge, the smooth swift running stream here walled in on either hand by towering heights of cliff all cultivated as far as the eye could carry. Everywhere the laborious Chinese climbs and plants his little patch of rice, wheat, beans, rape, hemp or poppy, and where he cannot reach, nature takes the task in hand and sows a lovely little plot of her own with wild flowering trees. It is early yet for flowers,

but they are said to be lovely later in the year. Presently the cliffs widen their embrace, and decreasing rapidly in height melt into a verdant valley.

A good breeze had sprung up in the Mitan Gorge and merrily we sailed, a pleasant change for ourselves after our previous slow and laborious progress, pleasanter still for our jaded trackers who now resumed their old place at the oars, chanting lustily as they pulled. When night came we were tied up in company with several other junks at the foot of the Kwei rapid, having negotiated about fifty miles of the river in three days.

April 12th. — To-day we have had varying fortunes. Our crew were afoot and ready to start soon after six A.M., but alas! there were several junks in front of us who had the right of the first comer to negotiate the Rapid before we did. This meant a tiresome wait of nearly three hours, and it was nine o'clock before we could make a start. Even when we got under weigh we were only able to tackle one reach of the Rapid, and then again were hung up behind the line of heavier junks preceding us. We began to find the game tedious, and by way of change signalled to the red boat to come and convey us ashore. We followed the track worn by generations of trackers over the steep boulders and rocks, and sat down upon a jutting promontory to watch on one side the trackers hauling at the tow-line on the other, the lumbering old kwatsze almost 300 yards astern answering inch

by inch to the tension which they brought to bear upon her. In the course of the day we negotiated two more rapids, the Yeh-tan and the Nin-ko-tan, the water racing through both at a speed of ten to twelve knots. The scenery all day was lovely, one hill backing another away into the far distance, clothed in varying shades of brown, emerald and misty blue, with the swift flowing river bathing their feet. At night we were moored near the village of Pa-tung, seventy miles above Ichang.

April 13th.—We were under sail this morning by half-past five, a smart breeze carrying us gaily forward through some minor rapids to the entrance of the splendid Wushan Gorge, the longest and the most beautiful on the river. The scenery throughout to-day has been beyond description. The Wushan Gorge is twenty miles long, with towering cliffs on either hand, seamed by countless water-courses. Silence and mystery reigned all around, the only audible sounds besides our own voices being those of the swift running water and the lap of the oars as they rhythmically dipped into the water. Now and then a descending junk flashed past us, leaving behind it the echo of a sailor's chant. We seemed to be floating all day on the bosom of a rock bound lake, for in front and behind the horizon was closed by tall cliffs, and over our heads we could see but a slip of blue sky; only by watching the water at our feet could we be sure of the fact that we really were moving through this enchanted region.

At half-past five we passed the boundary which divides the province of Hupeh from that of Szechuen. At this spot there is a village where tradition decrees that every ascending and descending junk shall stop and enjoy a feast of boiled pig's-head. In accordance with this custom we were duly moored to the bank, and the pig's-head having been procured the focs'le cook promptly set to work to prepare it. The whole crew took the deepest interest in his proceedings. When the meal was ready we were surprised to see them go through a regular form of religious rites before falling to. First the cook sent for incense sticks, prayer papers and crackers, and having bared his head (that is, removed the dirty white rag he wears swathed round it, and let down the pig-tail, which, in common with all Chinese of the working classes, he wreaths round the crown of his head to keep it out of the way), he set the incense sticks up in a hole in the bows and lighted them; then holding the prayer papers to his forehead repeatedly kotowed with his face turned first to the bows and then to the stern. After this the prayer papers were set alight and cast upon the water, and two chop-sticks having been stuck into the pig's-head the dish was solemnly presented to the Joss presiding in a little shrine erected in the stern of the junk. During his imaginary meal a gong was continuously banged and crackers were let off. After these solemn rites the crew fell to and in an incredible short time demolished what the Joss had left of

the pig's-head, a meal they appeared to relish extremely.

April 14th.—This has been a day of incident, though more or less a repetition of former days. One after another we have fought through four rapids, which though not long were pretty stiff to tackle. In the last one the force of the current snapped our long bow-sweep clean in two, and then ensued the most splendid display of "rage" I have ever seen on the part of the captain, pilot and crew, all and each of whom abused the other at the top of his voice with a command of language that was perfectly astounding. However, the harm was done, luckily, just at the end of our day's work. A great event occurred to-day in the appearance on the scene of a new member of our family party, namely the first-born of the laoban! Had the infant had the grace to be a boy we should have no doubt been treated to a fine display of rejoicings; unfortunately, the little one is a girl, and her advent therefore of small importance. The mother is being looked after in the little stern cabin, which the whole family apparently occupies, by her mother-in-law, who in this case seems to be a kindly, jovial old woman, evidently very proud of the infant whom she produced this afternoon for my inspection.

We are becoming very friendly with our crew, who are really good fellows. Though we do not understand a word of their language nor they of ours, we contrive to get at each other's meaning somehow.

When we are at meals they come to the door and hold out their hands for something good, which they devour with the utmost greediness, and with no fear of harm to themselves from eating the foreign devil's "chow." To-day the poor focs'le cook came and showed me a hideous wound he had on the front of his shin, giving me to understand that he would be grateful if I could do anything for it. Fortunately I had a few simple medicaments and some lint and bandages with me, and I dressed the ugly wound, all the others looking on with the greatest interest. After that he never failed to come two or three times a day to have his wound attended to, seeming to have perfect confidence in my skill! His companions soon saw in this an opportunity of getting a little attention for themselves also, and gradually I came to have quite enough to do attending to all their hurts, for these poor fellows get dreadfully knocked about in the execution of their various and dangerous duties. Especially their legs and feet are bound to suffer, being unprotected, against the jagged edges of the pointed rocks over which they scramble all day long when tracking barefooted; the bamboo ropes also inflict nasty wounds when not handled warily, or when as sometimes happens they snap in two under the tremendous tension they are made to bear. These bamboo ropes are a standing wonder to us, for it is little short of a marvel to see a line not much thicker than a man's finger with a huge junk at one end of it and perhaps three hundred trackers

at the other. Add to the combined weights of these the friction of the rocks over which the rope is dragged, and the resistance of the water through which it travels, and some idea may be formed of the strain which these ropes are called upon to bear, yet they seldom break, only one having given way during all the time we have been struggling upstream.

To-day we have made but slow progress owing to so many rapids, also to the accident to our bow-sweep. We are now laid up for the night at a place at least fifteen miles from Kwei-chou-fu, though at one moment we had hoped to sleep there.

April 15th.—We were off again in good time this morning, but again delayed by several small rapids, where we had to wait our time behind other junks also making their slow way upstream. We reached the Hei-shih-tan, the last serious rapid which we have to contend with before arriving at Kwei-chou-fu, at about two P.M., at the entrance of the Fung-Shian or Windbox Gorge. Finding ourselves so near to our ultimate destination, and seeing no less than five big junks waiting to be towed up before the coast could be made clear for us, we decided to leave the kwatsze, and perform the rest of our journey in our accompanying red-boat, which owing to its diminutive size and its great lightness can of course travel at almost twice the speed of the larger and heavier craft. Having therefore made the master of the red-boat understand that he was to convey us as speedily as possible to the English steamer lying at

Kwei-chou-fu, we took our places in the frail little craft, and started off on the last stage of our journey upstream. The Windbox Gorge about four miles long is stupendously beautiful. The river here narrows to about 300 yards, and at times in the year when it is full and consequently about 40 feet higher, the flow of water is so rapid and formidable that no boat could live in it, and the government detains junks by placing a chain from bank to bank across the entrance of the gorge, until the fall occurs which again converts the "race" into a navigable river. This fall is indicated by the appearance of a high rock in midstream called the "goose-tail rock," which at low water projects 40 feet from the water, but at high water is absolutely submerged. Up this beautiful gorge we sailed, a favouring wind behind us most of the time. When it failed as it occasionally did for a moment the crew of four lazily plied their oars, whistling and calling the while for the vanished breeze. Except for the plash of their oars and these wind calls no sound broke the stillness. On either hand rose sheer from the water magnificent vertical cliffs of white limestone scored with a thousand miniature caves and fissures by the unceasing action of the waters. It took us two hours to sail through the gorge, and when we finally emerged from it, it was to find ourselves in totally different surroundings. The country was now open and more friendly; little farmsteads were dotted about, and every square inch of available land seemed

IN THE "WINDBOX" GORGE

THE YANGTSE RIVER

turned to account for the cultivation of a crop. Another couple of hours passed, and then to our great joy we spied the yellow funnels of H.M.S. *Kinsha*, the end of our journey, the goal we had set ourselves to reach. It was nearly six P.M. when we stepped on board, and were made heartily welcome by her captain, Commander Powell, and his officers, and it was with the greatest pleasure that we soon after sat down to dinner with them and heard "King's English" talked after so many days spent in purely Chinese surroundings.

We remained two whole days on the "*Kinsha*." Kwei-chou-fu has up to the present enjoyed the reputation of being a thoroughly anti-foreign place; and Mrs Bishop, the traveller, was stoned there not ten years ago. The presence of the *Kinsha* has had a most salutary effect on the natives of the district, who besides being over-awed by her guns, have learnt to appreciate the foreigner for the good he does in providing a ready market for their produce. The only missionary in the place is an old Roman Catholic priest belonging to the "Missions Etrangères de Paris." Père Roger has been over thirty years in China. With an escort of eight Chinese soldiers we went up to the city on the hill to pay him a visit. To get to his house we had to walk right through the town, and Père Roger said I was the first European lady to his knowledge who had ever penetrated inside the walls. The people of course stared at me, but not more than we should

stare at a Chinese lady in her native dress walking up Bond Street and flattening her nose against the shop windows, and not a single mark of disrespect was shown to our party, though Captain Powell confessed afterwards that he had been rather apprehensive of some unpleasantness. The town itself was much like any other Chinese town, with its narrow foul-smelling crowded streets and ruined temples. Père Roger's little house and church were scrupulously clean but very poor. He told us that he had over 300 Catholic families, some of whom had been Christians for 200 years and more. He himself was dressed like a Chinaman and lives on Chinese fare; he speaks Chinese perfectly, and told us that he had even come to think in that language. He lives absolutely alone in their midst, with no European intercourse whatever, beyond the occasional visits of fellow missionaries or travellers like ourselves.

April 17th.—We slept on board the *kwatsze* on the night of the 17th preparatory to an early start the next morning. It was a curious experience, and one I can never forget having been thus entertained on board an English man-of-war 1130 miles from the nearest seaport.

April 18th.—We started down-stream at five A.M. As we slid down rapid after rapid with vertiginous speed, it was difficult to realise the tremendous strain of the upward journey past those same rocks and obstructions. It was with a feeling of keen regret

that we gazed back at the magnificent scenery we were so rapidly leaving; the beauty of the Yangtse Gorges is of so unique and stupendous a character that once seen it can never be forgotten. The risks of the down-journey have been enormously exaggerated, still it is an undeniably exciting experience, and the moment when one finds himself in a rickety old junk apparently at the mercy of the 12-knot current in a foaming whirlpool, leaves nothing to be desired in the way of a sensation, but the danger is so quickly passed that one has hardly time to realise it. The Shintan rapid for instance which we took six hours to get past in the upward journey we came down over in as many minutes. We arrived at Ichang at half-past nine P.M. of the 19th of April, and left again on the 23rd on board the *Kweilee* of the China Merchant Service, arriving at Hankow at two P.M. on the 25th. At Hankow we transferred ourselves and our baggage to the *Ngankin*, and finally arrived safe and sound at Shanghai, April 30th, after a most delightful trip lasting just one month!

PEKING

PEKING is admittedly the dirtiest and most evil-smelling town in the world. Travellers who have experienced the odours and sights of such cities as Seoul, Bagdad and Constantinople, easily give the palm to the capital of China, which a witty foreigner once appropriately nicknamed " Pékin-les-Odeurs."

Intersected by canals of stagnant green water, from which a fierce sun draws the most sickening odour, surrounded by frowning brown walls in a setting of sand, in spring swept by winds carrying clouds of fine dust, deluged in summer by rains which convert into quagmires the already impassable streets, inhabited by an infragrant population ignorant of the most elementary laws of sanitation, cleanliness or decency, Peking is enough to disgust at first sight the most hardened of travellers. Imagine if you can the capital of a great country where the refuse of houses is turned out into the highways, where the pigs and the dogs are the recognised scavengers, where the sewage of the town is collected in big open holes at the sides of the streets (a foreigner was lately drowned by falling into one of these holes on a dark night), where the masseur, the chiropodist,

the aurist, the barber, and the butcher ply their offensive trades in the open, whilst lepers, beggars and lunatics wander unchecked, displaying their wounds, their nakedness and their antics!

But in spite of so much that disgusts and offends one in this wreck of an imperial city, who can deny the charm of Peking, that unique and most fascinating city of the East! Is it the historic side that appeals to one or the variety and movement of its street-life, or are we attracted by the mystery shrouded behind those pale pink walls within which lives the all but invisible Son of Heaven, the despotic ruler of four hundred millions of men?

From time immemorial a town appears to have stood on the site of the present Peking. The first time we hear of one was in 1121 B.C., when a city existed called Chi. That city was taken and destroyed in 221 B.C., and was replaced by another called Yen. Between the seventh and tenth centuries of the Christian Era Yen became Yeoutcheou, and in 986 was burnt by the Liaos, who on the same spot rebuilt a town named Yen-King. In 1135 the Chin dynasty overthrew the Liaos, and appropriated their capital to which they added a new town, which together with the old they called Tchoung-Tow. In 1215 another turn of the wheel of fortune displaced the Chin dynasty, the Mongols succeeding to the Chinese throne under Gengis Khan. His grandson, Kublai Khan, erected in 1264 a new town north of the old one, which he

named Ta-tou or Great Capital, but which eventually came to be known out of compliment to him as Kambalick or the City of the Great Khan. This name was first brought to Europe by Marco Polo as Cambaluc. In 1368 occurred yet another change of dynasty, the Mings overthrowing the Mongols, and again the name of the capital was altered, this time to Pe'p-ing-fou. In 1409 the Emperor Yunglo established himself personally there, and his capital was henceforth known by its present name of Pei-ching or Northern Capital.

Peking consists of two cities, the "Tartar" and the "Chinese," having in common one out of the four walls by which each is surrounded. This common wall is pierced by three gates, the Ha-ta-men or Gate of Sublime Learning, the Chien-men or Front Gate, and the Shun-chih-men or the South Straight Gate, which give access from one city to another, and are closed at sunset according to ancient custom.

The Tartar city is not as has been so often stated a perfect square, for the north and south walls are appreciably longer than the others, but it is built true to the points of the compass, and has six big gates, besides those already mentioned, called respectively (1) the Ch'i-hwa-men or Chaou-yang-men or Facing Sun Gate, (2) the Tung-chih-men or Eastern Straight Gate, (3) the Anting-men or Gate of Peace and Tranquillity (before which Lord Elgin's army camped in 1860), (4) the Tesheng-men or Gate of Attained Victory, (5) the Hsi-chih-

men or Western Straight Gate, and (6) the P'ing-tse-men or Gate of Just Law.

The arches of these gateways are built of solid granite, and the doors are of heavy wood studded with iron nails.

The crenellated walls of the Tartar city are twenty-one miles in circumference and over forty feet high; they are the finest surrounding any city extant. In 1437 they were already in existence, and were made of beaten mud; the Emperor Yung-lo faced them on both sides with brick, giving them their present massive appearance. Access is gained to the wide *terre-plein* on their summit by inclined ramps, situated each side of the gates and also at intervals between them. Here the foreign resident finds refuge for his daily stroll amongst the weeds and the brambles growing at will in the interstices of the fifty-foot broad paved way; here he lingers admiring the sunset view, for here alone in all Peking can he escape the noxious presence of the infragrant blue-gowned crowd of the streets. No Chinese civilian and no Chinese women are ever allowed to walk on the walls for fear that their presence should be considered an affront by the redoubtable Kwanti, God of War, who presides over the defences of the city. Over each of the nine city gates, except where destroyed during the troubles of 1900, are huge square empty towers eighty to ninety feet high, from the simulated embrasures of which peep the painted muzzles of imaginary guns! Each

gate is further defended on the outer side by a circular enciente, of which the walls are as high and as thick as the main wall.

The gates best known to the foreigner are those three already mentioned as dividing one city from the other, namely the Ha-ta-mên at the east end of the legation quarter, the Chien-mên opposite the entrance to the Forbidden City, and the Shun-chih-mên still further to the west through which we pass when riding out to the race-course. The so-called "Water Gate" was pierced by the allied troops in 1900, at the head of the canal, over the existing sluice-gates through which the British contingent crept on the occasion of the relief of the Legations. It is still sentinelled by foreign soldiers and gives access to the railway station.

The tower over the Chien-mên was burnt at that time, and is now in course of reconstruction by the Chinese. The mile-expanse of wall between the Ha-ta-mên and the Chien-mên gates was one of the chief scenes of attack and defence during the Siege of that year.

The Chien-mên enciente is pierced by four gates, the one opposite to the main entrance being only opened for the Emperor, when, coming from the Forbidden City he passes through it down the wide Chien-mên street to the distant temple of Heaven, or to his palace in the imperial hunting park. Here also are the small temples of Kwanti, God of war, and of the Goddess of mercy, where the Emperor and

THE LEGATION QUARTER OF PEKING

(THE BRITISH LEGATION IS IN THE TOP LEFT-HAND CORNER)

the Empress-Dowager stopped to worship on their return to Peking after the troubles of 1900. The wall above this spot is a favourite coign of vantage with foreigners whence to get a glimpse of their Majesties on suchlike occasions. The Chien-mên enciente is a spot specially selected by poor homeless beggars, who find a comparative shelter within the walls and under the arch of the gateway after the doors have been closed. In winter many of these beggars succumb to the cold, for the thermometer often falls to 8 degrees (fahr.) below zero, and a cart comes round as a matter of course in the mornings to collect the frozen bodies of victims. It is considered by rich Chinese a specially lucrative act of virtue to provide coffins for these poor wretches, who would otherwise have to be buried without.

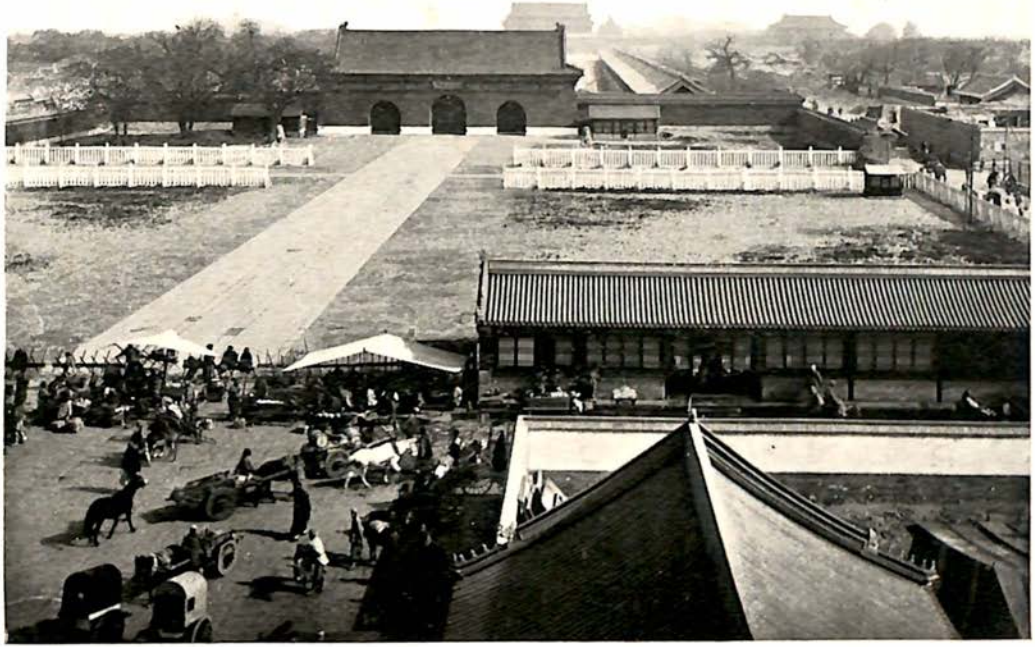
The walls of the "Chinese city" are lower and narrower on the top than those of the "Tartar city," and were built in the year 1544. When, in 1644, the present line of Manchus usurped the throne, they gave to the victorious soldiers who had assisted in consolidating their dynasty the exclusive right of habitation in the Tartar city, relegating the Chinese to what consequently became known as the "Chinese city." The gates between them were as we have seen closed one hour after sunset to reopen only at sunrise, thus guarding against a night attack. The troops so favoured were called "Bannermen," and were of mixed Manchu, Mongol, and Chinese origin; their descendants still exist under the same

name, and continue to inhabit Peking, but by degrees the two cities have overflowed into each other to suit the popular convenience, and though the old custom of opening and shutting the gates still prevails, the existing barriers between them are otherwise nominal. No theatres or opium dens are allowed in the Tartar city, and these haunts of amusement and vice therefore cluster as close as they can on the Chinese side of the forbidden line.

The view from the walls is the most enchanting and least disappointing of the sights of Peking, especially at the sunset hour when the weather is fine. It is then so fantastically beautiful that once seen it can never be forgotten. Piled up against clouds of blue, crimson and gold are the violet hills of the West, whilst before us over the crests of a forest of trees rise the curling yellow-tiled roofs of the palaces, mixed with the brown and the grey of commoner houses.

Poor Peking! Thus only should you be seen, from above and afar, a nearer acquaintance but dispels a fair dream.

Inside the square of the Tartar city is a pink-walled quadrangle, known as the imperial city. Here are the barracks of soldiers besides many public offices, and the dwellings of mandarins and officials. Its four massive gates give access at the four points of the compass to the innermost square enshrined like a gem in the heart of Peking, the mysterious Forbidden City! At these four gates soldiers are



MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE FORBIDDEN CITY

stationed, who refuse all admittance, whilst at each corner of the pink yellow-capped walls as well as over the gates of the sacred enclosure are towers, built for the imperial guard, who watch night and day over China's Emperor. The Forbidden City is further protected by a deep and wide moat which circles all round it.

The Western Park or "Si Yuen" inside the Forbidden City is one of the loveliest spots in Peking. Many have seen it silent and deserted during the absence of the court, whilst the city was in the hands of the allies. Few I imagine have had our good fortune in being invited to spend a day there after it was once more closed to the public, and whilst the court was in residence. The Empress-Dowager was herself not visible that day, but the brightly-clad groups of princesses sent by her to receive us, together with their gorgeous retinue of officials, eunuchs and slave-girls, lent colour and life to the enchanting scene.

Floating on the waters of the famed lotus-lake was an imperial barge awaiting our pleasure. We stepped into it, and sitting under the grateful shade of the yellow awning drifted away past kiosques and pagodas, under the glistening arch of a white marble bridge, till we drew near the bank on the opposite side, where silvery willows dipped their long branches. Here we landed and wandered about, delighted with the green and beautiful prospect so greatly in contrast with the noise and

glare of dirty Peking. The pleasure grounds bore a deserted aspect, as if seldom visited, and weeds grew thickly in the paths. At the edge of the lake was a toy railroad two miles long, built for the Emperor's amusement, but the train and the engine were gone, looted no doubt or destroyed together with all the other treasures of gold, silver and jade, of silks, furs and jewels found stored in the Imperial magazines at the time of the occupation of the Forbidden City by foreign troops. We passed the Silk Temple where the Empress goes in state once a year to feed the Sacred Silkworms, and the Pavilion of Purple Light, where for the first time and with scant ceremony the foreign ministers were received by the Emperor in 1874. We visited also a circular temple in which sitting aloft was a priceless jade Buddha over life-size. There were traces of shells on the walls of this temple, directed thither by the foreign troops in the year 1900, and on the floor many valuable vases were lying in fragments. In the course of our walk we came also to the "Palace of Earth's Repose," whither the Dowager-Empress retired at the time when Kwang-Hsü's long minority being over she relinquished the reins of government into his hands, and vacated the apartments adjoining his, which she had hitherto occupied in the Winter Palace. We were conducted through lofty stone-paved halls adorned with blackwood carvings into a central court, where vines and wistaria ran riot. This

palace was in 1900 the headquarters of General von Waldersee and his staff, and it narrowly escaped total destruction by fire, at a time when the general himself had a lucky escape, and one of his officers unfortunately perished in the flames. The palace is bare now of all objects of worth, all the jade curios are gone, and the red lacquer throne and the blue and white porcelains. Some perished by fire, most were carried off by the temporary occupants of the imperial residence. We were admitted also to the palace where the Emperor was detained for some time after the *Coup d'Etat* of 1898. It is a sumptuous dwelling built on an island, and connected with the mainland only by a drawbridge. All the apartments are beautifully furnished according to Chinese notions of comfort, with carved blackwood and yellow silk hangings. I could not help thinking that he and his courtiers and ladies must have found the tedium of captivity considerably lessened by the luxury of the quarters assigned to them and the exquisite views from the terraces.

The Meishan or Coal Hill is an artificial eminence a hundred and fifty feet high, also within the "forbidden" area of the city of Peking. It is surrounded by a moat and a wall over a mile in circumference. The name of this hill has its origin in an old tradition that at some time in its history it contained a deposit of coal placed there as a reserve from which to draw fuel in case of a pro-

longed siege of the town, but although several holes have at different times been bored into it no coal has ever been found. The Coal Hill serves another purpose however, for according to Chinese ideas its great height forms a barrier against evil influences from the North, which would otherwise threaten the Imperial City; as such it is carefully guarded from foreigners, and its lovely paths are closed to the public. From the wall we can see it quite plainly; it is adorned by several fanciful double-roofed kiosques capped with imperial yellow tiles, and connected one with the other by wooded walks; its five-crested summit is crowned by as many red temples, close to one of which the last of the Ming emperors sought his own death by hanging after the victorious Manchus had captured the city.

The streets of Peking offer perhaps more amusement to a tourist than to the resident, for their peculiarities are apt to pall on the latter. Almost all the roadways are elevated about two feet above the wide ditches which separate them from the lines of shops and dwelling-houses. These roadways are exclusively reserved for wheeled traffic. Here the carter cracking his long whip urges forward his mixed team of a pony, a mule and a donkey, all ingeniously harnessed abreast by a system of ropes passed through big iron hoops. There a ricksha impertinently forces its way, the human horse in the shafts straining every

muscle of his bare back and arms, whilst the "fare" lolls back at his ease. Yonder one-wheeled barrow is the poor man's omnibus. See how skilfully the driver balances the weight on his shoulders by means of the strap passed over his neck, but what a weight it must be to propel. The diminutive donkey with a cavalier jauntily perched on his tail and the vicious little China pony are as frequently met as the long lines of camels ragged in summer, superb in their winter furs, who traverse the city laden with coal or with lime from the hills.

And the archaic "Peking Cart," the private carriage of the well-to-do native and of all foreigners, whose official position does not entitle them to the use of a "chair"!

I shall never forget my first and only experience of a "cart." When it came to the door I was quite impressed with its smart appearance, and the fine strapping mule bitted according to custom over the gum. The driver was equally picturesque in his grey cotton gown, with a crimson tassel to his mushroom-shaped hat. At first all went well. I crawled into the vehicle according to careful instructions *headforemost*, after placing one knee on the shaft. Once inside, a dexterous twist and I found myself sitting on the floor of the springless cart with my legs extended before me. The attitude was very uncomfortable and seemed somehow wanting in dignity, but I remembered that on the

occasion of her flight from Peking after the siege had been raised, the Empress-Dowager travelled in a similar vehicle, and I began to think better of myself! So I settled my skirts and cheerfully gave the signal to start. The driver collected his reins in one hand and with a "birr" to his mule started off running at something between a walk and a trot by the side of the cart. Presently he touched the mule with his whip and lightly vaulted on to the shaft (for the Peking cart boasts of no driver's seat), thus effectually cutting me off from all view or fresh air. Oh dear! shall I ever forget the horrors of the next few moments? There being no springs to the cart the jolting over the rough roads was dreadful to bear. Some of these roads are formed of large paving stones, two to three feet square, and these being put loosely together with ruts and holes from six to twelve inches deep between them make progress along them with any speed a matter of torture to the unaccustomed, apparently threatening the dislocation of every joint. Helpless in the depths of that horrible cart I was bumped from this side to that like a parcel of oats; down went one wheel into a rut, my hat got knocked off, I endeavoured to adjust it, oh my poor funnybone! I began to get angry. How futile. A dust-storm*

*"The Northern part of China is the land of dust-storms. On some sunshiny days it is noticed that the rays of the sun appear to be less powerful than usual. Presently they are obscured. No cloud is to be seen, but a dull haze of a dark brown hue becomes more and more pervasive, until the dust settles down quietly from above, or if

A PEKING CART

was blowing as though to make matters worse, and a cloud of sand enveloped the cart. I swallowed a peckful of it; it covered my clothes and my hair with a fine white deposit; it got into my eyes and made them cry. What was to be done? Why, nothing; I could not even ask to get out, for the rumble of the iron-studded wheels crashing over the pavement simply drowned my voice. So I held on with both hands and solemnly vowed that I'd never set foot in a "cart" again, and I kept my word.

Li Hung Chang's funeral was one of the most curious sights I have seen in the streets of Peking. In China people are not buried when they die, but have to wait for an auspicious day determined upon after much searching of mind by certain astrologers called in by the family. The ceremony of the great statesman's funeral, who died on November 7th, 1901, was therefore fixed to commence on May 31st, 1902; and on the morning of that day we were invited to pay him our last respects in the Family Temple in Peking, where his coffin awaited its final

the wind has arisen arrives in swirls speedily enveloping everything, so that on the worst occasions it may be necessary to light the lamps in the middle of the day. No one knows whence the dust comes, why it comes at some times and not at others, or why it comes at all. It is simply an indisputable and an influential fact." Smith's "China in Convulsions."

(One theory is that the dust comes on a North-west wind from the desert of Gobi. On June 3, 1902, the atmosphere in Peking was as thick and yellow at three o'clock in the afternoon as it might be in London in a thick yellow fog.—Author's note.)

removal. The chief mourner was Li's son, who appeared to be in a state of most abject grief. Following the usual Chinese custom in the case of mourning for a father, he was unshaven and unwashed, and wore a most unbecoming ill-fitting and dirty garment of sackcloth. (Since then I have heard that a memorial was subsequently addressed to the throne, petitioning that posthumous honours should be conferred upon this devoted son who shortly after accompanying his father's body to the grave himself expired from grief at his loss! His death occurring at that time was probably nothing more than a curious coincidence.)

Li's coffin was concealed from the public gaze behind a curtain at the back of an altar, upon which was set out a beautiful set of blue cloisonné candlesticks and vases. Incense was kept burning on the altar, which was draped in white as was also the funeral chamber. At the right of the altar stood the deceased statesman's son in the costume I have described, and on his left stood another family mourner also clothed in white from head to foot, but looking cleaner and smarter, owing to the fact that the more distant relationship between him and Li Hung Chang made it allowable for him to shave. On the left of the altar stood two other mourners also in white. In front of the altar were placed three cushions. Two of them were uncovered, but a silken wrapper was thrown over the centre one, which was only removed when a specially

great mandarin came to kotow, which he did first to the invisible coffin and afterwards to each of the watching mourners, who returned the salute by joining their hands before their faces and afterwards touching the floor with their foreheads. On leaving the "presence" we were conducted through an outer hall draped in white, the light of the windows being subdued, and here tea and sweetmeats were handed about by retainers. At the outer door stood two sentries, who presented arms as we passed in and out. A band of Chinese musicians discoursed unmelodious strains at intervals, but the general impression was certainly not one of solemnity, the details being too grotesque, and the date of the funeral too far removed from that of the actual death.

In the courtyard of the house of mourning were arrayed a whole menagerie of weird beasts over life size, their coats and plumage being represented by dried fir twigs. I noticed an immense and most comically-shaped Chinese pug amongst others. There was also a small regiment of life-sized horses, constructed on light bamboo frames covered with paper and coloured to imitate life. Each one was mounted by a Chinaman in correct official dress, with hat, boots and pig-tail complete. These stuffed cavaliers in their coloured paper garments looked so life-like as almost to deceive one at a short distance. Looked at closely, however, it was impossible not to laugh at the fixed expressions of

man and beast; the cavaliers sat their horses so primly, and all looked in the same direction with such a sweet smile on their painted faces! The comic side of the whole thing was still further accentuated, when presently man and beast were bodily hoisted up and carried away on men's shoulders to the place of their execution, for all were burnt in the evening in order that the deceased statesman might have the use of them in the spirit-world to which he was supposed to have retired. In the same way were sent after him the effigies of his servants, houses, Peking carts, family shrines, official chairs, and wives. Outside the house also were innumerable ten-foot poles carrying boards on which were inscribed in huge gold letters an account of the great worth and excellence of the departed statesman, and recording also the many titles by which he had been known in his life-time, to say nothing of those conferred upon him by imperial decree after his death.

On the following morning we saw the funeral procession start through the streets of Peking on its long journey to the province of An-hui, where Li Hung Chang was to be finally laid to rest in the family tomb, for it is customary in China to return at the last to the place where one first saw the light. The streets were lined with imperial troops standing shoulder to shoulder. The cortège consisted of paper horsemen, animals, carriages and

servants similar to those burnt on the previous night, carried aloft on men's shoulders; then came the official umbrellas and red signboards. Afterwards appeared the chief mourner still clothed in sackcloth, and walking alone under a white canopy supported by eight men. Immediately behind him clustered a white group of secondary mourners, and behind these again were the wives and female relations peeping from between the blinds of the white Sedan chairs in which they were hidden. At last came the funeral car itself, huge and gorgeous, an immense catafalque covered with red and gold trappings, and carried upon the shoulders of no less than forty-eight bearers in white. The bier was followed by live chargers led by grooms, the property of the deceased, and after them came a multitude of retainers dressed most quaintly in apple-green coats, studded with white spots as large as half-crowns. The procession was closed by a number of Peking carts and Sedan chairs, all draped in white; and dotted along the whole line of the straggling procession were at intervals musicians and hired mourners, who played doleful notes on discordant wind-instruments, hammered upon brass gongs, or drew the weirdest boo-hoos from huge sobbing-pumps shaped like gigantic garden syringes. Largesse in the shape of paper coin of false gold and silver was also distributed along the whole route. And all the time the dust flew in clouds, and the sun beat fiercely upon the heads of the

gaping crowds; seldom could one see a more typical sight in Peking.

But to return to the streets: the broad side-ditches, the condition of which simply baffles description, are used by foot-passengers who have to pick their way round heaps of dirt and stagnant foul-smelling puddles. Hundreds of open air pedlars establish themselves here on every available spot, who erect awnings on poles under which to expose their wares. These consist of old clothes, chiefly made of blue cotton, live birds, old iron of every description, snuff-bottles, water-pipes, etc, etc., and the vendors incessantly vaunt the value of these second-hand wares, chanting the price in a sort of sing-song rather pleasant to hear. The sights of the streets are most varied and sometimes terribly repulsive. Here lies a beggar almost naked in the sun, his hair grown wild falls like a mop all over his face; Peking beggars don't shave the front of their heads, and appear to dispense with the pig-tail; its absence strikes one, so used does one become to the sight of that appendage. There a blind masseur feels his way with a stick, his trade is a good one and of very old date; the people all treat him kindly, calling him "master," for they have a great reverence for age and certain classes of infirmity. Babies and pigs wallow side by side in the mud of which there is plenty, for even in the wet season the streets are constantly sprinkled, converting the layers of dust into inches of slippery mud.

A crowd of people attracts your attention. Peeping over their shoulders you see one of two things, either a contortionist performing some wonderful feat, or a story-teller holding his audience entranced. Close by is a fortune-teller shaking his spills in a box, whilst quite handy is the street-barber, who will shave any man's head (without soap) for a cent. If a Chinese is ill a quack will prescribe some strange drug on the spot, if he is hungry he finds food to his hand. There are stalls at every turn where the most fearsome-looking victuals are prepared in an instant; if he likes fish there are open tubs in the street in which wretched eels await his command; don't look that way unless you want to be shocked, for that is the shambles where those sheep will shortly be killed, but if you are a lover of birds stop here a minute and note how pretty they are and how tame, perched on their twigs, inviting a purchase.

Behind all these stalls are the curio-shops, where rich merchants offer you tea, and have to be pressed to bring out their beautiful wares from their yellow silk wrappings. The front of these shops is often in striking contrast to the poverty and dirt of the rest of Peking. When new, the shop fronts are covered with gold leaf but that soon fades and grows dim, and then they become as shabby as everything else. The signboards are decked out with flags and swing bravely over the doors, the nature of the goods sold within being often por-

trayed on their surface, whilst their excellence is extolled in letters of gold.

There are many different types to be seen in the course of a walk in Peking—Chinese, Manchus, Mongols and Tartars, fat mandarins gazing through horned spectacles, merchants grown yellow from their long confinement behind the counter, long-queued blue-gowned workmen with a handkerchief generally twisted about their heads, priests all shaven and shorn, street-idlers carrying a singing-bird perched on the end of a stick, or busily engaged over a cricket-fight, which is the Pekingese substitute for a cock-fight, at home, and soldiers with the breech of their guns wrapped up in red flannel to keep out the dust. But you won't see any women of the upper classes, for they seldom venture from home, except in the safe depths of their Peking carts. In the Chinese city, however, and along the canal lower class women are frequently seen, all ugly alas! and prematurely aged.

The noises of Peking street life are quite deafening, and all unmelodious except the whirr of the pigeons, whose circling flight is marked by the music of whistles attached over their tails; there are eleven different notes amongst these whistles, and as a flight of pigeons passes overhead, the wind in them produces an exquisite sound like the sigh of an Eolian harp.

Such are the streets of Peking, gay, dirty and

noisy, gayer, dirtier and noisier perhaps than any other streets in the world!

The most interesting sights of Peking are the Temple of Heaven already described, the Bell Tower, the Drum Tower, the Yellow Temple, the Great Lama Temple, and the Temple of Confucius. The Peitang is the principal object of modern interest.

The Bell Tower is well worth a visit, for it covers the largest suspended bronze bell in the world, with a circumference of 34 feet at the rim, and a weight of 120,000 lbs. avoirdupois It was cast with four others in 1406, by Yung-lo, and cost the lives of eight poor men, whose imprisoned spirits find utterance in its resonant voice when it is rung at the annual festival, or on other special occasions. A hole near the top prevents the sound waves from bursting this exquisite bell, which hangs in its tower like the inverted cup of a great campanula flower, and is covered both within and without by a fine network of characters, 84,000 in number, each one of which is half an inch long.

Close to it is the Drum Tower, a splendid Mongol keep, pierced at the base by an arch and holding a drum, which beaten at intervals marks the passage of time. This tower was rebuilt by Chienlung, and commands a magnificent view of the city and its surroundings.

From the walls of Peking one can trace also the

clustering roofs of the Yellow Temple, a stronghold of Buddhism even in the days of K'angshi. Here in a shady court is the superb reliquary of a Thibetan tesho-lama, who came to Peking in the days of Chienlung (1780), and died there of small-pox. This beautiful white marble dagoba covers his infected garments, which were enclosed in a priceless casket and deposited here, his body being returned in a gold coffin to Lassa. The carvings of the eight panels represent scenes from his life, and in the medallion are the Buddhist trinity of Fo Fa and Seng. This exquisite monument is one of the finest examples of pure Buddhist art to be seen in Peking, but alas! sadly defaced by the Japanese during the troubles of 1900.

Not far off is the splendid Lama Temple, which was anciently the palace of the Emperor Yung Cheng, and upon his accession was made over by him to the Buddhists, with an endowment sufficient to support 3000 lamas. Now their numbers have dwindled to about 500, who are presided over by a "Living Buddha." They are a set of the most villainous-looking rascals one would be likely to meet anywhere in China. Their reputation for rudeness and inhospitality to foreigners dates far back, and before the Siege no tourist could have hoped to gain admittance to their temple, or if he managed to force his way in, would have been liable to very rough treatment from the priests. Since the troubles of 1900, however, they have learnt a

A GROUP OF LAMA PRIESTS IN THEIR OFFICIAL ROBES

lesson, and the temple is now easy of access. It is certainly one of the finest and most interesting in Peking, with its great wooden halls built one behind the other, each being divided from its successor by a broad paved court. At right angles to these halls of prayer are guest houses and living apartments belonging to the priests. In one of the shrines is a huge gilded Buddha carved from the trunk of one tree and standing with his head touching the roof 70 feet above. In the main shrine are three seated Buddhas, and two standing figures, one on either hand of the central image, whilst eighteen Lohans or disciples are ranged along the sides. Upon the altar is a wonderful set of old cloisonné and gilt bronze vessels, censers and utensils, probably the gift of some Emperor. The erstwhile beauty of the furniture in this temple is however tarnished and faded, the hangings are dirty, and the paint is worn. In the large hall behind the main temple priests were assembled and a service was going on the day we visited it. We stayed for some time and watched unhindered the strange and picturesque sight. In the deep recesses of the hall, which was lighted only by three giant doorways, rose in dim majesty the figure of the seated Buddha, whilst in front of him, but with his back to the image so as to face the people, sat enthroned the high priest, his living incarnation. In front of him again, also facing the people, stood a youthful priest in

curious vestments of deep red and orange who offered sacrifice of fruit and wine.

At right angles to this central group and stretching from the doorways to the furthest extremity of the great hall, interrupted only by the simple but massive columns, which, shooting straight into the air supported at intervals the roof, were rows of low forms or stools, before which knelt the priests each with his own sacred book open before him. They were all dressed alike in sombre terra-cotta-hued cloaks from shoulder to ankle, and on their heads they wore the same orange-coloured fantastic head-gear as the young officiating priest. Their ages varied from sixty years to ten, or even less, and all their heads were shaved. These lamas are chiefly Mongols, and their type of countenance is quite other than that of the Chinese. They chanted with indifference and irreverence a monotonous reiteration of the same sentence occasionally beating upon a gong or ringing a bell, and afterwards filed out of the mysterious Hall of Prayer back into the blazing sun of the great stone-paved court outside. This courtyard was packed with human beings eagerly waiting to see the celebrated "devil dance" which takes place but twice in the year. We had been given places in the balcony of a pagoda whence we had an excellent view. After a short interval two terrible creatures suddenly hurled themselves, I know not whence, into the very midst of the expectant crowd. They were dressed alike, in skin-tight

garments of white, with death's-head masks upon their heads and red painted flames licking their limbs from foot to knee. In their hands they carried fearsome-looking long-lashed whips to be used in clearing a space for the dance. With demoniacal yells they dashed about pushing back the crowd and catching the unwary with the tip of their whips until at last they had made sufficient room. Then from the temple emerged the strangest procession I have ever seen, and slowly advanced to the place prepared by these satanic servitors. I could not count the number of priests so strangely travestied, but their vestments were all most beautiful and all of different hues, whilst upon his head each wore a huge and ghastly mask of bird or beast, one more grotesque or more awful than the other. To the slow and measured cadence of unmelodious music, they advanced in pairs or fours, and solemnly performed some wondrous antics, exchanging bows and circling round each other, their huge heads lolling from side to side to the time and movements of their bodies. This performance went on for hours, to the immense delight of the crowd who, regardless of the attentions of the long-whipped devils, drew closer, in an ever diminishing circle, in their eagerness to see.

It was a most curious scene, and as we tired of the "devil dance" we had leisure to note the brilliancy of that picturesque crowd with the blue of the mens' cotton gowns, the lighter hues of the

female dresses, and the gay embroideries of the priestly attire. As I watched the effect of so much colour against the background of the old temple buildings with their curved and dragon-ornamented roofs and their green and orange tiled balustrades, I could not help thinking what a brilliant theme lay here for a clever European artist.

Close to the Lama Temple is the Temple of Confucius, one of the most attractive and peaceful retreats in noisy Peking. It suffers like everything else in China from decay consequent upon centuries of neglect, but nothing can ever rob those quiet weed-overgrown courts of their unspeakable fascination. As we linger under the shade of the giant thuya trees or gaze at the mysterious hieroglyphics on the commemorative tablets recording the names of studious men who since the days of the Mongol dynasty have taken the highest literary degrees in the triennial examinations, our fancy travels undisturbed back into the dim regions of China's history, recalling its many picturesque incidents and the honours which generation after generation have been pleased to lavish upon the great moral teacher of the race. One can people those courts again with the Emperors, Literati and Mandarins who have come through the ages to worship in this Temple of Literature and bow the knee before the tablet of China's sage. The hall in which that simple tablet is enshrined is raised upon a stone terrace with lovely balustrades pierced by three stairways

ENTRANCE TO THE HALL OF CLASSICS, TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS

corresponding to the three doorways of the temple. The front of the building is 84 feet long, great wooden pillars over 40 feet high and painted in dull red supporting the lofty timbered roof. Besides the tablet of Confucius are those of ten of his greatest disciples arranged in separate niches on a lower tier. There is no furniture in the dim and dusty hall, where all is quiet and mysterious, the spiders weaving their delicate webs undisturbed from year's end to year's end. Adjoining the temple is another court where are kept the ten stone drums inscribed with stanzas in an ancient character. They are believed to have been made about the eighth century B.C. to commemorate the hunting expeditions of an Emperor. Chienlung had imitations of these drums made which are kept side by side with the originals. Close by also is the Hall of Classics where once a year the Emperor is supposed to receive the successful graduates; here under cover, are the 300 stone tablets upon which are engraved the authorised texts of the Confucian classics.

The Pei-tang or Northern Cathedral where Bishop Favier conducted so brave a defence during the siege of Peking is visible from the walls. The site of the new church was exchanged for that of the old, whose ruins are now enclosed in the Forbidden City, at the request of the Imperial Family who objected to the latter remaining in the hands of the Christians on account of its overtopping the

Imperial Palace, thus seriously threatening its "Feng-shui"* or good luck.

* Feng-shui = wind and water, or "that which cannot be seen, and that which cannot be grasped." The great geomantic system of the Chinese, by the science of which it is possible to determine the desirability of sites whether of tombs, houses or cities, from the configuration of such natural objects as rivers, trees and hills, and to foretell with certainty the fortunes of any family, community, or individual, according to the spot selected; by the *art* of which it is in the power of the geomancer to counteract evil influences by good ones, to transform straight and noxious outlines into undulating and propitious curves, rescue whole districts from the devastations of flood or pestilence, and "scatter plenty o'er a smiling land" which might otherwise have known the blight of poverty and the pangs of want. . . .

For many years the Chinese urged that the introductlon of railways and telegraph poles would seriously injure the *Feng-shui* or prosperity of the districts through which they might be carried, but this view is gradually melting away, even in the eyes of the most bigoted Chinese statesmen "into the infinite azure of the Past."

As an example among many we may state that the roofs of adjoining houses are never built on the same level. Hence the *Feng-shui* of Oxford Street would in this respect be considered good, that of most Parisian thoroughfares, bad." Giles, "Glossary of Reference," p. 92.

THE DRAGON THRONE

IT may be imagined with what interest I went to the first audience which the Empress-Dowager gave to the ladies of the Corps Diplomatique after my arrival in Peking. We were invited to the Winter Palace which lies in the heart of the Forbidden City. As I was rapidly carried in an official sedan chair past so many now historic spots, my impression was one of numberless great courtyards succeeding each other and connected by Chinese gateways decorated with dragons and other devices. These courts were shaded by magnificent cedar trees and flanked by huge red painted, one-storied buildings, roofed with imperial yellow tiles, probably the dwellings of various members of the court. A canal spanned at intervals by marble bridges threaded its way from one court to another.

As we approached the Holy of Holies our official chairs were forbidden to penetrate further and we had to alight and take our places in Palace chairs upholstered in red satin and slung upon two poles, in which we were carried by imperial bearers through further courtyards and gates to the Great Hall of Audience. This hall is built on a raised terrace of white marble and is approached by a noble flight of

steps, at the foot of which were grouped, waiting for us, a gorgeous company of mandarins, court ladies and attendants.

It was a grateful moment when we passed from the glare of a blazing midday sun into the cool atmosphere and subdued light of the throne-room, in the centre of which stood a huge vase holding a block of solid ice to cool the air. Exactly opposite the door by which we entered sat the Empress-Dowager. In front of her was a high table covered with yellow silk on which were set two vases filled with chrysanthemums, and between them a glass case containing a carved coral sceptre of exquisite workmanship. It was not until the Empress-Dowager pushed aside this glass case, in order to stretch forward and shake hands across the table with the ladies who were presented to her, that I had an opportunity of really studying this remarkable woman of whom I have heard and read so much. She sat upon a kind of Turkish divan covered with figured chinese silk of a beautiful yolk of egg colour; being low of stature, her feet (which are of natural size, she being a Manchu) barely touched the ground, and only her head and shoulders were visible over the table placed in front of her. She wore a Chinese coat, loose and hanging from the shoulders, of a diaphanous pale blue silk material covered with the most exquisite Chinese embroidery of vine leaves and grapes. Round her neck was a pale blue satin ribbon about an inch and a half

wide, studded with large lustrous pearls, pierced, and sewn to the ribbon. Her head was dressed according to the Manchu fashion, the hair being parted in front and brushed smoothly over the ears, to be afterwards caught up at the back and draped high and wide over a kind of paper-cutter of dark green jade set, like an Alsatian bow, crosswise on the summit of the head. The ends of this paper-cutter were decorated with great bunches of artificial flowers, butterflies and hanging crimson silk tassels. Her complexion is that of a North Italian and being a widow her cheeks are unpainted and unpowdered according to Chinese custom in such cases. Her piercing dark eyes when not engaged looking at the ladies roved curiously about amongst her surroundings. Her age is sixty-eight as she told us herself, but her hair being dyed jet black and most of it artificial her appearance is that of a much younger woman. Her hands are long and tapering and like those of many Chinese women very prettily shaped, but they are disfigured by the curious national custom of letting the nails grow inordinately long. The nails of the two smaller fingers of the right hand were protected by gold shields which fitted to the finger like a lady's thimble and gradually tapered off to a length of three or four inches.

Having paid our respects to the Empress-Dowager we turned to salute the Emperor who sat on her left a little behind her. The Emperor's name is really Tsai-Tien but it is considered like that of Confucius

too sacred to be spoken or the characters to be written in the common form. He is therefore known as Kwang-Hsü or "Illustrious Succession." The greatest respect is paid to him by the officials and personnel of the court. His person is so sacred that when he travels abroad the streets are cleared and the shutters of houses closed for fear that some mere mortal should dare to look upon His Majesty. He is addressed kneeling, and the officials who approach him have to make nine prostrations in so doing and dare not raise their eyes to the august countenance. Everything used by him is distinguished by some peculiar mark or colour, for instance, the china that he eats off is of the sacred yellow tint reserved exclusively for him, and he has the undisputed use of a five-clawed dragon by way of ornament on his clothes and effects, where ordinary mortals must be content with a four-clawed monster. His very throne is honoured even when vacant, and in every town in the kingdom there is a Hall, the walls and furniture of which are yellow, dedicated solely to him, where three days before and three days after his birthday all the officials civil and military assemble and kotow, performing before his enthroned tablet the nine prostrations as though he were present.

But in the presence of the Empress-Dowager he plays quite a secondary part. At the first audience which we attended and before we had got to know him by sight, he would probably have escaped our

attention altogether had it not been especially drawn to him by one of the officials, so young does he appear. He is said to be thirty-six years old, but does not look to me a day older than twenty-six. His eyes are his best feature, they are large, dark and sad, set in a square, pallid face the forehead of which is high and retreating and the chin weak and undecided. His dress consists of a long dark blue silk coat reaching to the ankle with wide sleeves covering the hands. The only difference between his attire and that of the other dignitaries of his court is that in his case the embroidered badges on back, chest and shoulders, which together with the "button" surmounting the hat serve to show the rank of the wearer, are enclosed in a circle instead of a square. His hat has an upturned brim and crimson tassel and in the centre of the crown a twisted red silk button which he alone is entitled to wear. A peacock's feather pointing downwards between the shoulders, and secured in a jade holder is attached to the back of the hat. Round his neck he wears a beautiful necklace of green jade and red coral. He took no part whatever in the day's proceedings. When the Empress-Dowager moved, as she afterwards did from one big hall of the Palace to another, the Emperor followed in her train, and always took up the same position behind and to the left of her. He never spoke unless he was addressed.

Standing with the other ladies in the circle which

surrounded the Empress-Dowager, but occupying no more prominent position than they did, was the young Empress Yehonala who unlike her mother-in-law was highly rouged and powdered and had a vivid patch of red upon her lower lip.

The Princess Imperial, adopted in her infancy by the Empress-Dowager, as also the daughters of prince Ching, were likewise present at this our first audience, and these ladies surrounded by their coral-robed attendants formed a most picturesque group in their exquisite garments of pink or other pale-coloured silks embroidered with flowers. As each foreign lady was presented the Empress-Dowager leant forward and graciously shook hands with her. Where has she learnt the ease and dignity with which she receives her European guests? The formal presentation over, she rose and signified, through an interpreter, that we should now be conducted through the various apartments of the Palace to the banqueting hall, where a repast had been prepared for us. In Chinese houses each apartment is separated from the other by an open court. The Empress-Dowager therefore left the throne-room and took her place in a yellow silk carrying-chair which was borne by twelve eunuchs, a thirteenth holding a yellow silk umbrella over the imperial head!

These eunuchs are the servants of the palace, of which all the internal arrangements are in their hands. Their full complement is supposed to be three thousand, but I should not think they reached

anywhere near that number, although there are crowds of them about the Palace all dressed alike in long under-robes of dark silk with a sleeveless overcoat of red or blue in the same material. They are divided into seven departments. The first supplies the food and raiment, the second regulates the bodyguard when the Emperor moves abroad, the third attends to the etiquette of the different members of the Imperial Family and court towards each other, the fourth selects the ladies of the harem and collects the revenues from crown lands, the fifth superintends all necessary repairs in the palace and sees that the streets are cleared and cleaned when a member of the Imperial Family goes out, and the seventh punishes crimes of eunuchs, soldiers and others attached to the court. There is a separate control to regulate the expenses of the palace but the "squeeze" is said to be enormous, and certainly the eunuchs appear very well to do. The first eunuch called Li is a most powerful personage and has more influence than any other official in China with his Imperial mistress.

The foreign ladies followed the Empress-Dowager to the Banqueting Hall each one being supported under the elbows by girl-attendants who were told off in couples to look after us and escort us whereever we went. These girls are inferior maids of honour and are introduced into the Palace every third year in great numbers. At the age of twenty-five they are dismissed and returned with presents

to their fathers who are generally small Manchu bannermen. No Chinese woman is ever taken into the imperial harem or palace, this having been made a condition by the Chinese before they bent their necks under the Manchu yoke in 1644. This accounts for the fact, which at first surprised me, that no woman in the Palace has compressed feet; the Manchu women do not follow that absurd fashion. All these girls appeared quite happy and one whom I questioned as to what she did with her time when not in attendance upon the Emperor replied, "We laugh and play!"

Meanwhile we progressed on our way to the Banqueting Hall, pausing in each apartment to admire its contents and hold converse with the Empress-Dowager by means of our female interpreter. Men of course are rigorously excluded from this portion of the Palace, exception being made only for the Emperor's apartment, an immense gloömy hall with a big dais and gilded throne at one side, and an elaborate "kang" or bed-place occupying nearly the half of the opposite side. The Chinese bed is built on the principle of an oven. It consists of a brick platform raised from the ground, on which are piled cushions and silk coverings. Underneath, in winter, a fire burns, which warms the bricks through and so keeps the sleeper comfortable. At either end of the Emperor's apartment were huge pier glasses framed in carved blackwood frames. But the impression of the whole room was

dark and gloomy in the extreme, being carpetless and badly lighted by paper-glazed windows placed high up against the ceiling.

The Empress-Dowager's room on the other hand was a much more cheerful apartment. It contained the same kind of bed-place and a yellow silk divan, and in the centre mounted on a high pedestal stood an immense block of beautiful dark green jade elaborately carved. Round the room were tables covered with rare bric-a-brac chiefly foreign, probably presents from foreign royalties.

Another apartment we passed through was the Imperial Library, a big room with countless yellow-tasselled lanterns hanging from the ceiling. On shelves against the walls were arranged boxes of manuscripts preserved behind wire screens and fastened with yellow ribbons.

At last we came to the Banqueting Hall and here the most curious sight of all awaited us. In this essentially Chinese hall with its dragon-ornamented gallery and painted columns stood a long table and rows of ordinary European dining-room chairs. They were evidently procured for our special comfort, but they looked strangely tawdry and out of place in their present surroundings. An ordinary cloth was spread upon the table, but in order to preserve its whiteness immaculate it was covered with shiny American oil-cloth, the ground of which was black, besprigged with coloured flowers. The centre of the table was laden with countless dishes of Chinese

dainties and before each place was set a European knife, spoon and fork of inferior metal, besides also a set of blackwood silver-mounted chop-sticks. To each of us was also given a napkin (hailing evidently from Manchester) of coarse cotton, mauve in colour and adorned with a large white floral design. The fare was Chinese, the liquor consisted of tepid beer poured into a wine glass, or champagne in liqueur glasses! Needless to say we did not eat much, although the Empress-Dowager who sat at our table was most anxious that we should do so, and herself set us an example by consuming several bowlsful of rice and milk, a great mark of favour, for she never sits at the same table as her court ladies and always eats in private. On this occasion she was served by kneeling attendants and used imperial yellow china; our dishes were yellow with green and black dragons on them. Later in the day we were given the napkins, chop-sticks, and dishes out of which we had eaten, also the Chinese "menu" as souvenirs of the occasion!

During the meal the Emperor sat in his usual place behind the Empress-Dowager, but was not given anything to eat, though he was offered European cigarettes which he smoked, as did the Empress, with evident relish.

Luncheon over, we were again paraded, and carried off in chairs to the theatre where a long and most tedious performance was gone through for our benefit. We were joined here by the European

gentlemen, the theatre I suppose being considered as outside the private apartments.

At the conclusion of the performance we were conducted back to the court where we had left our own chairs, and from there returned home in the same order in which we had come.

The next time I saw the Empress-Dowager was at Paoting-Fu, a town about seven hours' distant by rail from Peking, whither we had gone with the double object of visiting the University College established there by Yuan Shih Kai, and of witnessing the state entry into the city of their Majesties the Emperor, the Empress-Dowager and the young Empress, together with all the court, including Sheng, Director of Railways, and Yuan Shih Kai, Viceroy of the province of Chihli, two of the most prominent public men in China at this day. The imperial party were returning from the Hsiling or Western Tombs, where the Emperor had gone to offer libations to the manes of departed Emperors of the present dynasty, this being their Che-Chêng or "memorial day," and also to select a suitable spot for his own mausoleum. The court were to spend a week or more at the old imperial palace in Paoting-Fu before returning to Peking. It was the first time such an honour had been conferred upon the city, and great was the excitement of the crowds, especially as on this occasion their Majesties had removed the usual restrictions as to their being looked upon by the multitudes, orders having actually been given

that shops on the route might be kept open, but that the owners should kneel down, and room be made in the front rank for the aged, the infirm and the children who desired to see their sovereigns! It was a hot, dusty day, and we spent the time of waiting in a kind of tent carpeted with red felt, which had been erected by the Chinese officials for the benefit of the foreigners, and here tea was served. We made the acquaintance of several Chinese officials, who presented a most picturesque appearance, although to-day being "Che-Chêng" their dress had to be of a more than usually sombre hue. We had much interesting conversation with them before the imperial train arrived. At last after many false alarms it steamed slowly into the station, and immediately the military music commenced to play, whilst the soldiers presented arms all along the line. It was an immensely long train, consisting of a powerful engine tastefully decorated with groups of Chinese flags, a first-class carriage occupied by the French railway officials, and four or five big special cars with large plate-glass windows, and walls upholstered in pale blue. In the foremost of these I caught sight of the Empress-Dowager sitting facing the engine and looking out, an apparently amused spectator, at the crowds assembled to witness her arrival. The train disappeared into the station, but we had not long to wait before the imperial party detrained and once more appeared on their way to the Palace, moving in procession down the long line

guarded by Yuan Shih Kai's black-turbaned soldiers in their neat uniforms of dark blue bordered with red. Along the route of the procession were many Chinese banners, and "Wan-Ming-San" or "10,000 names umbrellas" offered to their Majesties by the local officials. These umbrellas are a curious feature in every kind of Chinese procession. They are circular and flat, with a flounce hanging from the circle. On the top are inscribed four lucky characters, selected by the donor, and the flounce is embroidered with dragons and flowers. The umbrellas are made of satin, and vary in colour according to individual choice, but yellow may only be used in the case of the Emperor or Empress. The first personage to appear in the procession was the Emperor, borne swiftly along in his yellow chair, and lost to sight almost before his passing had been realised; then came a company of mounted soldiers with drawn swords; then the Empress-Dowager in a yellow chair similar to that of the Emperor. As she came in view those guarding the line fell upon their knees kotowing, with their foreheads to the ground. We who were standing immediately behind them thus had an excellent opportunity of seeing Her Majesty, who perceiving us called loudly to her attendants, "Chiao ta men-tsan chao," "stop the chair," accompanying the order with smart raps of her fan upon the woodwork of the chair. But her order was not understood, and she also was soon lost to sight. The next to be seen was the young

Empress in a really beautiful Peking cart, covered with yellow silk, the wheels set right behind the body of the cart to mark the exalted rank of the occupant, and the fine mule caparisoned with gold filagree harness and yellow silk reins. After that of the young Empress came a long string of other carts carrying less important persons of the court, and mounted horsemen of every kind, the rear being brought up by baggage-waggons laden with things wrapped in yellow cloths and corded with yellow silk. After the procession had passed we returned to our tent, and there made the acquaintance of Prince Su, whom we found stamping up and down the tent in great pain, having just been kicked by a China pony. He was much put out at his attendants failing to find his "chair" amongst the crowds of those waiting, and was very grateful when I offered him mine to convey him home. On the following day he sent a messenger to express his thanks for this small act of courtesy. The Chinese are the most polite people in the world.

On the afternoon of that same day the Empress-Dowager signified her desire to receive me in audience at the Palace, with Miss Russell, a daughter of the late Lord Arthur Russell, who had accompanied me from Peking, where she was staying on a visit at the Legation together with Lady Arthur and her sister. Yuan Shih Kai sent two green Sedan chairs, and an escort of soldiers to convey us there. The Hsing Kung or Travelling Lodge,

as the Chinese call the palace, is a wonderful creation, having practically been reconstructed and furnished for the one week of the imperial visit. We were received upon our arrival in a small ante-chamber by Chü Hung Chi, 2nd President of the Foreign Board, Yuan Shih Kai, Viceroy of Chihli, and Wang Wên Shao, first President of the Foreign Board, who all three wore their "yellow jackets" and peacock's feathers. After a short wait we were told that the Empress-Dowager was ready to see us. We found her seated upon a carved blackwood throne cushioned with yellow, with a table covered with yellow silk in front of her, and behind her a magnificently carved three-leaf screen about 7 foot high. On her left sat the Emperor on a smaller throne, and round about stood a group of Princesses, amongst whom I noticed the young Empress. The Empress-Dowager received us very graciously, and leaving her throne conducted us to another smaller apartment, where she gave us tea which she herself sprinkled with pink and white almond blossoms taken with sugar tongs from a bowl of green jade. She asked us many questions as to our health, and thanked us for our visit to the City, which she took it for granted had been undertaken with the sole object of offering her a welcome upon her arrival. Having ascertained that we proposed returning to Peking that evening, she ordered that we should travel in her private messenger express train, and that Tsai-shou-Kie, Director of the

Bureau of Foreign Affairs, should accompany us in person to the Capital, returning to her on the morrow with the report of our safe arrival. She then rose and invited us to go into the neighbouring banqueting hall, where a rich collation had been prepared for us of which she, the Emperor and the young Empress, partook with us. The English-speaking Chinese interpreter whom Yuan Shih Kai had sent with us had a tiring time fulfilling his arduous duties; for as often as Her Majesty spoke to him he had to go upon his knees to listen, rising again to transmit the remark to us or *vice versâ*. I could not help feeling sorry for the poor man after an hour of this very hard exercise, and noticing the perspiration streaming from his forehead I forebore to say several things I had in mind! When we had eaten our fill the Empress-Dowager conducted us to the garden, leaning the first part of the way upon my arm, and laughing at the comparative difference in our heights, for she barely reached to my shoulder (my height is 5 ft. 8 in.), though she wore Manchu shoes with a wooden heel under the centre of the foot at least three inches high. I was astonished at the beauty of the gardens, where Chinese ingenuity seemed to have reached its culminating point in the wonderfully artistic use made of existing natural features. Artificial embellishments had been liberally added in the way of rockeries, stuffed birds, squirrels and monkeys fixed in the trees, live birds of rare kinds in aviaries,

bridges spanning the miniature lake, and tiny boats dancing on its rippling surface. The Empress evidently took much pride in her garden. We were conveyed from one point to another in rickshas lined with yellow satin and drawn by eunuchs! The Empress-Dowager preceded us in a small yellow chair with eight bearers, a slave following closely and holding open an immense and beautifully embroidered yellow umbrella mounted on a long gilt pole with which he shaded her features from the sun. The Emperor walked on foot amongst the attendants and behind us! We rested for a time in a kind of pavilion overhanging a fish pond artificially stocked, whence their Majesties can observe the theatrical performances given in a larger pavilion or open stage across the water. There was nothing of this kind to-day, however, and after drinking tea and talking awhile, we passed on over rockeries, past sturdy elms, weeping willows and climbing wistaria, by zigzag paths and over diminutive bridges back to the palace. Before dismissing us the Empress-Dowager detained us for some time in a large hall lighted with electric light! Here we rested awhile, the courtiers and eunuchs standing apart, and our interpreter kneeling in the midst of the little group formed by the Empress-Dowager, the Emperor and ourselves. I could not help noticing how small and frail the Emperor looked sitting on the edge of his big chair with his hands folded palm upwards in his lap, and the toes of his

dangling feet turned in. Our conversation here was of a serious turn, and Government, History and Education were all touched upon by Her Majesty. How one longed to be able to speak her language, and to express to her plainly a few of the truths which in the West are common-places, but in the East are not even vaguely apprehended. Before we left the Empress took two beautiful jade rings from her fingers, and gave one to each of us as a souvenir of our visit.

At the Chinese New Year the Empress-Dowager again invited the ladies of the Corps Diplomatique to an audience, of which I find the following details in my note book :—

The whole ceremony was as usual very quaint, hough not without dignity. We all ascended the steps of the throne in turn, and made our curtsey, first to the Empress, afterwards to the Emperor, who sat upon a less exalted seat at her left. Both shook hands with us.

This formal presentation over, ceremonial was cast aside, and the Empress-Dowager leaving her throne came down amongst us. She led the way to an apartment where she evidently lives herself, and where I noticed hanging upon the wall a framed portrait of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. After a few moments' conversation with those whom she chose to honour, she invited us all to go to the Banqueting Hall, where we were begged to satisfy our hunger "without waiting upon each other."

We found the table covered with the same black, flower-besprigged American cloth as on a previous occasion, and the same crowd of every conceivable Chinese dainty, from sharks' fins to dough lumps as big as tennis balls, and nearly as solid. We were served by a crowd of eunuchs and amahs, and two of the Imperial Princesses presided, standing at either end of the table. Towards the end of the repast, the Empress-Dowager came in with the Emperor, and sitting down at our table they ate some rice, which was handed to them in lovely yellow bowls by kneeling eunuchs. The Empress-Dowager only partly consumed her portion, passing on what remained to the Emperor to finish. She did the same with an orange which she peeled with her fingers. My interpreter was amused to hear a servant afterwards say to another, pointing to an empty bowl, "Invite the honourable bowl of Her Majesty to remove itself," which evidently is the polite Chinese way of ordering the removal of a dish which has served her!

After the feast the Empress-Dowager conducted us to her private apartment. On her "k'ang" or bed were thick layers of woollen covers, over which was laid a sheet, and at either end of this lounge were heaps of bolsters and cushions covered with yellow satin. As I happened to be standing nearest to her, the Empress-Dowager invited me to climb on to the "k'ang" with her, which I did, sitting tailor fashion with my legs crossed under me, in

imitation of the pose adopted by Her Majesty, as also by the Emperor, who joined us on the royal bed! Sitting thus between them, it came upon me forcibly how strange a scene it would appear to one's English friends could they but see one in a magic mirror! The other ladies stood by the side of the "k'ang," and joined in the conversation which now became very informal. The Empress-Dowager played with my muff, putting both her hands in it; she also pushed her long garment towards me, that I might admire its texture and trimming. At the back of the bed along the wall ran a wooden ledge, on which stood no less than five European travelling clocks, all ticking vigorously. Her Majesty quaintly informed us that as none of them kept very good time, she drew a sort of mean between them all, and so was able to tell approximately what time it was. She confided to us that being frightened at night she kept two slave girls sleeping on the floor of her room, by the bed, whilst others watched outside her door. She spoke of the New Year's gifts she had lately sent us, explaining that the flowers were symbolical of happiness and long life, that the tea had medicinal virtues, and that the bon-bons were a Chinese dainty, of which she herself was very fond. Our talk over, we climbed off the "k'ang" with as much dignity as this difficult operation admitted of, the Empress-Dowager clinging to me with both hands; then tea was served, Her Majesty drinking hers

out of an exquisite jade cup with a gold boat-shaped saucer. The court ladies were of course all present during the whole audience, and a very pretty show they made in their lovely gay-coloured coats, and their curious betasselled Manchu head-dresses.

One of the most interesting days I spent in China was on the occasion of a private and quite informal audience granted me by the Empress-Dowager at the Summer Palace, an imperial residence situated about fourteen miles to the north-west of Peking. In 1860 the original palace was burnt by the Allies as an act of calculated vengeance for the murder and maltreatment of members of the suite, and soldiers made prisoners during Lord Elgin's second Mission to Peking, and as a direct punishment of the Ruler, that would not at the same time affect his people. The present palace was restored by the Empress-Dowager for her own use, but it was again occupied by foreigners after the troubles of 1900, and once more suffered considerably. The grounds are lovely, a beautiful clear lake spanned by a white marble bridge lying in their midst, like a diamond sparkling in a setting of green. The palace itself is like all other Chinese houses, a succession of one-storied halls, built round central courtyards, and each one divided inside into three, by tall beautifully carved blackwood partitions. These halls are raised upon stone terraces, and approached by a flight of broad steps. Their curling roofs are tiled with imperial yellow or bright

green, and each corner is bestridden by half-a-dozen curious little devils from six to eight inches high, made of porcelain and representing dragons or phœnix, their position there being in some way connected in the Chinese mind with the "feng-shui" or prosperity of the inhabitants. These little monsters guard the corners of every Chinese house or temple. The eaves supporting the roofs are painted and decorated by hand with a multitude of gay scenes from Chinese life, treated with the most brilliant colouring of greens, blues and vermilions, the ubiquitous Chinese dragon appearing over and over again under a hundred different aspects. Some fine bronze animals, birds and beasts, stand sentinel at the chief entrances. A creeper overgrown "covered way" meanders through the grounds, skirting the lake and leading from the palace to a group of temple buildings scattered on the side of the hill which backs it. In these temples the Italians were quartered at the time of the occupation, and it is curious to note that the soldiers of the most art loving and art producing country in the world in days gone by, were the most destructive and vandalistic of all the foreign troops quartered in the Summer Palace grounds and buildings. Whilst our soldiers occupied the main dwelling, and were forbidden to touch or destroy a single article, so that the Empress-Dowager on her return sent to express her thanks to the English for the absence of damage and spoliation during their

residence in her summer home, the Italian troops ruthlessly destroyed, broke and pillaged all that fell within their grasp. One of the temples had on its exterior surface a covering of yellow tiles, on each of which were represented in relief a Chinese god. Every single nose and protuberant joint was knocked off these, as though with a hammer, the destruction being carried out to above a man's height from the ground. Whether they imagined they were doing a service to the True God by thus destroying the image of the False I cannot say, all I know is that they utterly and unnecessarily ruined a most beautiful and unique specimen of Chinese ceramic art which can never be replaced.

We spent the whole afternoon wandering about the grounds, the Empress-Dowager leaning on my arm, and pausing every now and then to point out a flower more beautiful than the rest, or a peep through the trees of the tranquil lake. She appeared thus at her best, and differed very little from an ordinary European hostess anxious that her guest should see the place to its best advantage, and should miss none of its good points. Skirting the edge of the lake we came to a white marble summer-house built in perfect imitation of a Chinese junk and apparently floating on the water. Here the Empress-Dowager is accustomed to drink tea with her ladies on a hot summer's day. Continuing on our way we visited in turn the other objects of interest in the grounds. The gardens

were in good order, but did not seem to be laid out on any particular plan. The flowers bloomed in lovely profusion, especially the peonies, but apparently untended, and they were not massed, thus losing much of their effect. Beautiful trees made of the garden a shady oasis, most delightful after the heat, glare and dust of Peking. The Empress-Dowager spoke on many topics as we wandered about, and behind us trailed the whole brilliant court of Princesses, officials, eunuchs and maids, headed by the Emperor.

In the course of our ramble we came to a spot still in view of the lake where, under the shade of a huge spreading cedar, a carpet had been laid in the centre of which was a low throne. The Empress-Dowager sat down here, and at a signal from their mistress her ladies grouped themselves at her feet. A chair was placed for me by her side. As I sat there resting and listening to the talk of the Empress-Dowager and her ladies, which of course I could not understand, I had plenty of leisure to wander back in spirit to the past history of China, and to that of my remarkable hostess.

COURT LADIES

ONE day a big luncheon was given at the British Legation to the Princesses of the Imperial Court. As it is not etiquette for men to see them, it was an exclusively "ladies' day." The feast took place in the Legation dining-room, in the very room where not two years before during the siege a roundshot piercing the wall of the room struck the frame of Queen Victoria's portrait, finding its way out through the opposite wall. As I sat beneath that portrait entertaining the adopted daughter of the Empress-Dowager, and the other Princesses of the Court, the thought of that roundshot kept coming back to me, suggesting how quickly events succeed each other, especially in a land like China, when once the West comes into contact with the East!

Amongst the guests was the Princess Imperial, a daughter of the late Prince Kung, who was a younger brother of the Emperor Hsien-feng, and for many years the chief minister for foreign affairs in China. As an infant the Princess Imperial was adopted by Hsien-feng, and given the title of Kulun Kungchu, or Princess Imperial of the first rank. She was married to the son of

Ch'ing Shou, a grand councillor of Hsien-feng, and left a widow before her husband had grown to manhood. According to Chinese custom in the case of widows, her face is therefore unpainted. The second in rank was the Princess Shun Ch'eng, whose husband is one of the eight iron-capped Princes of China.* Another of the guests was Princess T'su-chen, daughter-in-law of Prince Ch'ing, the present Minister for foreign affairs, whose husband Tsai-chen went to England for the coronation in 1902. There were also present three daughters of Prince C'hing, the eldest of whom was a widow, and was designated "Ta Ehr Ko Ko" or "Great Second Princess," and a Princess called Yuanda Wei Wei, wife of the nephew of the Empress-Dowager.

The hour fixed for their visit was 12.30, and punctually to the hour they began to arrive. I awaited the Princess Imperial according to etiquette at the foot of the steps leading to the front door of the Legation, and shook hands with her as she stepped out of the imperial yellow "chair" which

* Chinese titles belonging to male members of the reigning imperial families are allotted as follows in twelve degrees. Imperial Princes are given titles of the first or second grade as soon as they reach the age of manhood, their sons receiving the second or third. Titles then continue in a decreasing scale, *i.e.* the son of a prince of the third grade becomes a prince of the fourth, his son in his turn a prince of the fifth, and so on until the son of a prince of the twelfth grade *ipso facto* becomes a commoner. Exception to this rule, however, is made in favour of hereditary titles, of which there are eight, belonging to princely families, whose ancestors assisted the dynasty to conquer the throne in 1644; these eight are called the "iron-capped Princes."

she alone besides the Emperor and Empresses is entitled to use. In fact so great is the ceremony with which she is treated that any Prince or Mandarin meeting her "chair" in the streets would have to dismount or get out of his Cart and kneel in the dust until she had gone by. The next after her to arrive was the Princess Shun C'heng, and together we three entered the house. We assembled in the drawing-room where tea was served, and shortly afterwards luncheon was announced. It was the prettiest luncheon-party I have ever seen. The broad Manchu head-dresses with the flower and tassel-ornamented paper-cutters of jade set crosswise at the back of the heads made a gay show, whilst the brilliant embroidered silk coats and rouged and powdered cheeks of the little ladies received an additional set-off from the sombre-hued woodwork of the panelled dining-room walls. Even the Chinese servants added to the picture in their crimson sleeveless surcoats worn over long gowns of dark blue silk.

The menu was European, and the guests to their great amusement were given knives, forks and spoons to eat with. Some of them were not very dexterous in their use of them, and no doubt inwardly sighed for the familiar chop-sticks, but they were childishly delighted when they discovered that their images were reflected in the bright silver spoons upside down on the convex side and all right on the other. To my surprise one of them dis-

covered the right solution of the apparent mystery, and explained it to the others.

After luncheon whilst we smoked and drank our coffee Sir Robert Hart's Chinese Band played European music in the courtyard. Great was the interest of the Princesses in these countrymen of theirs, who could play so cleverly on what appeared to them such weird instruments. They listened with wrapt attention, and no doubt on their return to the Palace spoke to the Empress-Dowager of these novel musicians, for shortly afterwards she requested Sir Robert to allow them to play before her, and on a subsequent occasion invited them to spend four days at the Palace, much to the gratification of Signor Incarnaçao, their capable Portuguese Conductor, who must be a musical genius seeing that he has himself and with infinite pains taught each of these Chinese to play a different European instrument. A marvellous feat when one considers that the Chinese music they had previously been accustomed to has only five notes, that it has no sharps, flats or naturals, and that the scale is neither major nor minor but participates of the two.

The Princesses were as playful as kittens. They were all under twenty-five except the Princess Imperial. They ran about the room examining its every detail, the piano offered endless amusement, and they laughed gleefully to see the notes jumping inside when a tune was played! Every detail of our hair and dress came under observation, and

afforded interesting matter for comment. Suddenly they seemed to bethink themselves that the time had arrived for making some changes in their own attire, and permission having been granted to go to my room instructions were given to the amahs in attendance, who preceded us upstairs laden with mysterious bundles. A most amusing scene followed, for these little Chinese ladies with much chatter and laughter proceeded to exchange one gay silk coat for another, to make a fresh selection of jewels, and substitute other still lovelier head-dresses for those already in use; powder puffs flew from one hand to another, eyebrows were touched up, and the vivid red patch on lower lips deepened, whilst all the time the amahs bustled about repairing the disorder!

But they capped all their performances when tea-time came by surreptitiously filling their big sleeves with cakes. Observing this manœuvre we elicited the somewhat remarkable information that they wanted to take them to the Empress to taste! So I hastily sent for more from the kitchen, and had them packed in a biscuit-box, which they took away with them. Whether they ever reached their Imperial destination I cannot say, but suspect they must have been eaten *en route*!

The departure was a most imposing affair, for the ladies had brought 161 retainers with them, who at this juncture all hastened forward to assist their respective mistresses. The first to depart was of

course the Princess Imperial in her yellow chair, after her came the other Princesses according to their rank, each one stepping between the shafts into her gorgeous Peking cart, the wheels whereof were set behind the axle to denote the princely rank of the occupant, after which the shafts were lifted and the mule harnessed. These mules were splendid animals; some had trappings of gold, others of purple or red, according to the rank of the Princess. Each Princess had two eunuchs in attendance upon her, the only persons privileged to touch her as she got in or out of the cart, and these walked one on either side, an amah sitting cross-legged on the shaft. The whole cortege of brilliant carts headed by the yellow chair and preceded or followed by numerous mounted retainers made a gallant show as they filed out of the big gateway, after this their first visit to the British Legation.

But I was anxious to see some of these ladies in their own homes, although hitherto there had been no precedent for such a visit. So a message was sent through the Wai Wu Pu, asking when it would be agreeable to the wives of Prince Ch'ing, President of the Foreign Board, to receive my visit. After some preliminary parleyings a day and hour were fixed, and I went, taking with me as interpreter an English lady, who, having been resident many years in Peking, was absolutely mistress of the language, and of all the usages of the country.

We started from the British Legation in official chairs with four bearers to each. Four mounted "tingchais" formed our Chinese escort, and we each had an amah or female attendant who followed in a cart. It took us three-quarters-of-an-hour to get to Prince Ch'ing's Yamen, and we were received at the gate by his son, Prince Tsai-chen, the husband of one of the ladies who had lately been to the British Legation.

Immediately behind the young Prince stood the four Princesses, wives of Prince Ch'ing, whose various children formed the family party assembled to receive us. We were introduced into a large and lofty hall paved with stone and divided into three apartments by open trellis-work partitions and arched doorways of exquisitely carved blackwood. The diamond-paned windows were filled with paper, and the room was kept at a pleasant temperature by means of coke fires in great brass braziers set about the hall in different places. In the centre of the room was a square table on which was spread a collation of tea, fruits and cakes. Heavy square blackwood chairs were arranged round the table, and I took my place between the two principal wives of His Highness.* Princess Tsai-chen proudly introduced to us two chubby boys aged six and seven respectively, who played about on the floor whilst

* Prince Ch'ing's primary wife died some years ago. It is only the original primary wife of a Chinese Mandarin who can take official rank, though the children of secondary wives take precedence in accordance with their father's position.

we talked and sipped our tea. A crowd of eunuchs and female servants looked on, gazing at us curiously, and laughing heartily when anything amused them. China is in respect of servants the most democratic country in the world; they are always present, and seem to be on most familiar terms with their masters or mistresses, taking part in the conversation when it suits them, and showing little or no outward respect.

Our intercourse with the Princesses was of course of a most homely nature, and consisted mainly of admiring and fingering each other's clothes. They tried on my gloves, whilst I with curiosity examined their jewels. They admired the fairness of our skins; unwilling to be outdone we praised the beauty of their small hands, and this we could do with a clear conscience, for Chinese women nearly all have lovely supple hands with almond-shaped nails.

Our light refection over, the ladies offered to conduct us through the other apartments of the Yamen to those occupied by Prince Ch'ing, which we accepted with pleasure. We traversed various courtyards, the Number One Princess guiding me by the hand, and found ourselves at the entrance of another pavilion closely resembling in structure the one we had left; Prince Ch'ing himself received us here, and did the honours for the rest of the afternoon, his various wives, daughters and grandchildren standing respectfully round whilst we sat

and talked to the venerable old statesman. It was a very interesting experience, for I had not hitherto had an opportunity of conversing with him, although I had seen him on several occasions in attendance upon the Empress-Dowager at the Palace. I was well acquainted with his courageous attitude in 1900, when he alone of all the Empress's councillors had the courage to stand up and plead for the foreigners' lives, representing the shortsightedness of the policy that would sacrifice them. He has an interesting and very intelligent countenance, though he is of very low stature. He wears a straggling beard depending from the centre of his chin, and has a meagre moustache; his eyes are dark and very penetrating. He does not seem over strong in health, and it is reported that he feels the terrible strain of having to go through long Audiences with his Imperial Mistress, kneeling, according to etiquette, the whole time on the cold stones. The room in which he received us was full of lovely curios, old cloisonné, carved jade, and rare porcelain. I admired them, but the ladies characteristically diverted my attention to what to them seemed far more beautiful, namely, a modern coloured-glass chandelier in the worst European style. There is nothing so much admired by the Chinese as our glass, and they invariably appreciate the most gaudy and inferior specimens of it. Before I left the Prince gave me the photographs of two of his daughters, whose names he signed with his

own brush in the margin. As we departed the whole family accompanied us as far as the entrance gate of the first courtyard, and our last glimpse of them was redolent of colour, all their bright satin garments showing up vividly against the carved wood of the gateway.

IMPERIAL MAUSOLEA

THERE are in the neighbourhood of Peking, that is within a few days' ride of it, no less than three Imperial burial-places, rivalling each other in the beauty of their situation and the lavish extravagance of their architecture. They are the Ming-ling, or Tombs of the Ming Dynasty, the Hsi-ling or Western Tombs, where a certain number of the Emperors of the present dynasty have found their last resting-place, and the Tung-ling or Eastern Tombs where the remainder are buried. We visited each in turn, and thereby enjoyed three delightful trips. Our first expedition was to the Ming Tombs, with which we combined a visit to three well known Temples in the Western Hills, and a day on China's Great Wall at Nankow.

We left Peking on horseback on September 4th, followed by two pony boys or "mafoos," as they are called in China, besides a cook, a "boy," and a "coolie," who stowed themselves away with our luggage, bedding and provisions in the three carts which accompanied us. The first night we slept at Bi Yun Ssu or the Temple of Green Shade, after having ridden all day through a country groaning under the weight of the bountiful crops it bore.

Sometimes our way led us across fields of millet higher than our heads, the narrow path we followed serpentining through the grateful shade of the tall stalks. At other times we skirted fields of sesame, buckwheat, sweet potato, earth nuts, tobacco and Indian corn. Rice is not much cultivated in the northern parts of China. The people all seemed rejoicing in the abundant harvest so sorely needed after the terrible failure of their Spring crops of wheat and barley. The apartments which we occupied that first night at Bi-yun-Ssu much resembled the accommodation one always gets in a Temple rest-house. My room had of course a mud floor, and windows filled with torn paper. It was destitute of furniture of any kind, except a table and some chairs. The most conspicuous feature in it was the raised brick bed-place, extending from wall to wall on one side, upon which my camp bedstead was set up. After I had unpacked a few things, and hung a sheet across the broken paper windows, I felt quite at home. Very few of one's daily needs are really necessities, and travelling in China brings one to a speedy realisation of this fact. A camp bed, an India-rubber bath and basin, the indispensable looking-glass, besides one or two changes of clothes, are all the luxuries one requires on a trip of this sort, not counting of course the provisions which the cook must take with him, for it is impossible to buy anything except fruit out of the big towns. The cooking range in a Chinese

inn is of a most primitive description, consisting generally of a raised mud bank, with two holes in it, closed by an iron plate, but a Chinese "Cordon Bleu" makes light of such a handicap, and will produce excellent dishes for one's daily meals. We explored the temple, and found in the side chapels some curious and amusing representations of scenes from the Buddhistic Inferno and Paradiso, most graphically carried out in carved and coloured wood. They represented scenes of ghastly torture on the one side, and almost more than heavenly felicity on the other! The figures in these scenes which cover the whole of the walls in the two side chapels are about eighteen inches high, quite big enough for the facial expressions to be in both cases faithfully rendered, and are in high relief against a rocky background. I have never seen anything of the kind anywhere else in North China. The distinctive feature of Bi-yun-Ssu as you approach it from the plains is the conspicuous monument which crowns the highest pinnacle of the Temple, which in this case as in most others consists of a series of shrines built behind and above each other, each in its own courtyard on the side of the hill. There is a sulphur stream at Bi-yun-Ssu, which emits a most horrible odour, though it rises in one of the most fascinating corners of the temple precincts, a corner full of weird suggestion of five-clawed dragons and terrifying monsters. The entrance to this little court is a circular doorway guarded by a curious

freak of nature, a magnificent Salisburia prematurely decayed, out of whose giant trunk, ripped open probably by lightning, spring the twin stems of a cedar and a younger Salisburia, whose cool green leaves envelop in their freshness the seamed and blighted parent stem. The ground here is carpeted with ferns, maiden-hair and pale periwinkles, but the air strikes cold, being heavy with the moisture of two dark pools spanned by tiny marble bridges. Behind the Temple is an imperial hunting ground enclosed by a high stone wall, access to which is difficult, though the whole expanse of it is plainly visible being on the inclined face of the hill. There is no game to be seen there nowadays, and the present Emperor has never enjoyed a day's sport here, for unlike his predecessors he never leaves the Palace precincts except to go on his yearly expeditions to the Tombs of his forefathers. The priests of Bi-yun-Ssu, although like most of their kind, dirty idle fellows, were nevertheless most kind and courteous to us, and considered themselves handsomely remunerated with the sum of $5, which we offered them on departure for our night's entertainment.

Ta-chih-Ssu was our next halting-place, and we stopped on the way for a midday rest at Hei-lung-tan or the Temple of the Black Dragon Pool. This was a very pretty little temple. The pool from which it takes its name glistened in a hollow of the hill, and was enclosed by a circular verandah covered over and protected from the sun's fierce rays; great trees

drooped over it, pleased with their reflection in its silver bosom, and rocks strewn here and there about its edge made access easy to its cool waters. According to the Chinese, the spirit of this pool is a most vicious dragon, who occasionally takes a bite out of an unwary bather, especially if he be a foreigner! There are also turtles in the pool, some of which are edible whilst others are rank poison. This is accounted for by the fact that in a previous existence some of them were water-snakes, which, as everybody knows, it would be unwise to eat. Fortunately, it is easy to tell the good kind from the bad. If you draw out the head of a turtle and find its neck of inordinate length beware of it, for, as a former water-snake, to eat it would mean death by poison; if on the other hand its neck is short, set to work upon it with a good appetite and an easy mind for it is harmless. These hints were received first hand from a Chinese inhabiting the Black Dragon Temple; they are therefore quite reliable!

Ta-chih-Ssu is a bigger temple situated in bolder surroundings, but lacking perhaps something of the undefinable charm of the smaller, more mysterious place. We had a lovely ride there through verdant crops and rolling plains, through orchards of persimmon and groves of white stemmed poplars, until a rocky stairway brought us to the entrance of the holy precincts. We were given rooms in a small courtyard. The full moon looked down upon us nightly during our short stay, shedding its silver

light over the curling lines of the temple roofs, and lending a borrowed radiance to the flitting Chinese figures below.

Our next day's ride brought us to Nankow, to the entrance of the bold mountain pass, at the far end of which the Great Wall of China uncoils its endless length. The inn at the opening of the Pass where we halted for two nights was a typical one, though it was more pretentious than some others, owing to its European furniture, consisting of folding garden-chairs of the most uncomfortable type. It formed one end of a huge and dirty farmyard, into which the low rooms all opened, the other three sides of the court being occupied by coolies' quarters and open stalls for horses and cattle. The noise day and night was simply deafening, and the silence which fell between midnight and dawn, disturbed only by the kicks and screams of tethered mules, seemed to make more audible the quarrels between human beings, which began again with the break of day. The centre of the yard was filled with Peking carts, their vacant shafts supported on trestles, and in and out between them perambulated vendors of cakes and sweatmeats, mafoos attending to their animals, dogs and pigs, the scavengers of China, and idle lookers-on who throng to any spot where a foreigner may be stared at. Mine host was a tall, dirty fellow, his upper body naked, his legs clothed in baggy blue linen drawers swathed round the ankles, his dusty pig-tail twisted round his head, and a long pipe ever

between his teeth. He seemed to spend his life in idle contemplation of the busy scene about him.

The Great Wall, the Chinese name of which means "the ten thousand mile rampart," was designed and for the most part built by Shih Wangti, First Universal Emperor of China, in the year 221 B.C., and was intended as a means of defence against Mongolian aggression. It proved wholly ineffective from that point of view, but continues to attract attention as the most noticeable work of man on the face of the earth. Its total length is about 1400 miles, its thickness through is 20 feet, and its height 22 feet. Sometimes it crowns a mountain over 5000 feet high, at other times it dips into the heart of a valley, here it spans a narrow ravine, there it bridges a torrent, but always it continues to worm its way along, clinging ever like a baneful monster to the face of nature, and defended at intervals of 100 yards or so by watch towers some 40 feet or more in height. The wall consisting of two brick faces filled in between with stone and rubble is crenellated and loopholed on the side next to Mongolia. There are parts, however, where it is almost in ruins, and appears to be little more than a huge mud bank. It is to my mind a most suggestive monument of wasted human energy. We had a lovely ride up the pass to the point where the wall intersects it, and were able to go the whole way on horseback, though the Corniche-like road is very bad in places. The ascent is gradual under the lee

of hills, which nowhere reach an imposing height, although their numerous crests rising one behind the other show up boldly against the background of blue sky. Flower-overgrown and mossy crags lay strewn about the pass, and the only living things we met were droves of pigs, bullocks and mares, being driven down towards Nankow by Mongolian herds, who trudged listlessly behind them, or followed mounted on sure-footed ponies.

After seeing the Wall we slept another night at Nankow, and then rode on to see the Ming Tombs, which are splendidly situated some ten miles from the entrance to the Nankow Pass in a magnificent Amphitheatre of Hills. These Tombs, thirteen in number, are the resting-places of Emperors of the Ming Dynasty, 1368-1644, the first of whom however is interred at Nanking; they are identical one with the other, except for very slight variations; that of Yung-lo, one of the greatest rulers of the dynasty, being perhaps the finest.

The approach is a broad avenue guarded by colossal stone figures representing men and animals facing each other in pairs at intervals of about 100 yards. First there are a pair of crouching lions, then a pair of standing ones, after these two kneeling and two standing camels, then again a pair of elephants full thirteen feet in height. These are the most remarkable and life-like of all the animals. They are followed by pairs of horses, donkeys, unicorns, priests and warriors. They all stand upon the ground without

ONE OF THE STONE GUARDIANS OF THE MING TOMBS

any kind of pedestal and are roughly sculptured, but at a distance they present a most life-like appearance, and our poor horses were frightened to death and shied from side to side as we forced them to advance between them. Some of the blocks of stone out of which these figures are hewn must weigh fully six tons and were carved on the spot after having been brought from a stone quarry distant nearly a hundred miles.

The main shrine of the Tomb of Yung-lo stands shaded by venerable juniper trees in the midst of a stone-paved weed-overgrown court and surrounded by high, pink, yellow-topped walls. It is raised on a terrace with a wonderful balustrade of dazzling white marble carved with dragons and phœnix in high relief, and contains nothing but an altar upon which is set up a simple tablet bearing the name of the Emperor. This magnificent hall is so vast that it would hold a regiment, and its heavily raftered roof rests on twenty-four magnificent columns of wood each made of a single tree. Behind this shrine is a fortress-like tower erected in front of the mound which is the actual resting-place of the dead king. We were told that in the case of all these imperial tombs, after the mound has been constructed a hole is dug slantwise in some promiscuous spot to its very base. This hole is lined with stone and the coffin is lowered into it feet foremost, after which the opening is sealed with a stone slab and covered over with earth, that the exact burial

place may remain unknown, thus ensuring against possible theft of the "five precious things" which are buried in the dead man's mouth.

It is a melancholy spot this resting-place of the great Yung-lo, and one can imagine how sad must feel the present representative of the fallen dynasty when he comes as he occasionally does to offer sacrifice to the manes of his departed ancestors. That he has been made an hereditary earl by the alien usurpers of his ancestral throne can hardly compensate him for the departed grandeur of his race, nor can his spirit be soothed by the flimsy honours conferred upon him into even temporary forgetfulness of the fact that the Ming Tombs have been rifled to embellish those of the Ch'ings. He is apparently afflicted with indifference now and does not trouble to keep up any pretence of caring for the tombs. Everything about them is falling into ruins. The yellow tiles are slipping from the roof, displaced by time and weather, the pink walls crumble and decay, the courts are overgrown with weeds and the great dusty hall is festooned with cobwebs. Only the trees grow yearly more beautiful, spreading their branches unchecked over the hallowed spot where lies all that is mortal of a once great king.

The Hsi'ling or Western Tombs are more seldom visited by foreigners probably because it is a longer expedition and does not include a sight of the Great Wall. The first night we slept at a place called Ichow, after a charming day's ride during which we

had a panorama of the western hills ever before our eyes. We arrived at five o'clock in the afternoon rather tired and very hungry, but alas disappointment awaited us, for owing to heavy rain on the previous day and the consequent flooded state of the country, our baggage carts failed to turn up at the appointed rendezvous, and we were compelled to retire to sleep supperless and bedless. The brick k'ang was but a sorry resting-place after a long day's ride, without pillow, mattress or covering and with hunger gnawing at our vitals, however we had to make the best of it. The carts turned up at about 7 a.m. on the following morning in time to give us a change of clothes and a good breakfast before continuing our way. We were lucky in one respect at Ichow inasmuch as instead of going to the inn which would probably have been as bare and dirty as others of its kind, we were entertained at the local School of Western Learning, where together with a smattering of Western Science and the English Language the Chinese have acquired a taste for cleanliness which is quite contrary to their usual habits.

Our second day's ride was only a short one, and brought us to the Tombs or rather to the beautiful park in the heart of which they are enshrined. This park, of several miles in extent, is walled in all round and intersected by shady avenues of fine old trees. There are no less than eight military encampments within its area, whose Manchu inhabitants are charged with the care of the tombs. In one of

these we stayed with the chief Mandarin. We had very dirty sketchy accommodation, made more or less habitable by our "boys" who with commendable energy promptly set to work to clean the bare rooms, but nothing could make us even comparatively comfortable in such sordid surroundings, and we had to console ourselves with the beauty of the woods which seemed to us most refreshing after many weeks spent in dusty infragrant Peking. The tombs, six in number, resemble in almost every particular those of the Ming dynasty, from which they are copied, the only difference being that they are in perfect repair, whereas the Ming tombs are crumbling to ruin; a description of that of the Emperor Yung Cheng will give a fair idea of them all.

Approaching as in the case of the Ming tombs by an avenue of animals, lanterns and priests facing each other in pairs, we pass under a five-arch gateway up some steps to a shrine containing a memorial tablet of the Emperor, equivalent to our tombstone, on which is inscribed his name and the principal events of his reign. Leaving this shrine we cross a lovely white marble bridge divided into three by elegant balustrades, and spanning a small moat encircling the outer precincts of the tombs. Further on we come to a great stone terrace having to right and left of it two long low houses facing each other, in which the sacrifices are prepared, in one the tea and milk, in the other the cakes and fruit, and in

front the principal gate-house pierced with three doorways from which start the pink, yellow-tiled walls enclosing the tomb. On passing through this gate-house we find ourselves in the first court containing two buildings to right and left, in the one of which a register is drawn up and placed upon the altar during sacrifice, to be afterwards burnt in a yellow-tiled stove standing in the same court, whilst in the other the Buddhist priests assemble on days of sacrifice to chant the prescribed prayers. The main shrine opposite is quite empty except for two immense red thrones, with a table in front of each. Behind them hang long curtains of imperial yellow silk reaching to the ceiling; these thrones are intended for the spirits of the Emperor and Empress. Close by but at right angles to them is a smaller throne for the emperor's favourite concubine who is also admitted to burial in this hallowed spot. She has, however, only a green-tiled tomb instead of one like the real Empress of imperial yellow. The tablets of the departed are placed on these thrones on days of sacrifice and in front of them are the cushions upon which the reigning Emperor or his representative kneel to perform the nine prostrations. Before the main shrine, are some fine bronze animals in the bodies of which incense is burned, the smoke escaping through their nostrils.

Behind it is a second court raised higher than the first and protected by yet another wall, within which is the actual tomb of the departed king. It takes

the primitive form of a huge earth mound bricked round the base, with a great battlemented monument in front of it, on the top of which stands a double-roofed, yellow-tiled tower. An inclined brick causeway leads up to this monument, but our further progress is here checked by a strong wooden door studded with brass nails, beyond which we may not penetrate, although in the case of some others of the tombs, we have been allowed to climb to the top of the tower, thence to see the fine view of the surrounding country. Besides the Emperor Yung Cheng and his wife, Chia Ch'ing and Tao Kwang are buried at the Hsiling tombs together with their respective Empresses. Kwang-Hsü the reigning Emperor will some day rest here also, but at present a small white monument is all that exists to mark the spot.

The other Emperors of the present dynasty with their wives and in some instances their favourite concubines are buried at the Tung-ling or Eastern Tombs, which in my opinion are finer than either of the others, although as I write I can hear this opinion challenged by many who have seen them all and think differently.

We went there in autumn, the best time of the year for travelling in North China, for the days are not over hot, nor the nights too cool, and one suffers neither from the dust of spring, nor from the rains of summer. The Tung-ling are situated about eighty miles from Peking in the heart of the

mountains. We went by rail as far as Tungchow taking the horses with us, the carts with luggage and servants having been sent on by road on the day previous with orders to join us there. On arrival at Tungchow we found that Ma Yu K'un, the local Manchu General, had been advised of our coming and had sent an escort of four cavalry soldiers to accompany us. We accepted their services but more as guides and mounted messengers than as protectors, the country being quite safe for foreigners as far as we could see. These men in their uniforms of rather bright blue bordered with scarlet, with their guns slung over their shoulders and their shaggy little white China ponies, gave just the touch of bright colour which was wanted to enliven the road by which we travelled. We created great excitement as we clattered through the villages. The men and boys rushed from everywhere to see us, but the women and girls snatched up the babies and disappeared as speedily as their maimed feet permitted. We slept that first night at San Ho Hsien. Here there was no inn, but we were given lodgings for the night in a kind of Provincial School, unoccupied all the year except for one day in every month, when it is thrown open and used for local examinations. We found the accommodation very poor, though good enough at a pinch. But there was no kitchen! Our ingenious cook, however, soon rigged up a stove with a dozen bricks, and shortly afterwards a coolie returned

from a foraging expedition down the village street bringing coal, wood and water. In less than an hour we sat down to a hot dinner in a picturesque little court, the moon shining serenely upon us through the branches of a huge wistaria. Our second day's ride took us to Chichow a fortified walled town, the capital of the Prefecture. The long main street looked particularly bright and cheery, this being the vigil of a great Chinese holiday, the Festival of the Moon, the poetical origin of which is as follows: One day an Emperor received a heavenly visitation from an angel who bestowed on him a pellet, saying that he who should eat it would be endowed with immortality. It was the Elixir of Life! But the King was careless and left his treasure lying on the table. During a short absence a favourite little slave girl entered his apartment, and seeing the pellet, like a curious little maiden that she was, she examined it and forthwith ate it. The King returned to find his treasure gone. In his anger he ordered the poor little slave girl to be killed and all the guard turned out to witness the execution of the erstwhile favourite. But the noise had frightened the child so that she ran away carrying in her arms her pet white rabbit. Luckily for her the elixir began to work and without any trouble she flew straight up to heaven and took refuge with her rabbit in the moon, where they have since continued to reside. Every Chinaman can see the outline of the rabbit in the moon just as we can see

the face of a man in the silver disc, and always he is working with mortar and pestle concocting the Elixir of Life. On the day of her Festival the little maiden and her pet are worshipped with much popular rejoicing especially by the children who make their own offerings of fruit and flowers.

As we passed down the main street of a village called Pang Chun, on our way to Chichow, the place was alive with sellers and buyers of provisions for the next day's feast. Most picturesque were the numberless stalls of fruit and vegetables. The vendors were protected from the sun by canvas awnings stretched across the narrow street and fastened to the eaves of the houses. The "covered way" so formed was so low that we on our horses could not pass under. The captain of the escort dashed ahead and in peremptory tones ordered the awnings to be removed; one by one they fell before us. There was a dwarf in this village who would have made the fortune of Mr Barnum. He was forty years old and no higher than my riding whip although perfectly well shaped. He seemed quite pleased with his own appearance and we regretted afterwards that we had not stopped and photographed him. Chichow where we spent the night is an attractive old town with a fortified wall and an ancient gateway round which were grouped a crowd of fruit sellers and their customers. The inn was above the average. At one corner of the courtyard was a pretty little doorway, pushing through which

we found ourselves on a splendid threshing-floor where the kaoliang lay stacked in great ruddy heaps side by side with a golden crop of Indian corn drying in the sun. At the far end was a delicious patch of green cabbages. In these rural surroundings, under the shade of an old tree, we took our meals.

Ma-lan-yu was the furthest point of our journey, whence the Imperial Tombs are visited. On our way there we met a travelling Lama priest trudging from one Lama-serai to another. This holy tramp had no particular destination in view beyond reaching one of the many monasteries that abound in the country-side, there to spend the night. He was endeavouring by this aimless pilgrimage to "gain virtue" or "repair his heart." In one hand he carried a purple pottery begging bowl, in the other a quaintly shaped staff ringed with iron bands and having a kind of iron spud at the end of it with which to bury any bones of men which he might chance to find lying uncovered by the way-side. He was shaven-pated, white-stockinged and habited in a loose garment of dingy grey; round his neck he wore a rosary of black beads. There are two classes of these tramping Lama priests in China. Those who go through the country merely to pass from one place to another and those who trudge away their lives in quest of holiness. Our friend was of the latter category. For these there are certain regularly established "ordeals" which can be gone through two or three times a year in

certain temples specially designated for the purpose by the Head Lama. These ordeals consist of various spiritual exercises, one of the most cruel being that they must dip their finger in burning oil and apply the same to the crown of their shaven heads. If they can endure the pain three times without crying out they are accounted very holy and are given a red scarf, a purple pottery begging bowl and a certificate stamped with a Great Seal in proof thereof. The bearers of this certificate are always given two meals and a night's lodging in any monastery they come to, and if by any chance the priest should wish to stop for any length of time he may do so by taking upon himself some of the temple duties. One often meets Lama priests bearing on their heads this threefold brand of holiness.

We stopped to lunch at the house of the big man of a village, who made us welcome on our knocking at his gate. He watched the unpacking of our basket and our subsequent meal with the greatest interest and talked to us the while, one of our party who spoke Chinese translating what was said. Presently his son came in and the father's face beamed with pride as he told us that he spoke English and was a "writer" in one of the Consulates in Tientsin. We had much difficulty in understanding his English which had been acquired from a Japanese instructor, but we put him through his facings in geography and I was surprised to find him well acquainted with the names of the different

European capitals, only so funnily pronounced. For instance, St Petersburg was rendered San-pei-tei-boa and Berlin became Bei-ling to suit his Chinese tongue.

After luncheon I asked permission to pay my respects to the ladies, and our host acquiescing, I was led across a courtyard to another set of rooms situated in the rear of the main building where I found the wives and daughters of the establishment, who received me with evident pleasure. They were all Manchus with unbound feet and the broad head-dress distinctive of their race; their dress consisted of baggy trousers of blue cotton and gay coloured wide-sleeved overcoats reaching to the knee. By the free use and repetition of the few Chinese words I know we exchanged compliments about the weather, found out each other's ages (always a polite thing to do) and expressed admiration for each other's looks. I told them where we had come from and where we were going. They gave me some very indifferent tea in a very dirty cup, which I had to pretend to drink, after saluting them Chinese fashion by raising the cup in my two hands to the level of my eyes.

In the afternoon we passed a painful although a typical sight, namely a young woman lying on the ground at the corner of a field before a mound of earth, apparently in an agony of grief. Her wailing shrieks and moans were audible long before we reached the solitary spot where we found her,

hugging her body with her arms and swaying convulsively this way and that. I thought at first that she must be in terrible physical pain. Two children stood beside her, perfunctorily patting her shoulder whilst their eyes roved greedily over a number of little dishes containing cakes, fruit and wine set out in a row at the foot of the mound. At sight of these we realised the meaning of this curious scene. She was a mourner celebrating the anniversary of the person buried under the mound. Her grief, according to the rules prescribed for this ceremony, was displayed in paroxysms which were produced at fixed intervals; between them she looked about her carelessly and spoke to the children. The food and drink were for the benefit of the departed, and would eventually be consumed by the living!

At Malanyu we took up our quarters in an attractive little temple built on the summit of a solitary hill in the plain outside the village. The head priest was a tall jolly fellow who confessed to eating meat, drinking wine and smoking opium, though all three are nominally forbidden.

Soon after our arrival two Chinese officials came in hot haste, sent by Duke Tsai and Duke Kwei the keepers of the Imperial tombs to make excuses for not having been present to receive us. But owing to their being away celebrating with their families the Festival of the Moon, news had only just reached them of our coming. They wanted us to

move to the Imperial Rest House, but we declined with thanks, being too comfortable where we were. The Dukes announced that, according to the rules of Chinese etiquette, when it is desired to do honour to a favoured guest, they would send us a dinner at six that evening which they and four minor officials would do themselves the honour of eating with us.

True to their word they appeared at the appointed hour, having previously sent in six cooks to prepare the magnificent dinner of fifty-four courses which their idea of hospitality recommended as a suitable number. That dinner took us two solid hours to negotiate. It was the most genuinely Chinese meal a foreigner could hope to be entertained at, especially for me, for in the course of conversation they told us that I was the first foreign lady they had ever seen. The persevering gaze which they fixed upon me in turn gave emphasis to this assertion. I cannot deny that I stared at them in return. Duke Kwei had an immense face with a fixed expression which no smile ever lighted up. He evidently would have found it harder to see a joke than the proverbial Scotchman! I frightened him terribly by asking leave to go and see the ladies of his household on the following day, which is usually considered a polite request; he answered stammering that "he would not trouble the wheels of my chariot." Duke T'sai looked fixedly at my husband for a long time and

then delivered himself of the sapient remark "I like that one's face!" One of the minor officials was a general, but he commanded civilians instead of soldiers as he naively told us! He was quite facetious and declared that the difference between a Chinaman and a Japanese was, that were ten Japanese to fight ten Chinese, if nine Japanese were killed the remaining one would continue fighting, whereas if five out of the ten Chinese fell, the other five would run away! As the meal progressed the shyness of our hosts passed off. They were hospitable almost to a fault. For instance they would help us from the dishes on the table with a spoon or chopstick straight from their own mouths or with fingers more remarkable for the length of the nails than for cleanliness. As they did not like to indulge too openly in their disagreeable habit of spitting, they produced at intervals small squares of paper from their breast pockets and turned their heads discreetly aside. After dinner they all washed their faces with steaming little bath towels wrung out of boiling water and handed to them by attendants of which the room was full. The food, which from the Chinese point of view was the very best that can be served, including such rare delicacies as bird's nest soup, shark's fins and hundred-year old eggs, was brought in and placed higglety-pigglety upon the bare table by a dirtie coolie. When we had eaten our fill a still dirtier cook appeared who removed what

remained of the dainties, probably to ensure against pilfering, and afterwards remained in the room as a spectator of what was going on. Dinner over, the room filled with attendants of the ducal party, who stood three deep behind each of our chairs. We performed some simple card tricks for their benefit, and it was the cook who found out first how they were done and leaning over his ducal master's shoulder whispered knowingly in his ear! We showed them picture-papers and portraits of the King and Queen, and we cut out one for each which they took away as souvenirs. Meanwhile, our host, the head priest, sat in the background greedily drinking the dregs of champagne which Liang, our "boy," had collected for him from the glasses on the table. As he passed behind my chair Liang pointing to him whispered to me in his quaint "pidgin" English, "This Jossman number one, he b'long my flend."

At last our entertainers took their leave, escorted to the outer gate as etiquette prescribed by my husband. Before departing they made arrangements for meeting us at nine o'clock on the following morning to show us the sights of the place.

We spent a delightful morning wandering about the beautiful Great Park in which the Imperial Tombs are situated each in a spot selected for its special loveliness. As they are from the architectural point of view almost identical with the Ming and Hsiling already described, it is unnecessary

to weary the reader with details concerning them, except as regards that of the Empress-Dowager poetically described in Chinese as Wan-Nien-Chi-Ti or the Happy Land for a myriad years! It has been in course of construction for the last thirty years and is built on exactly the same plan as that of her late husband Hsienfeng only on a smaller scale. She visited the tomb in person in 1902 and not finding it satisfactory ordered it to be partially pulled down. It is now being rebuilt on a still more magnificent scale and when finished will have cost six million taels, or close upon £800,000. The works are stopped just now for want of funds and the completed portions are protected with matting.

Such are the resting-places of China's dead Emperors, hallowed spots which will remain for ever in the minds of those who have seen them, not only on account of the beauty and picturesqueness of their settings, and the exquisite colour of massed yellow roofs, pink walls and white bridges against the dark background of hills, those wonderful hills which one never tires of watching, with their graceful outlines and the changing lights playing about them, but also on account of the historical associations connected with them. China so great in the past is falling into decay like the tombs of the Mings. Although the Powers have combined in their own interests to prop up the tottering throne of the Ch'ings the foundations of that House are crumbling to ruin. Who knows whether the Dowager-Empress

will ever repose in the magnificent tomb she has built for herself at such a cost, or whether a new dynasty may not rifle its riches to embellish its own. Tze-Hsi is growing old! According to Nature's immutable law her faculties must soon fail her; her iron will must bend and her far seeing eye grow dim, and after her who will resist the tide of foreign aggression and stem the torrent of inward revolt? Kwang-Hsü the sonless "Son of Heaven"?

IN CONCLUSION

IT is the eve of our departure from Peking after two years spent in China.

I must confess that in looking forward to this day I did not expect to feel regret when the time came for leaving, but taken as a whole it has been a unique experience and one I would not willingly have missed. One's liking for the country grows as one gets to know it better and to see more of the people, and the problems of its near future are of absorbing interest. What is that future to be? China is undoubtedly at a very critical moment of her political existence and already she is sorely wounded. We are witnessing the war of the Western Civilization against that of the East and the conclusion is foregone, the former *must* win as it has done in Mexico and Peru, in India, in Central Asia and in Africa. China can only avoid the fate of those countries by grafting the civilization of the twentieth century upon the old stock of her own. She must adopt it in time of peace, and adhere to it in time of war. Japan her neighbour has shown her the way. Forty years ago that country was still three centuries behind the leading nations of the world; what did she know then of the arts of peace and war, of local adminis-

tration, law and justice, of education, medicine and surgery, of finance, of science, theoretical or applied, of history social and political? Now, she is so far advanced as to be ambitious of a place amongst First-class Powers! China on the other hand has made but little progress in those directions. Her ignorance is almost as gross now as it was when England and France first knocked at the doors of Canton in 1840. She has gone on living as though in another planet.

Meanwhile she is surrounded by Foreign Powers who are all active in their different spheres of interest. Towards the most equitable amongst them who demand only trade facilities and improved communications, she pursues an exasperating policy of obstruction and evasion, founded to be sure on time-honoured traditions, but calculated to weary and discourage the most patient; whilst face to face with actual aggression she is at a hopeless disadvantage owing to the fact that besides having an effete Army incapable of protecting her boundaries, she is, in consequence of certain internal conditions, unable to offer any effective or combined political resistance.

In the last century she has lost in fact if not in name, in the North, the two Primorsk Provinces, a portion of Ili, Manchuria including the Liaotung Peninsula, and Corea, on the East, Wei Hai Wei, Kiaochao, Formosa and Hong-Kong, on the South Tong-King, Annam and Cochin China, and on the South-West, Burmah. In addition to the above,

Siam and Nepaul have both repudiated their ancient vassalage.

And the work of dismemberment is not finished, nor will be until China learning a lesson from past experiences realises her danger, and casts aside once and for all Confucian maxims and worn out prejudices.

Warnings have not failed her even from her own subjects. Many years ago one Lin-Min-Chan, a Chinese statesman, addressed from his death-bed a memorial to the throne, in which these words occur :—

"We feel the grip of Russia on our throat, and her fist upon our back, and our contact with her is a source of perpetual uneasiness to our hearts and minds. But our long season of weakness and inaction disables us from making a show of strength, and our only alternative therefore is to bear patiently insult and obloquy. When a quarrel occurs we have to yield to her demands, and make a compromise regardless of money in order to avert the dangers of war. . . ."

Were truer words than these ever uttered? and yet they have remained without fruit, the "weakness" increases, and the "inaction" continues.

There are two evils chiefly responsible for the humiliating position in which China now finds herself before the world, namely the excessive decentralisation of the government whereby the Head of the State is rendered practically powerless, and

the corruption of the official classes. In China, as we have seen, each Province is to all intents and purposes autonomous, the Viceroys or Governors enjoying almost unlimited power. Although in certain rare cases their rule is as enlightened and just as might well be expected in an Oriental country, in the majority of cases such enlightenment and such justice are conspicuous by their absence. Some excuse may be found for the nefarious practices of most of the officials in view of the fact that their salaries are totally inadequate to meet the expenses incidental to their offices. Under those conditions, and with the opportunities for peculation which they enjoy, they would be perhaps more than human if they resisted such openings for self-enrichment as come in their way.

Be that as it may, certain it is that with the one exception of the Imperial Maritime Customs so ably administered by Sir Robert Hart, bribery and corruption are at the core of every government office in China. In no country in the world are the various departments so shockingly mismanaged. In the decision of judicial cases for instance the officers of the Law fatten themselves upon the bribes extorted under the names of "memoranda of complaints," "purchase of replies," etc. Thieves are instigated to bring false accusations against the innocent, the officials deferring the settlement of their cases until gradually the fortunes of the victims pass into their hands. Magistrates increase

the taxes with a view to deduction for their own benefit, excise officers for a consideration will connive at non-payment of dues, and the public granaries instituted for the good of the people are in times of scarcity merely a source of profit to those in charge of them. The Army is a disgrace, illicit traffic is not prevented nor local insurrection put down, the only care of the officers being to get good appointments for themselves, and to reduce the numbers of the soldiers in order to appropriate their pay, and the military stores; even the Government Monopolies of Salt and Opium are but a means of securing unlimited "squeeze" to the Commissioners who collect them.

The Chinese Empire, surrounded by covetous Powers and with such systematic corruption undermining her foundations, must speedily crumble to pieces unless some remedy be promptly applied. Such a remedy exists in the shape of "Reform," but not the insufficient half-hearted kind hitherto tried. Reform to be really beneficial must come *from within* and must be drastic.

The people of China are excellent. Rid them of the official class, and by work and sobriety they will set an example to the civilised world of the West. Give them just government and they will become peace-loving and law-abiding citizens. Give the soldiers fair pay and capable officers to lead them, and they will turn from brigands and marauders into useful fighting men, willing to face

death for their country. Educate the Chinese people and their ignorant hatred of foreigners will vanish.

But let China neglect these reforms and she is lost. For unless she can pull herself up at the point where she now stands on the inclined plane of national decadence, and facing resolutely about consents to climb steadily even though painfully in the opposite direction, no power on earth can save her from becoming in the near future the battlefield of the world, and ultimately the Poland of the Far East!

PEKING, *Nov.* 25, 1903.

CHINA

China proper now consists of eighteen provinces, which together make up country conquered by the reigning Manchu dynasty in 1644. It also includes Manchuria in the North, the cradle of that dynasty, and the colonial possessions of Mongolia, Ili Koko-nor and Thibet.

TABLE OF THE EIGHTEEN PROVINCES

	The 18	Provinces.	Capital.	Chief Towns.	Chief Rivers.
Northern	1	Chili	Paoting Fu	Peking—Tientsin (treaty port)	The Peiho
	2	Shantung	Tsi'nan Fu	Chefoo — Wei hei Wei (treaty port) leased to England	
	3	Shansi	Taiyuen Fu		
	4	Honan	Kaifung Fu		The Yellow
Eastern	5	Kiangsi	Nanking	Shanghai	The Yangtse
	6	Nganhwiu	Nganking		
	7	Kiangsi	Nanchang		
	8	Chehkiang	Hangchan		
	9	Fuhkien	Foochow	Amoy (treaty port)	The Min
Central	10	Hupeh	Wuchang	Hankow — Ichang (treaty port) (treaty port)	The Yangtse
	11	Hunan	Changsha		
Southern	12	Kwantung	Canton	Island of Hong-Kong (British Possession since)—Island of Macao (Portuguese Possession since)	The Pearl
	13	Kwangsi	Kweilin		
	14	Yunnan	Yunnan Fu		
	15	Kweichau	Kweiyang Fu		
Western	16	Shensi	S'ingan Fu		All running into the Yangtse
	17	Kansuh	Lanchau		
	18	Sz'chuen	Chengtu	Chunking (treaty port)	The Kialing The Loh The Min The Yalung

CHINESE DYNASTIES

Legendary and Semi-Mythical Rulers,	B.C.	2852-1122
Chon Dynasty . . .	,,	1122-255
Ch'in ,, . . .	,,	255-206
Han ,, . . .	,,	206-A.D. 221
Minor Dynasties . .	A.D.	221 ,, 618
T'ang Dynasty . . .	,,	618 ,, 907
Five Dynasties . . .	,,	907 ,, 960
Sung Dynasty . . .	,,	960 ,, 1260
Yuan ,, (Mongol) .	,,	1260 ,, 1368
Ming ,, . . .	,,	1368 ,, 1644
Ch'ing ,, (Manchu reigning)	,,	1644 ,, ——

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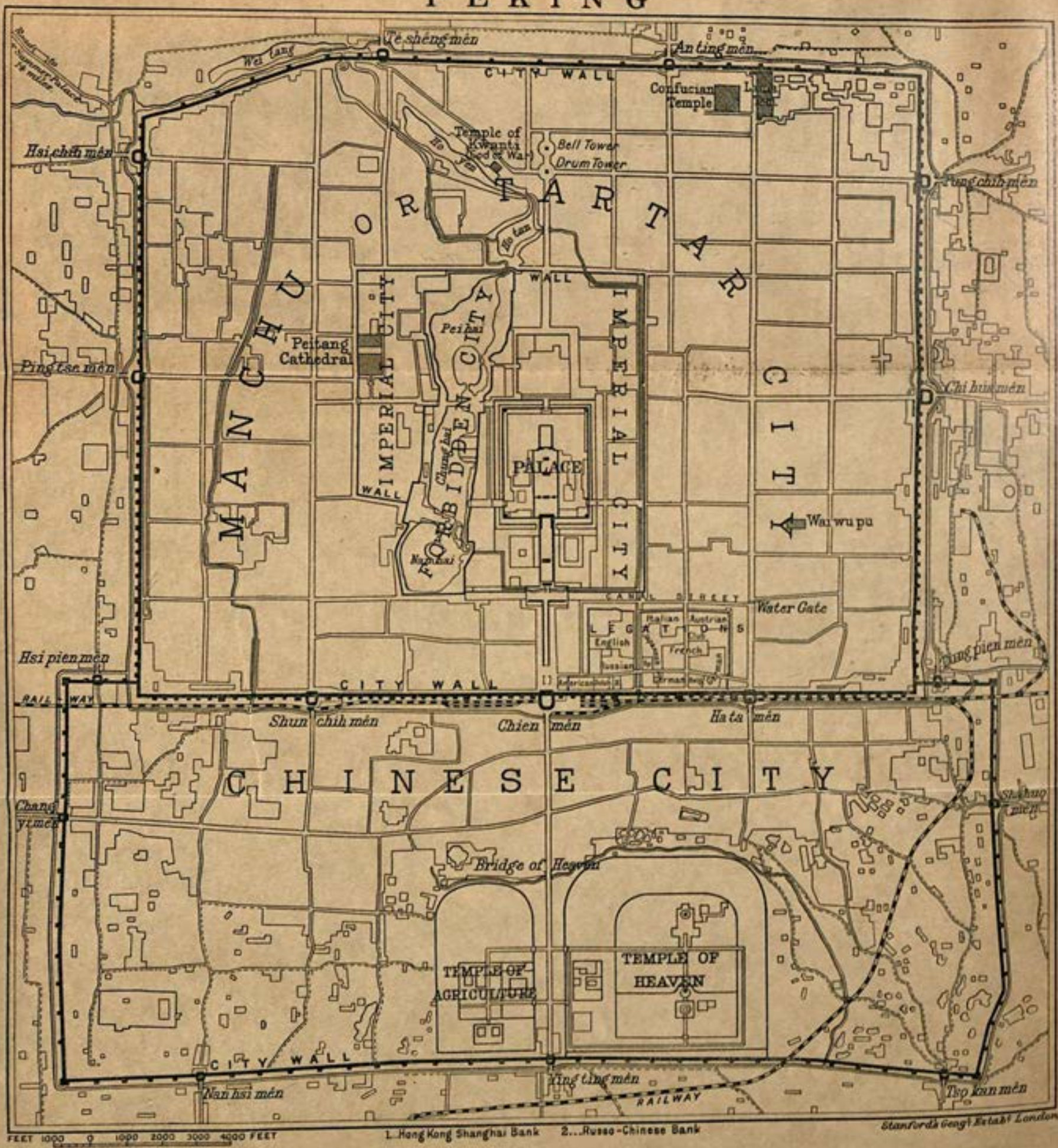
CASPIAN SEA
MANCHURIA
AMUR
PRIMORSK
MONGOLIA
CHINESE TURKESTAN
CHINESE EMPIRE
KOREA
JAPAN
TIBET
CHINA
HINDUSTAN
NEPAUL
BURMAH
SIAM
ANAM
Tsitsihar
Aigun
Petuna
Kirin
Hunchun
Vladivostok
Mukden
Liaoyang
Port Arthur
Tientsin
PEKING
Kiaochow
Taiyuan
SHANSI
SHANTUNG
KANSUH
Lanchau
Singan Fu
Yellow R.
Kaifung Fu
HONAN
Nanking
Chinkiang
Shanghai
HUPEH
Hankow
Kiukiang
Ningpo
Chengtu
SZ'CHUEN
Kwei Chau
Ichang
Changsha
HUNAN
KIANGSI
Nanchang
Foochow
FUHKIEN
KWEICHAU
Kweiyang Fu
Yunnan Fu
Ching Kiang Pao
YUNNAN
KWANGSI
Kweilin
Amoy
Swatow
Canton
KWANTUNG
HONGKONG I.
Macao
FORMOSA I.
Tainan
Tamsui
Bhamo
Mandalay
Nanyang
Lungchow
Pakhoi
TONG KING
Gulf of
Hungchow
HAINAN I.
Benares
CALCUTTA
Yatung
R. Indus
Mong Tsetse
Pungtung
Chuchow
PEKING
Hsiang R.
Kwei R.
Min R.
Yangtsze R.
Pelung
Kichuan Rapid
Kwei Rapid
Hsintan Rapid
Tsetung Rapid
Wan Gorge
Tsekan Gorge
KWEICHAU FU
ENGLISH MILES

PEKING


Te shêng mén
An ting mén
CITY WALL
Confucian Temple
Temple of Kwanti
Bell Tower
Drum Tower
Hsi chih mén
Tung chih mén
MANCHU TARTAR CITY
IMPERIAL CITY WALL
IMPERIAL CITY
Peitang Cathedral
Peihai
Ping tse mén
Chi hua mén
FORBIDDEN CITY
PALACE
Wai wu pu
CANAL STREET
Water Gate
LEGATIONS
Italian
Austrian
English
French
Hsi pien mén
Tung pien mén
CITY WALL
RAILWAY
Shun chih mén
Chien mén
Ha ta mén
CHINESE CITY
Chang yi mén
Bridge of Heaven
TEMPLE OF AGRICULTURE
TEMPLE OF HEAVEN
CITY WALL
Nan hsi mén
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